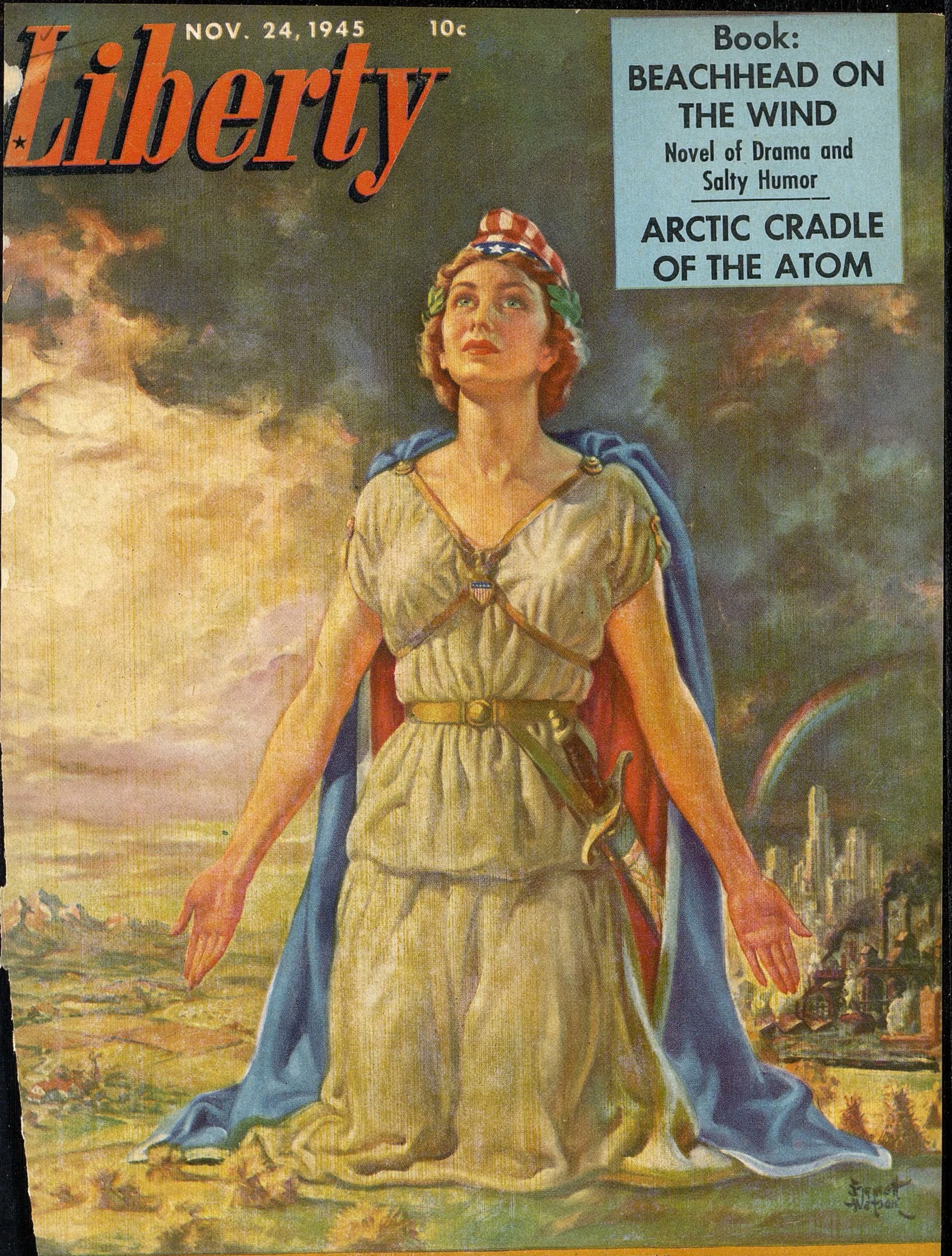
Liberty

NOV. 24, 1945

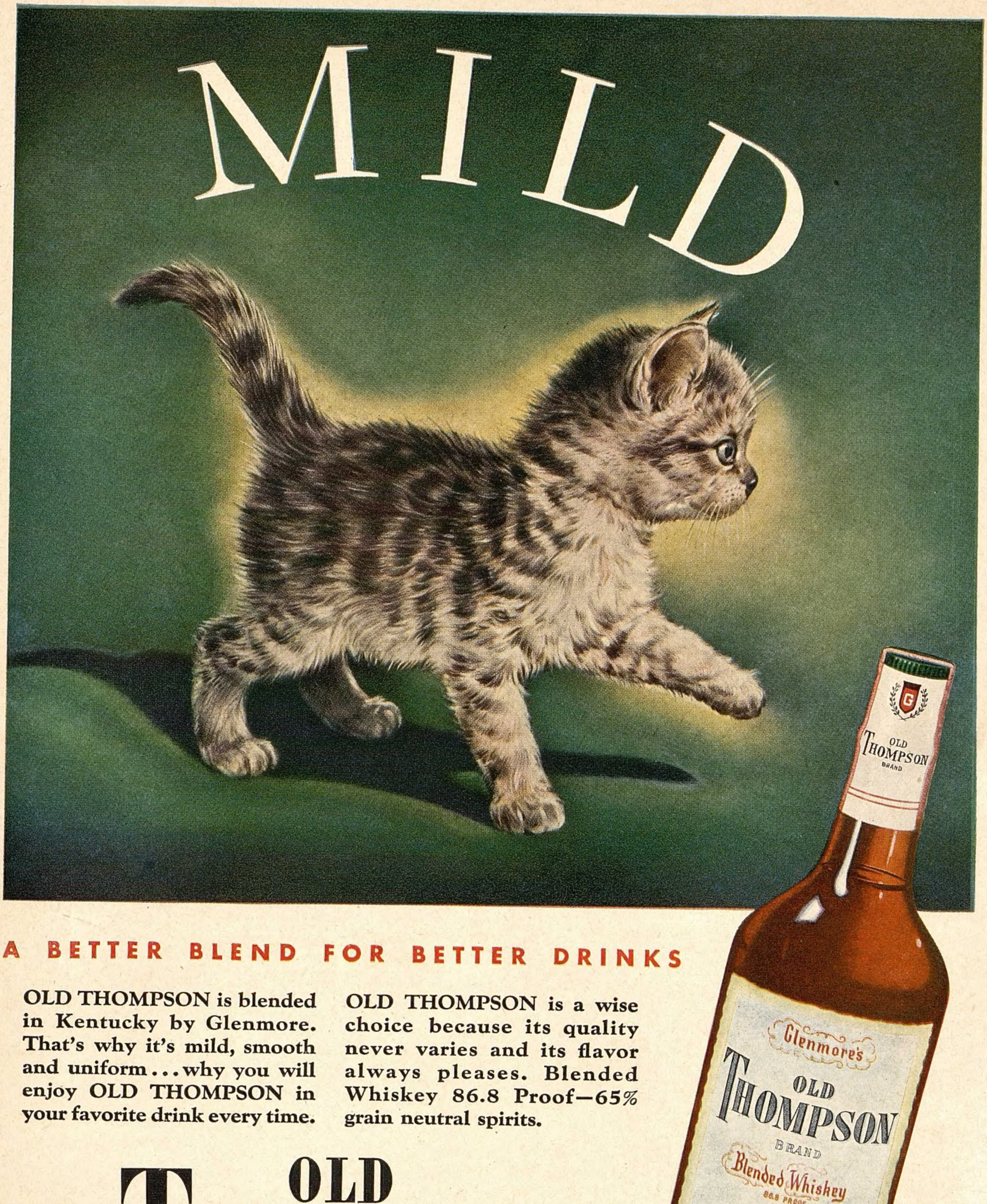
10c

Book:
BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND
Novel of Drama and Salty Humor

ARCTIC CRADLE OF THE ATOM


Ernest Watson

"LET US GIVE THANKS"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JACK: Of all people. *Now* what shall we do?

JILL: Tell her, of course. She'd want to know.

MOTHER: See here, my little sleuths. You two just stood there and stared while I brushed my teeth with Ipana. So?

JACK: Well . . . but Moms—you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

MOTHER: Quite right, Sherlock. And why?

JILL: Oh, M-o-t-h-e-r! You're supposed to exercise your gums—like teacher says. To help keep them from getting flabby and tender.

JACK: Sure. Gum massage is part of our homework. Because we eat so many soft foods that cheat on chewing. And gums need pepping up to help them—and your teeth--to stay healthy.

MOTHER: I'm beginning to see the light. That "pink" on my tooth brush, for instance.

JILL: And you know *who* to see about "pink tooth brush," don't you, Mother? Right—*your dentist!*

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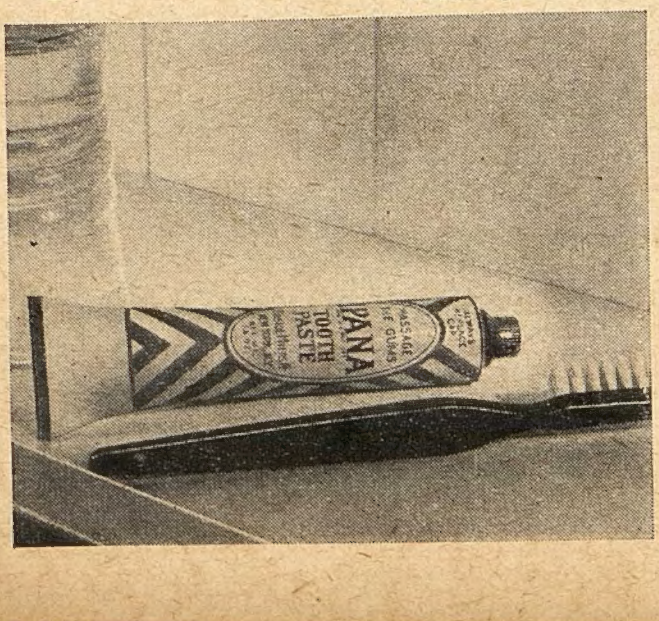

MANY YOUNGSTERS today are one up on their parents about modern dental care. For in thousands of schools, they are taught the value of gum massage to firm gums and sparkling teeth.

Another thing grown-ups should remember: a national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular gum massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, heed this warning signal from lazy gums. *See your dentist right away.* Like so many other dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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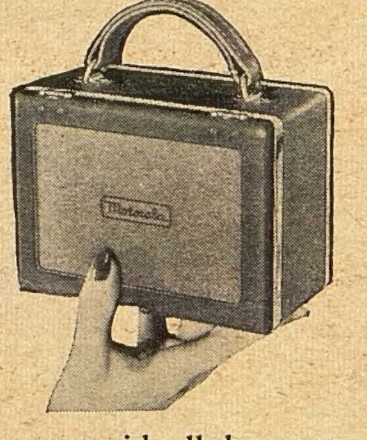

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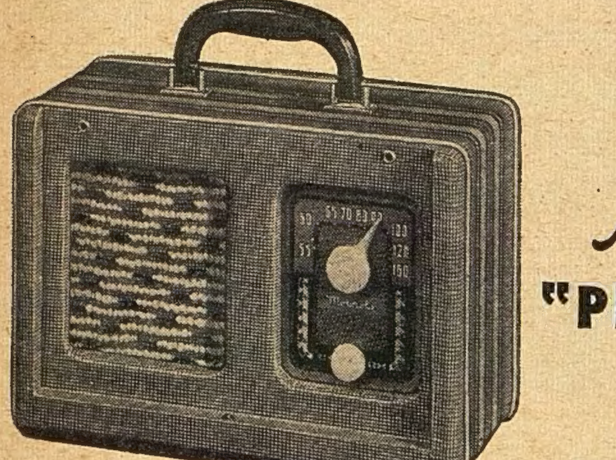

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MERRY-GO-ROUND

Boca Raton, Fla.—Might I, a blood-drained mosquito prey, voice a delicate opinion about Salvaging the Surplus, by Fairfax Downey (October 6)? 'Tis regarding 775,000 unneeded mosquito nets which the Army is so fervently trying to get rid of by putting them on the selling block for Mr. Civilian.

Look! I am at present in the Army, residing in "tropical America," "glorious Florida," etc. Won't somebody fling a few thousand of those "unneeded" mosquito nets down our way? We can't get any nets because supply hasn't got 'em — yet Uncle Sammy says he's got 775,000 of 'em he doesn't want. What a merry-go-round that is! Drat those mosquitoes! (Slap!)—*Cpl. Robert Misonznick.*

BORN TOO LATE

Milwaukee, Wisc. — So Noah Webster was born October 16, 1858, according to your almanac cover (October 6)! Lucky guy, he could learn to spell from his own speller and consult his own dictionaries. Only it didn't happen that way. He was born in 1758.—*R. A. Sutton.*

GOOD-DEED ORGANIZATION

Kassel, Germany — I know I'm way behind the times with this, but it takes a long time for a copy of Liberty to find its way to us here. And I've just read the inspiring article, They Make Jobs Happen, by Millard C. Faught (June 23).

All my buddies join with me in expressing gratitude to the Committee for Economic Development. It seems to us to be the most amazingly good-deed organization yet to come out in America.

There are times when servicemen wonder about peacetime life, and although we've won the war, it's hard sometimes to think that we've also won the peace. But if these men of C.E.D. continue to devise such wonderful economic developments, we can be sure of everlasting good will and prosperity. We feel that in this way capital and labor have at last joined hands, and that makes our America perfect.—*Cpl. H. B. O.*

CORRECTING THE CAMERA EYE

Norfolk, Va.—In The Camera Eye (October 13) the vessel you call a net tender in the picture with the seals is in reality a gate vessel. To the left in the picture you can dimly see another gate vessel, and between the two is the gate, which is open to allow a ship to pass through. Also the section of net pictured is an antitorpedo net and not an antisubmarine net, as you call it. I helped to install that very net line in 1943 when I was stationed at the Net Depot on Terminal Island, Long Beach, California. — *B. T. Teutschman, MoMM3c.*

GIGGING THE BULL FROG

North Little Rock, Ark. — In reading Eddy Dressen's article on hunting bullfrogs, Now You See Him—Now You Don't (October 13), I was surprised that he did not mention the spring gig for catching frogs. This is the most positive and humane method, in that the frog is not injured.

I was dumfounded when Eddy said you cut off the hind legs to eat. I thought everyone knew that the entire frog should be dressed, since the front legs and the back contain the best meat. — *Stanley K. Bradshaw.*

THANKS FOR THE SHUDDER

New Haven, Conn.—I've just finished reading your condensation, The Iron Gates, by Margaret Millar (October 13), and I just had to write to thank you for printing it. As an old whodunit fan, most mystery writers leave me cold. But you weren't kidding when you talked

(*Continued on page 8*)

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- 1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
- 1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
- 1756 Simplified Cook-Book
- 1761 America's Little Hitlers
- 1826 How to Cash In On Your Veteran's Benefits. The G.I. Bill of Rights

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.

Dept. A-1710 :-: :-: Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.

Down on the farm, you had a cold
(Hot, harsh, smokes were getting your goat)
So you plowed into a pack of KOOLS
If KOOLS were your overall choice then
(Even when you had a cold)
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE
Why not smoke 'em till the cows come home?
They're udderly wonderful!
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!

(*Continued from page 6*)

about the shuddery reality of The Iron Gates. I enjoyed every minute of it.—*Nancy Carpenter.*

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN IN BROOKLYN

Chandler, Ariz.—After reading Paul Gallico's short story, Put It Over (October 6), I've decided you need a technical adviser. Such baseball shouldn't happen in Brooklyn. His boners: 1. With two men out, he has a man sacrificing. 2. The third man in the batting order is up and he calls him the clean-up hitter. 3. With the score tied and bases loaded in the last of the ninth, he has a man hitting a double, which is an insult to any scorekeeper.—*Cpl. R. S. Paulson.*

IT'S A FUNNY WORLD

La Grange, Ill.—I have just finished reading your condensation of Black Boy, by Richard Wright (September 29), and I would like to take this time to tell you that I enjoyed every minute I spent in reading it.

Not many people stop to think how their prejudices against the colored people are keeping them down and making them the way they are. During my nineteen years in this world, I have hardly ever heard a good word spoken about the colored people, and I just can't see what the white race has against them.

While reading this story I felt indignant against the petty hates of the whites in this story, but I know all of it is true because of the daily evidences shown in my daily life.

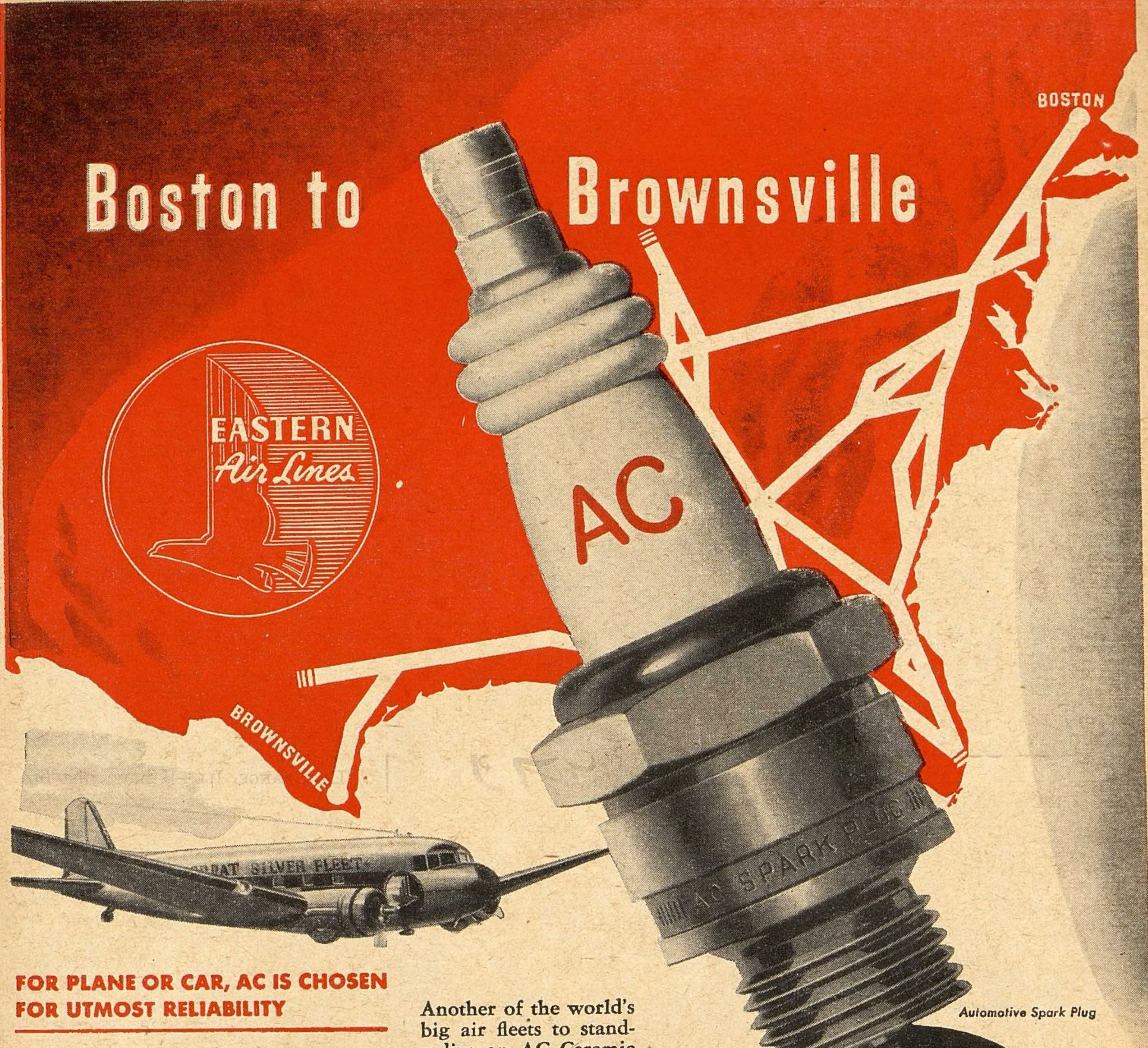
You probably won't publish this letter, but I would like Mr. Wright to know that there must be some sympathizers in this funny world.—*Miss Boettcher.*

PROPAGANDA

Philadelphia, Pa.—I have read a number of Richard Wright's stories, Black Boy included. And although there may have been a decent white man or slightly guilty Negro in one of them, I have yet to encounter either.

If ever propaganda, designed to foster race hatred, was foisted upon a naive reading public, this is it. I can't understand why you considered the book worth condensing. I'd have turned thumbs down.—*L. D. Horn.*

Boston to Brownsville



Automotive Spark Plug

FOR PLANE OR CAR, AC IS CHOSEN FOR UTMOST RELIABILITY

AC
AC SPARK PLUG

Aircraft Spark Plug

Another of the world's big air fleets to standardize on AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs is the Great Silver Fleet of Eastern Airlines.

The tradition of *utmost reliability* that has built up around these AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs had its beginning in World War I, when AC produced the world's only successful ceramic spark plugs for Liberty engines.

The importance of this revolutionary advancement is emphasized by the choice of AC's to share the triumphs of record-breakers, — Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland and Byrd — last year the Constellation, this year the C-97, both setting new transcontinental records. And throughout World War II, AC Ceramics have fired the engines of countless Allied fighters and bombers, from Germany to Japan and China.

AC was able to develop these Ceramic Aircraft Plugs because of its pioneering in automotive fields — better plugs for cars and trucks and buses — more efficient plugs for industrial engines and motorboats. That's why more than 2 out of 4 new cars and trucks were AC-equipped — why from Boston to Brownsville, for air, land or sea service, AC is chosen for utmost reliability.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY VICTORY BONDS

AC

SPARK PLUGS

Your Ticket Buys More than a Train Ride!

➔ Actually, it's what you get *in addition to* the ride that makes you say, "The B&O is the way to go!" And, just to illustrate, we would like to explain some of the things that have made B&O tickets mean more and more to passengers.

The friendly courtesy of B&O people is one feature that makes a big hit with travelers. Every day we get "bouquets" from people who enjoy it. Their letters make us feel extra good because courtesy is traditional on the B&O.

Another "in addition to" is B&O's *good* food. We're proud that our meals are known far and wide as adventures in good eating . . . at reasonable prices. And, you can bet we will keep them that way . . . because good food is another thing B&O passengers have come to expect.

Then, there's the famous B&O "on-time" dependability. Not only does the B&O give you an exceptionally pleasant trip, but it also makes a special point of seeing that you arrive *on time!*

But, summing it all up, we believe you will agree, "It's the extra measure of pleasure that proves . . . the B&O is the way to go!"

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

NOW . . . AS BEFORE – The B&O is the Way to Go!

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

GETTING THE DOPE ON MAISEL

Albert Q. Maisel, who wrote GETTING THE DROP ON DOPE, whizzed through a variety of jobs during his early career—advertising copywriter, newspaper reporter, trade-journal editor, theatrical press agent. At eighteen he even managed a corporation that manufactured ten-cent umbrellas. (P.S.: They melted in the rain.) Recently a war correspondent and author of Miracles of Military Medicine and The Wounded Get Back, he is one of the leading writers in the medical and scientific fields, specializes in medicine and science.

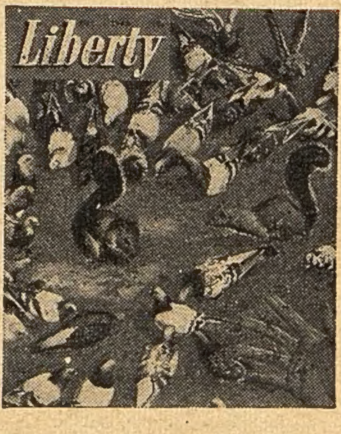
MOORE TURNED ORNITHOLOGIST

In gathering material for WHAT THE ROBIN DOES THEN, Herbert G. Moore, like any dyed-in-the-wool ornithologist, lost out on his dinners and a lot of sleep. Once, while interviewing Horace Groskin, he saw a one-legged sparrow hop into a trap. But the crippled bird was set free, for Mr. Groskin decided it was unfair to put a band on its one good leg. A graduate of Princeton and a veteran of both World Wars (with business and newspaper experience sandwiched in), Mr. Moore is now free-lancing from his home in New Jersey.

SHE HAS A 'LOT OF FUN

From Tunisia to Australia, from Minnesota to Hollywood (she and her husband once built up a ranch in Oregon and sold it to Ginger Rogers), Georgia Maxwell Robertson has had a lot of fun. But the best of all, she says, is making Jeanie and her family come alive in stories like THE HUNDREDTH HORSE.

NEXT WEEK



It's a question on everyone's mind—what is THE FUTURE OF THE ATOM? Oscar Schisgall tells you what the head man on atomic-bomb research has to say about the peacetime uses of our new source of power. . . . How fast the nation catches up on the housing shortage depends largely on the three million craftsmen who are EXPERTS AT RAISING THE ROOF. Morris Markey gives you an insight into the workings of the building trade's twenty-six separate unions. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE BIRTHDAY MURDER, by Lange Lewis, is a thriller about a writer who finds herself playing the murder-mystery game in real life.

"Will you look at that guy MacMurray... in stitches at himself!"
"If the picture's that funny... I oughta see it myself!"

IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

FRED MacMURRAY

in

Pardon My Past

with **MARGUERITE CHAPMAN**

AKIM TAMIROFF · WILLIAM DEMAREST · RITA JOHNSON

Harry Davenport · Douglass Dumbrille

Produced and Directed by
LESLIE FENTON
Original story by Patterson McNutt and Harlan Ware
Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Kamb

A
MUTUAL
Production

THE SPHINX USED TO LOOK DOWN UPON: PIPES LIKE THESE IN EGYPT

TODAY, IT'S LHS STERNCREST STERLING IN EGYPT, AND EVERYWHERE OUR BOYS HAVE GONE

LHS has never turned out better pipes, nor more pipes, in the 50 years of LHS pipe-making. And yet, so great is the demand that dealers' stocks are often depleted.

But, good news—with war's end, more and more LHS pipes are now available for our civilian friends. Not all models yet, but a big selection, and all pre-war quality and workmanship. Your dealer has them.

IMPORTED BRIAR

STERLING SILVER BAND—MODEL No. 21 ANTIQUE FINISH

$5

Also in plain finish. Dozens of other handsome models.

ALSO LHS STERNCREST 14K
Specially selected imported briar. 14K gold band. Plain and antique finishes $7.50

OTHER LHS PIPES:
LHS Ultrafine $10
LHS Certified Purex . . . $3.50
LHS Purex Superfine (Domestic Briar) $1.50

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

FOR SOLID COMFORT LHS PIPES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FREE—"Pointers on Pipes"—Write
L & H STERN, INC.
Stern Bldg., 56 Pearl Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

Case History—Education

LET'S take the case history of Mr. Francis B. Dambrowski as a springboard for our first cooperative campaign for veteran recognition.

Here is a veteran who has spent twenty years of his life in Milwaukee, five years in New York City, and three years in the Army, and now wants to become a teacher. However, due to his age, he misses the advantages offered by the G.I. Bill of Rights, so far as schooling goes, by just a month and a half—yet schooling remains the only thing he wants.

An ex-lieutenant, Francis Dambrowski can't get a full education merely because he was slightly over twenty-five years of age when Uncle Sam "greeted" him! Yet the armed forces placed no limitation on how much or what soldiers of various ages had to do—or could do. Why start now?

Right here is where we veterans can start helping each other. So let's make this our first issue—to go out and appeal to our congressmen, local officials, newspapers, veterans' organizations and bureaus, and arouse public opinion to the fact that too many of our veteran friends are, like Francis Dambrowski, in need of a change in the twenty-five-year age limitation; that we shall remain restless and unsatisfied until this and other barriers are removed, so that all of us who require and desire schooling may have it as part of a just and deserved reward.

Notes on Education

A: All vets are eligible for educational advantages who have been in active service on or after September 16, 1940, who were otherwise than dishonorably discharged, and who were on active duty ninety days or more.

B: You can attend any educational or training institution, despite location, if approved by the Veterans Administration.

C: Every eligible vet is entitled to at least one year of free education or training.

D. Length of service, plus your reasons, and compliance with the under-twenty-five age limit will further determine the amount of education, up to a maximum of four years.

E: A "year" of education means actually a full calendar year of twelve months, and not just the ordinary school year.

F: The Veterans Administration pays directly to the institution—up to $500 a year—for school expenses, plus a variable subsistence to the vet himself.

G. To apply, a vet must procure, fill out, and file Veterans Administration Rehabilitation Form 1950 with his or her Veterans Administration Regional Office or with the institution selected.

* * *

Robert Jones, Vandalia, Ohio. A veteran who wishes to purchase surplus government property for use in his business should apply at the branch of the Smaller War Plants Corporation nearest his home or place of business. No personal purchases may be made through this organization.

* * *

S/Sgt. Sid Feldman, Dayton AAF, Vandalia, Ohio. The star on your American Defense Service ribbon does not have any "point value." This particular bronze star denotes service outside the continental United States between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941. Five-point credit is allowed for combat stars only.

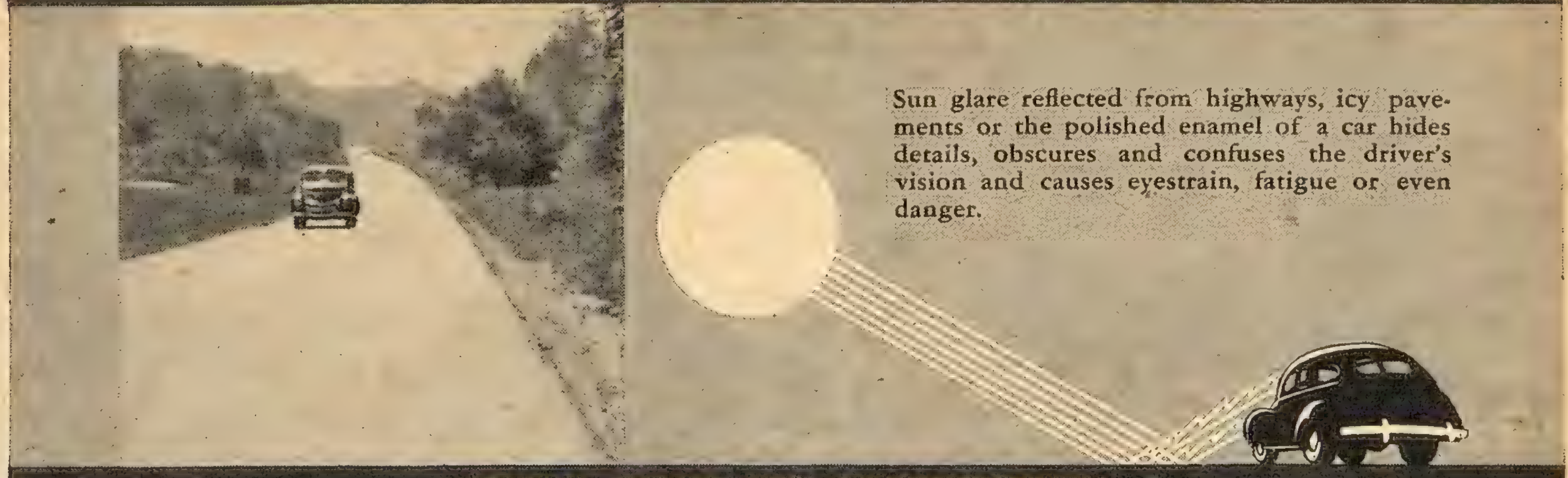
Purchaser

* * *

Cpl. John Davis, APO 845, c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla. For full information on current re-enlistment regulations and benefits, see the Recruiting Officer at your post. The Army is sending Recruiting Officers

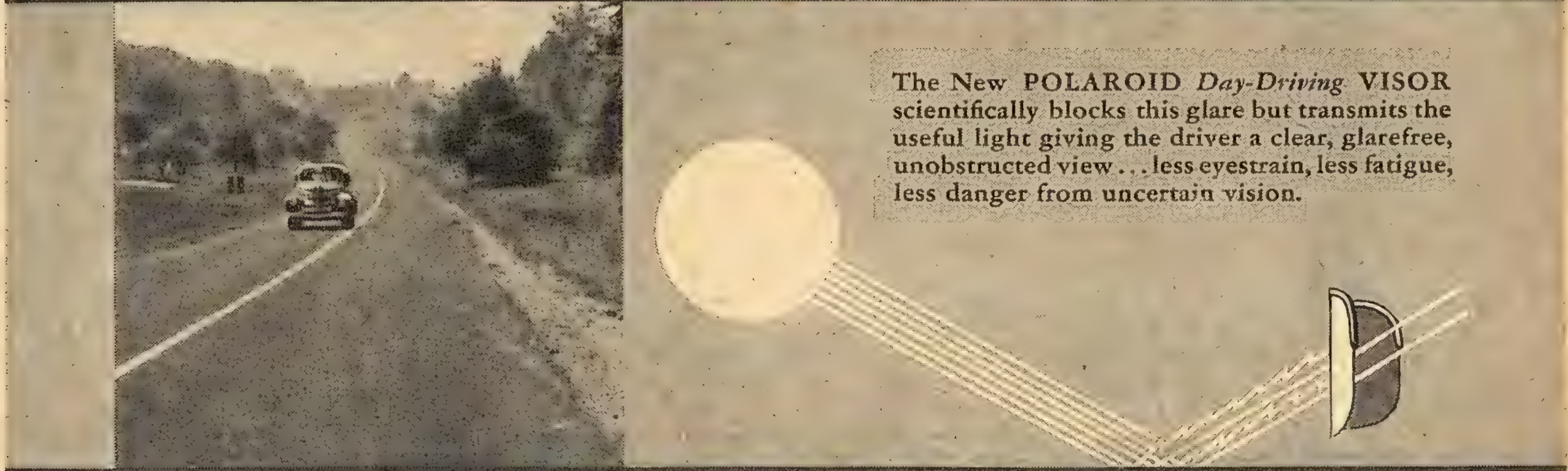
(*Continued on page 14*)

THIS GLARING DRIVING DISCOMFORT



Sun glare reflected from highways, icy pavements or the polished enamel of a car hides details, obscures and confuses the driver's vision and causes eyestrain, fatigue or even danger.

WILL SOON BE CORRECTED



The New POLAROID *Day-Driving* VISOR scientifically blocks this glare but transmits the useful light giving the driver a clear, glarefree, unobstructed view . . . less eyestrain, less fatigue, less danger from uncertain vision.

WATCH FOR IT IN 1946

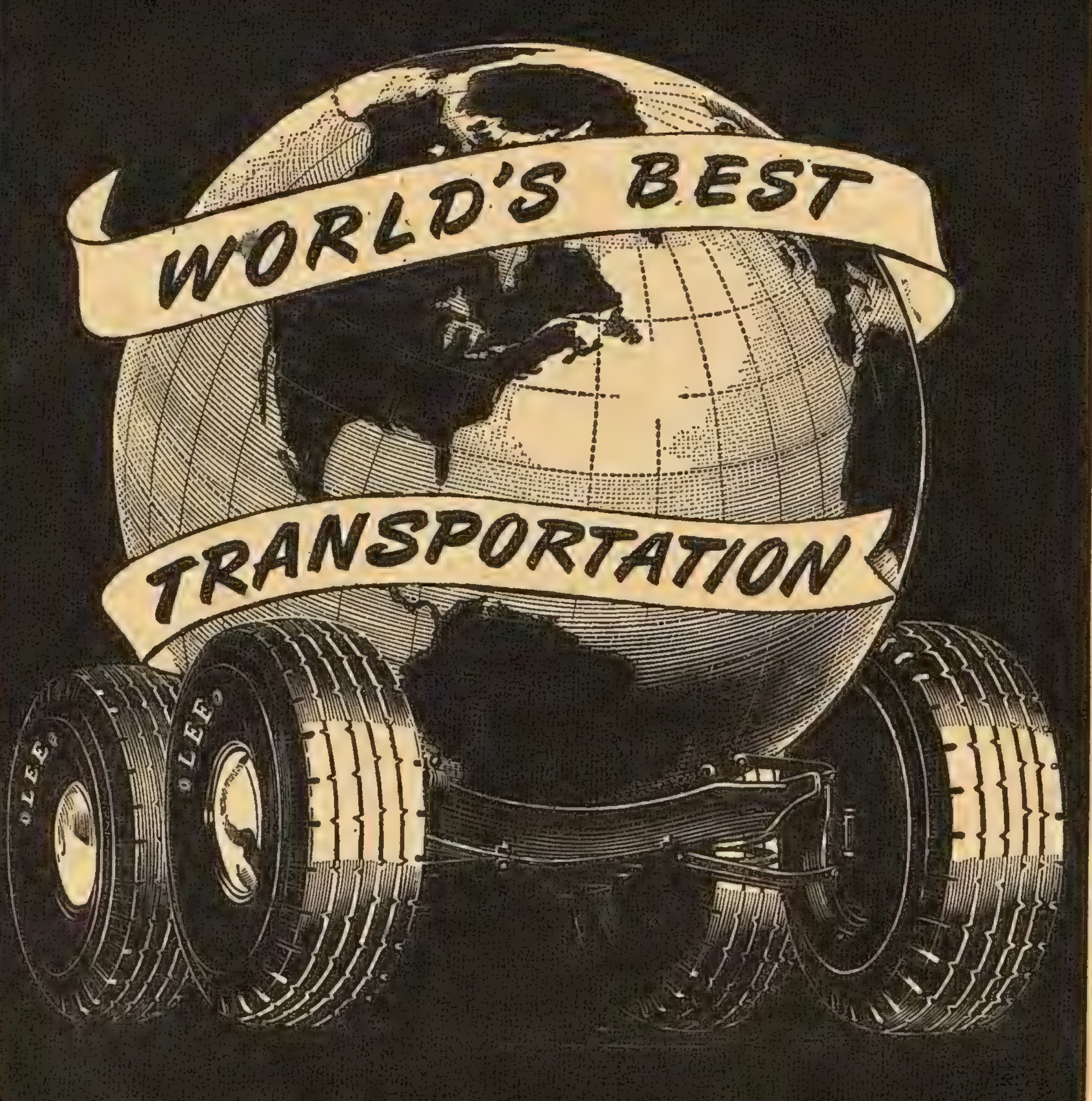
The POLAROID* Day-Driving VISOR can be easily slipped on to the visor of most any car. It is not just another colored sun shield. No other kind of visor or shield can exert its *selective* control over light. Completely installed in six seconds without tools.

A product of POLAROID CORPORATION Available in 1946
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

POLAROID *Day-Driving* VISOR

Not to be used for night driving.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



LEE DE LUXE TIRES have been the choice of discriminating buyers for thirty-five years solely on the basis of their outstanding reliability, safety and economy — qualities which integrity, fine workmanship and carefully selected materials alone can produce and perpetuate. **THE WORLD,** now again on peacetime roads, advances to greater attainments on motorized transportation. The kind of tires you use will decide in a goodly measure the extent of your participation and your pleasure. **LEE DE LUXE TIRES,** favorably priced with comparable quality, sold and serviced in normal times by 19,000 LEE dealers, coast to coast, are your safest choice.

LEE *of Conshohocken*
DIVISION
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

REPUBLIC INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

LEE DELUXE TIRES AND TUBES
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

(*Continued from page 12*)

to posts in all zones to answer questions and to accept enlistments.

* * *

Mrs. Albert Parks, Chicago, Ill. No, the wife of a veteran who is not disabled is not entitled to preference in obtaining a Civil Service position.

* * *

G. Parks, Butte, Mont. There is no such ship as a U.S.S. Good Humor. That is the nickname tagged onto the Navy's ice-cream-carrying ship which travels around the Pacific and drops ice cream to those ships which do not have units to freeze their own. The Navy's new "ice-cream parlor" manufactures ten gallons every seven minutes, and has a storage room capable of holding 2,000 gallons.

* * *

T. R. N., Pittsburgh, Pa. Work on splitting the atom started a long time ago, but, so far as can be determined, work on an atomic bomb was started by British scientists and picked up by us after a conference between the late President Roosevelt and the politically late Prime Minister Winston Churchill. The work was done in this country by a joint board, and the bombs were made in three factories: one at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, one at Pasco, Washington, and the experimental laboratories at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

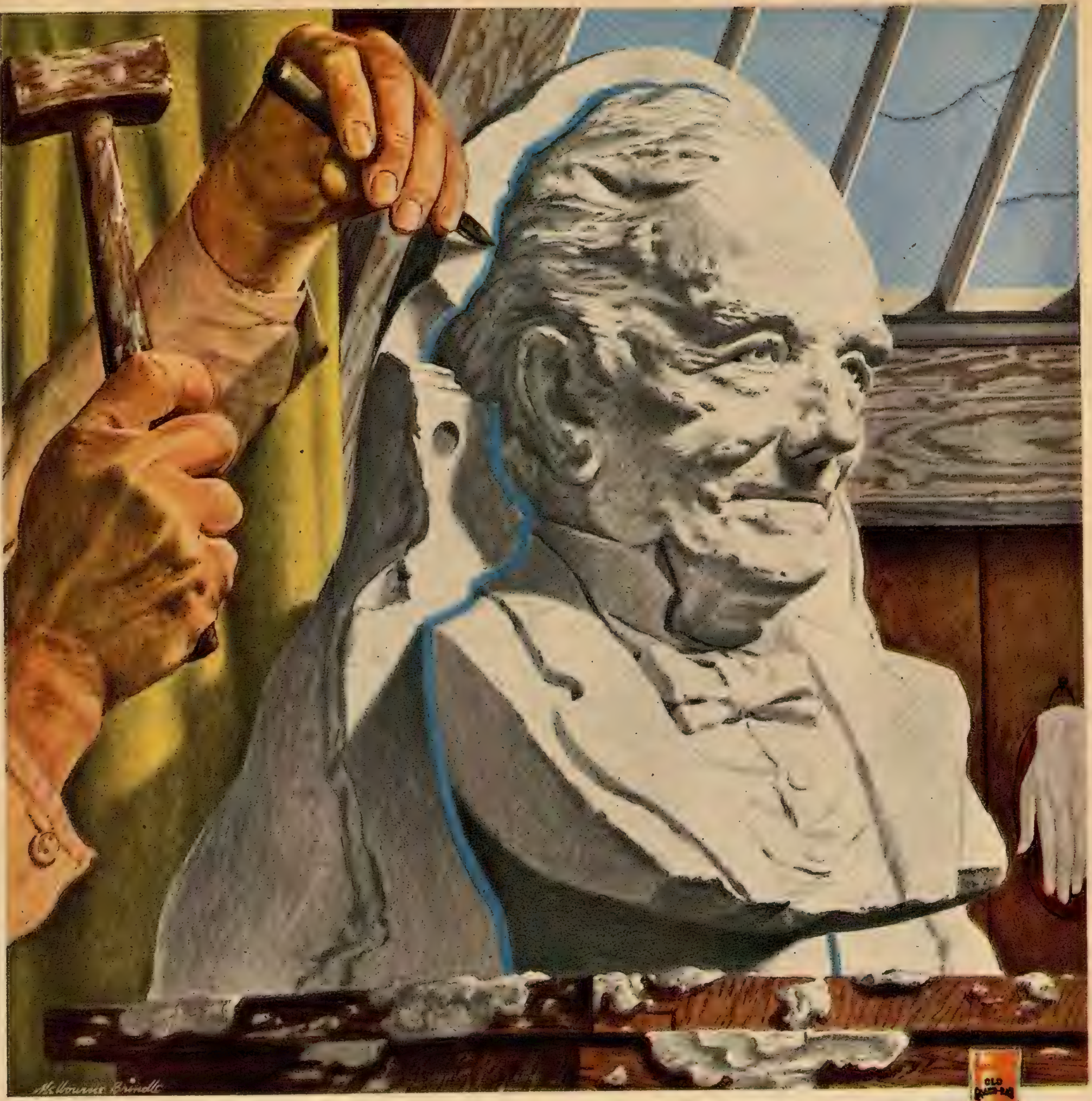
* * *

Mrs. Edward McLain, Gary, Ind. The Medal of Freedom is a brand-new medal, recently authorized by President Truman. It is to be awarded to any person who, on or after December 7, 1941, has performed a meritorious act of service which aided the United States in the prosecution of a war against an enemy or enemies—an act for which an award of another U. S. medal or decoration is considered inappropriate. The new medal, according to the White House, will not be awarded to citizens of the United States for any act or service performed within the continental limits of the United States, or awarded to members of the Armed Forces.

* * *

Pfc. George McLaughlin, Germany. You win the bet. No soldier has to take a physical examination at any time in order to keep his G. I. insurance, once it has been issued to him, and so long as it remains in force. The same thing goes when you become a veteran. You may convert it to another type of policy without having to take a new physical exam.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions in regard to veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to "Veterans' Bulletin Board," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.


Melbourne Brindle

SKILL

One taste of Old Grand-Dad and the most experienced judge of good bourbon knows he's in the presence of artistic achievement. Here is the honored work of skilled hands—here is delight to the eye and pleasure to the palate. Be the occasion a notable one of white linen and gleaming silver—or just a friendly hour by an open fire—let Old Grand-Dad join in the welcome you extend your guests.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Head of the Bourbon Family

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

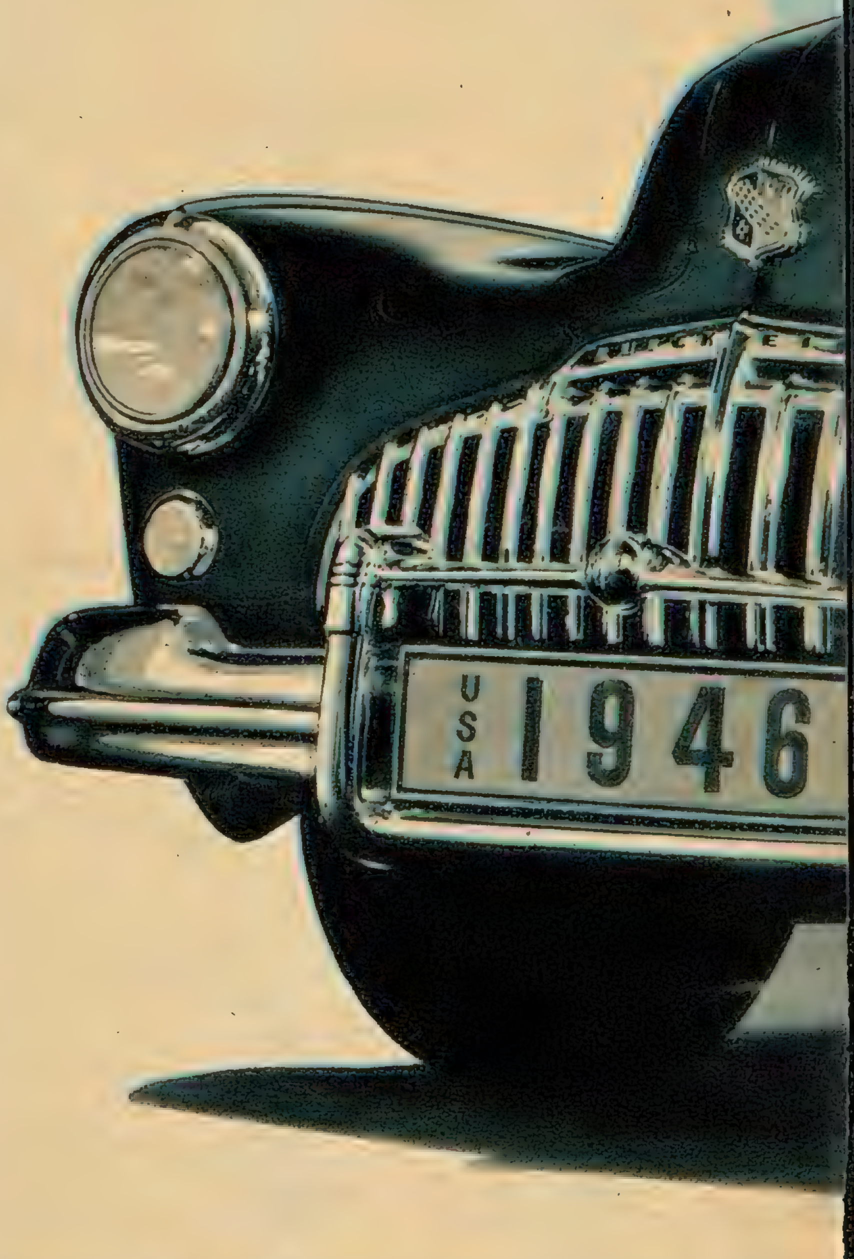
All this—and Victory

PARDON us if we strain a vest button or two over this neat and nimble beauty – so will you when you have one.

Look it over – and it strikes you – *bing!* – as the perfect expression of motorcar good looks, trim as a fighting plane, and just as swift-looking.

Take in that rich, gleaming, smartly sculptured front end – and you'll know right off this is the face good automobiles will put on in future.

Now swing the wide doors. Slip into feathery seat cushions that are cordial welcome to take your ease. Fit your hand to the wheel – see how your foot finds the waiting gas treadle – and take a moment to realize that happier days really are here again.



What other car has so much that clicks for Forty-Six!

POWER—*from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.*

HIGH STYLE—*of car-length Airfoil fenders with bolt-on rear wheel shields.*

OIL SAVINGS—*from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.*

FLASHING ACTION—*of light, lively Fliteweight pistons.*

STEADINESS—*from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.*

GLIDING RIDE—*from Panther-gait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.*

COMFORT—*of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.*

SURE FOOTING—*of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.*

CONTROL—*through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.*

CONVENIENCE—*of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.*

PROTECTION—*of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.*

SMARTNESS—*of genuine Body by Fisher with one-piece Turret Top, No Draft Ventilation, roomy interiors and three-person seats.*

There's a stout frame under you that's like the bedrock foundation of a structure built for the ages.

There are four soft service-free BuiCoil springs that can turn the roughest cobbles into a veritable Easy Street.

Here are bodies that are better-than-prewar in thirty-five ways—a rear axle sturdied and refined in eight different details.

And when, with a toe-touch, you bring that husky Fireball straight-eight to life, you know how a flier feels, revving

too!

his engines at the take-off line.

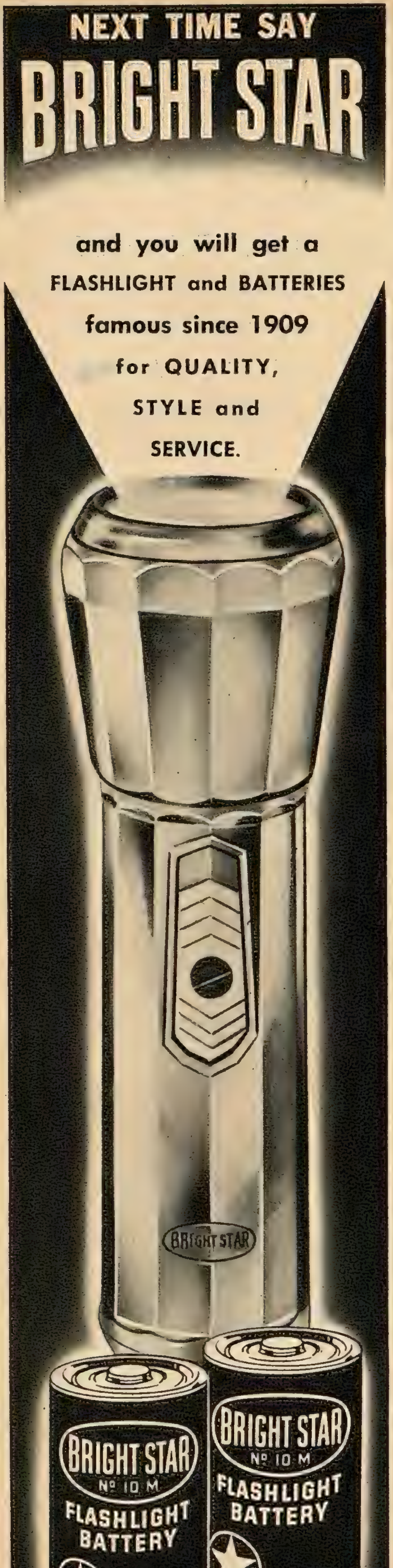
Here's a hundred-plus horsepower in an engine that in vital dimensions is *actually made to closer tolerances than an aircraft engine* – a power plant that's nine ways better than even the last great Buick engines – including new precision boring of cylinders that velvets every mile and minute of engine operation.

So take your place. Head for the open highway and have fun.

The new Buick's here – the best Buick yet – to prove that we can have Victory – and even better things than we had before.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT
BUICK
WILL BUILD THEM

BUY VICTORY BONDS



NEXT TIME SAY

BRIGHT STAR

and you will get a
FLASHLIGHT and BATTERIES
famous since 1909
for QUALITY,
STYLE and
SERVICE.

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO. CLIFTON, N.J.

AIR SERVICE U.S.A.
WORLD FLIGHT

INT. NEWS PHOTO

In these planes, in 1924, eight Army Air Service lieutenants began the first world-girdling flight. Of those who completed it, two are now brigadier generals.

ON THE BEAM

Airways Magellans: A look back from the Globester to the Army Air Service's pioneer round-the-world flight, made 21 years ago

BY WAYNE PARRISH

ON September 28, when the first of the regular weekly Air Transport Command flights around the world started—the flight that is called the Globester, as the plane itself was named—four men looked on the departure ceremonies with more than usual interest. For these four had accomplished the first round-the-world flight for the Army in 1924, twenty-one years ago, and they couldn't have helped but recall the hardships and narrow escapes they had had on that historic 175-day flight.

It has been possible for some time to fly around the world in Army planes—but today the Douglas Skymaster in its Globester schedule completes the circuit, Washington to Washington, in six and one fourth days without any effort to establish a record.

But let's delve into history a bit. Four hundred and twenty-three years ago one of Magellan's fleet of ships completed the first circuit of the globe by water, and the voyage took three years.

In 1924 the U. S. Army Air Service (later to become the Army Air Corps) decided to establish an air record by sending four single-engined planes on a 27,553-mile flight from Seattle to Seattle—a distance 2,651 miles greater than the circumference of the globe at the equator.

The aircraft were biplanes, each with a wing span of but fifty feet, with a capacity of 465 gallons of gas, and powered by one twelve cylinder 450-hp. Liberty. A far cry from the powerful four-engined Douglas transports of today.

Eight Air Service men were selected for the crews, two to a plane, and it seems remarkable, considering the aerial events of the past twenty-one years and the risks run by Air Corps pilots in years past, that four of these men were gathered at Washington National Airport on September 28, 1945, for the Globester ceremonies.

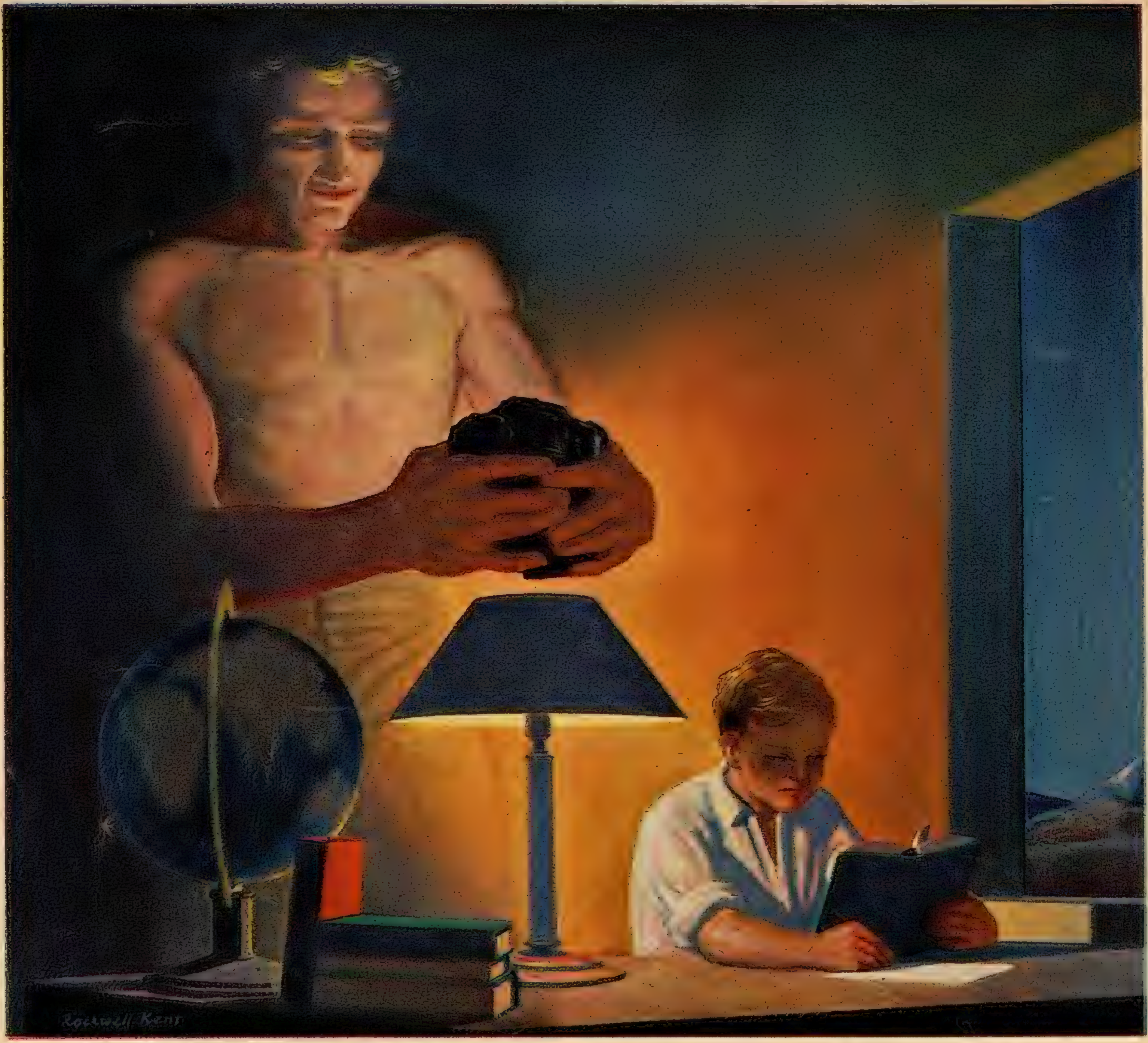
The four were Brigadier General Erik Nelson, one of the most respected men in aviation, who returned to active duty when war began; Brigadier General Lehigh Wade, Commanding Officer of the big A.A.F. base in Cuba; Leslie P. Arnold, assistant to the president of Eastern Air Lines; and personable Jack Harding, Jr., who has remained active in civil and military aviation through the years in Texas. All were adventurous and ambitious lieutenants in 1924.

Of the four airplanes, only two completed the global circuit to Seattle. The route, in short hops, was by way of Alaska, Siberia, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Istanbul, Vienna, Paris, England, Iceland, Labrador, and through the United States via Washington, Dallas, and Los Angeles. Engine trouble, weather, and various other hindrances beset the four airplanes, two of which were lost after forced landings in the Atlantic.

The whole trip completed by the two planes required 175 calendar days, but the actual flying time was fifteen days, eleven hours and seven minutes.

Today's routine flying time for transports on the same route wouldn't be more than 140 hours, probably less. The first Globester flight on a shorter route (23,279 miles) was completed, on October 4, in

(*Continued on page 20*)



LIGHT FOR TOMORROW'S LINCOLNS

A billion is a thousand million! Can you attempt to visualize 150 of them . . . 150,000,000,000? This fantastic figure represents America's yearly consumption of electricity, measured in kilowatt hours . . . one-third of all the electrical energy manufactured throughout the world . . . cheap, plentiful electricity . . . and 62% of it is generated by the black magic of Bituminous Coal.

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Yes! The magic lump of Bituminous Coal helps light the way, as it fuels the fires and powers the progress of America . . . lights the way to learning in thousands of schools, in millions of homes . . . lights, as the day, the operating rooms in our hospitals . . . lights, as the sun, the healing rays of our therapy lamps . . . lights the way for an American peacetime production that promises a standard of living unequalled in all the world.

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From America's 3,000-year treasure trove of coal comes the power for 94% of America's railroad locomotives; comes the heat for 4 out of 7 American homes. Bituminous Coal is essential to the making of 100% of our steel; it's the basis for 85% of our modern plastics. From coal, chemistry has developed nylons and other fine fabrics, life-saving sulfa drugs, anesthetics, antiseptics, sedatives, vitamins, aspirin, and insecticides. More than 200,000 useful products have their origin in coal. In fact, coal is the very foundation of our civilization!

Where There's a Will . . .

Today, modern machinery has largely replaced the old-time pick-and-shovel work of Bituminous Coal mining. Of all the coal from America's underground mines, nine-tenths is cut by machines, about half is loaded by machines. And out of every dollar of Bituminous Coal sales at the mines, the miners receive an average of over 60 cents in wages—the mine owners average about 2 cents profit. *Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.*

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Not just *any* plane, of course. But an ALL-METAL SILVAIRE! A safe air-worthy job that gets you there—cheaply and quickly.

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For the thrilling Silvaire makes a business trip a pleasure trip—a pleasure trip *a real joy ride!* And here's a plane in the clouds for quality but down to earth for price. Because of its construction—rugged ALL-METAL—it is durable and has a high trade-in value, too.

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(*Continued from page 18*)

116 hours and twenty-three minutes of actual flying time.

It was this first globe-circling flight by the Army in 1924 that set off a long series of record hops, leading up to Lindbergh's famous solo flight to Paris in 1927. Such flights did much to develop aviation, for out of the daring adventures came greater reliability of U. S. aircraft and especially of aircraft engines. Overwater hops were hazardous in those days. But now, two decades after the aerial Magellans completed the circuit of the globe, commercial air lines are about ready to open regular scheduled air services around the world with all the safety and comforts enjoyed in air travel in the United States.

From India in 58 Hours

A friend of ours has just flown as a passenger from Karachi, India, to Washington, D. C., and was quite bewildered by the speed of the trip and, especially, of the transition from hot, humid, and dirty India to a city with soda fountains, milk, eggs—and more milk. He had been in India and China for some eight months and was just lucky enough to get on a through Air Transport Command plane without the usual necessity of staying over in Casablanca for processing.

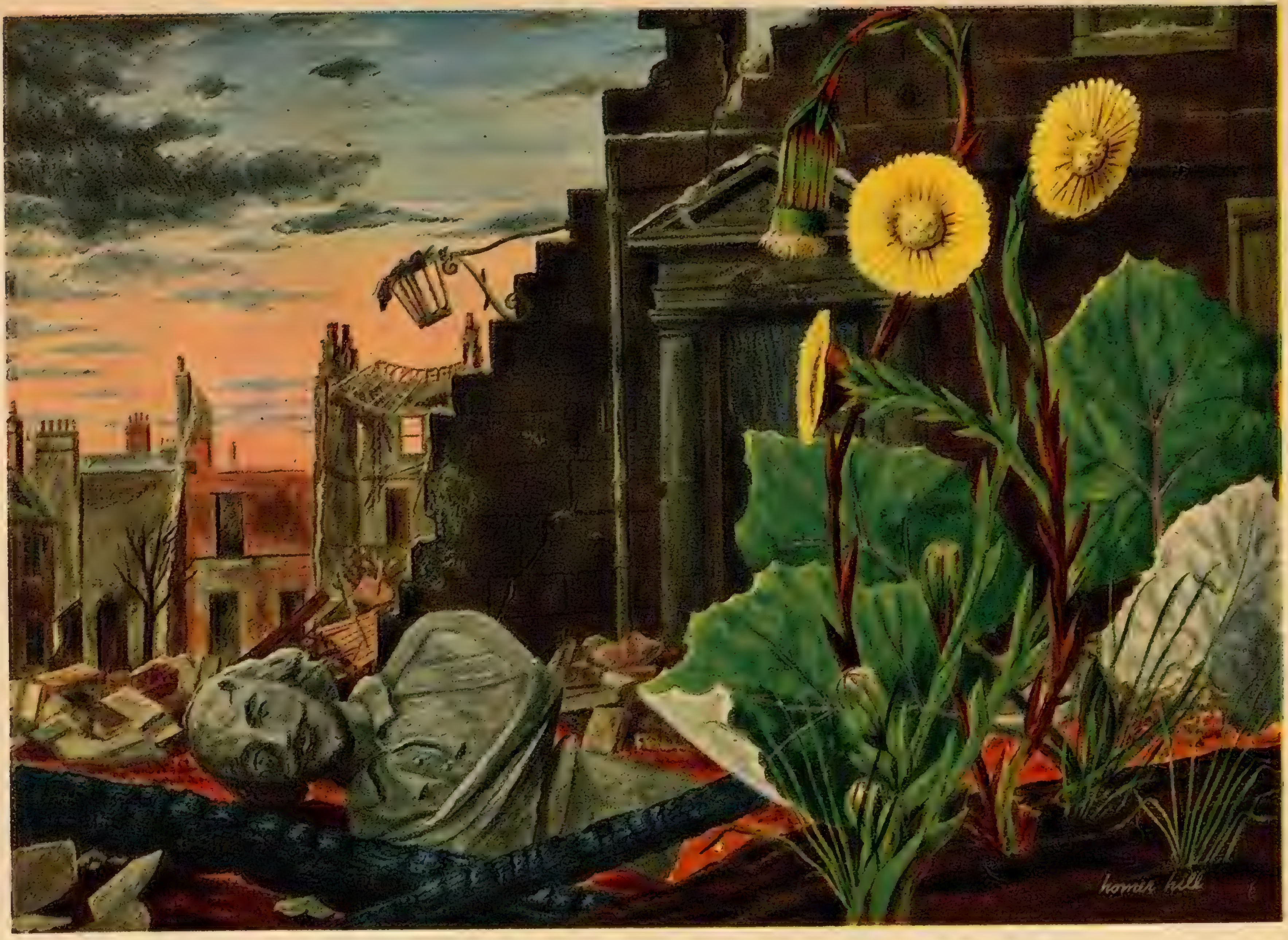
He had shaved in Calcutta on Thursday morning and hitched a ride to Karachi, thinking the trip home might take weeks because of the backlog of Army passengers. But at Karachi, which is at the western tip of India, he had the opportunity of flying 9,000 miles straight home with an ATC plane operated by TWA, the air line which will shortly be operating commercial services to Cairo and Bombay.

Friday morning, when he got wind of the through flight, he just had time to make arrangements, grabbed a quick lunch, and boarded the plane. Sunday afternoon he arrived in Washington, fifty-eight hours and ten minutes elapsed time after leaving India.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this fifty-eight-hour trip was the small number of stops made in the four-engined C-54 transport. An hour's stop was made in hot Abadan, Persia, and another hour's stop 1,098 miles farther on at Cairo. Next is Tripoli, then Casablanca, the Azores, Newfoundland, and New York. That's all.

It gives one quite a thrill, he said, to hear over the loud-speaker in Karachi the announcement: "TWA Flight T-2 is ready for immediate departure to Cairo, Casablanca, New York, and Washington."

But it was a tiresome trip because of the few and short stops. Our friend has become a great believer in global transportation by air—and the ability to get out after a long trip and buy good clean cold milk. That's what he, and most of the boys, miss most in the Orient.



"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety" Shakespeare, *Henry IV*

There was a lovely flower that bloomed miraculously on the rubble heaps of London. This flower never grew wild before in England. The miracle of its blooming came from the nitrates loosed by tons of bombs that fell on English soil.

There were not many pleasant things to be seen among the ruins of World War II. Yet one thing we can be thankful for—this war made production bloom miraculously. Here in America, all of us turned to, hand workers and brain workers alike, to heap up the mountains of munitions that backed up our men. We worked with all our might at a job we didn't like—to get it over quickly and get our sons back to the friendly jobs of peace.

Olin Industries did not like the job of war any better than anybody else. Now they are mighty glad it's all over and they can get back to peace time and the making of things that will help people everywhere enjoy life with a free heart once again.

OLIN

Soon there will be guns and ammunition for sportsmen, roller skates for kids, and flashlights and batteries for everybody. There will be brass, bronze and other metals needed by countless manufacturers to create a thousand and one things to make life better. All these will again come rolling out of the acres of mills and laboratories that make up Olin Industries.

The job of peace has been Olin's job for more than half a century. Today, the mountains of munitions America produced have served their purpose, and the lovely flower of peace will grow out of them.

Olin Industries, Inc.
East Alton, Illinois

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The new diplomacy is going to call for more skill at the council tables instead of prowess at the buffet tables.

Top Brains Instead of Top Hats

By BLAIR BOLLES and WALTER FITZMAURICE

If America is to get along in a co-operative world, our Foreign Service personnel needs drastic overhauling. Here's what ails Uncle Sam's diplomacy and what's being done about it

WHEN the Army asked its soldiers what sort of career they wanted after their demobilization, 80,000 of them said, "Foreign Service." This widespread interest in the career organization for American diplomacy is awakening none too soon, because by signing the United Nations Charter the U. S. A. entrusted its future to the officers of the Foreign Service. These officers are responsible for the day-to-day operation of American foreign policy. They fill key positions in the State Department, staff the embassies overseas, and advise the President on world affairs. Today they face a stupendous task in trying to prevent the world from sliding into another war.

The Foreign Service in its present form cannot meet this challenge. American foreign policy has changed from isolationism to internationalism, but our diplomacy is still geared to the old isolationist requirements. The Foreign Service is as unready to cope with the problems raised by membership in the United Nations as the American Army of 1940 was to take on the Nazis and Japs. The Secretary of State and administrators of the Foreign Service, aware of these shortcomings, seek to remedy them.

The Foreign Service suffers because diplomacy has never been able to make a close link with democracy. Diplomatic principles in use today were developed under absolute monarchs, and Foreign Service officers, spending years at a stretch overseas, remain in ignorance of what is going on in the heart of the United States. The membership of their small corps is drawn from a limited segment of the population, largely because their profession requires heavy personal expenditures, usually well above the salaries paid.

Diplomacy is the one remaining public career in the United States which offers a young man an opportunity to spend his own funds on his country's welfare. Only a few can afford the luxury of this calling.

The country has tried to buy peace at a far cheaper figure than it pays for war. The money set aside for the Foreign Service this year is $783,000, enough to finance about six minutes of war at the rate of American spending when Germany surrendered.

Now that every facet of American life is intimately affected by events abroad, the task of consolidating democracy and diplomacy has become an urgent necessity. That is the thorny problem President Truman handed James F. Byrnes in appointing him Secretary of State. As a first step, Byrnes is preparing to ask Congress for a higher scale of pay

(*Continued on page 87*)

Migratory champion: The Arctic tern is the globester of the bird kingdom. His personal radar never goes back on him.

PHOTO FOR LIBERTY BY ROY PINNEY

What the Robin Does Then

Unraveling the mysteries of bird migration is a fascinating study. Here's how the movements of our feathered friends are discovered, what already has been learned, and some tantalizing secrets we still don't know

BY HERBERT G. MOORE

THE Arctic tern is quite an amazing creature. Every spring this Marco Polo of the bird world leaves his Antarctic habitat, flies to South America, heads east across the Atlantic to the southern tip of Africa, travels north to a point on the western coast of Europe, crosses the Atlantic a second time to the vicinity of Newfoundland, and then continues on to the Arctic. In the fall he repeats the journey, in reverse. Is the trip really necessary? That we can't answer, but the tern apparently thinks it is, and we know he has been doing it for centuries, maybe for thousands or even millions of years.

This strange migratory phenomenon of the Arctic tern is just one of many facts which have been revealed to us through the, as yet, little-publicized science of birdbanding.

That family of robins that nested all last summer in the oak tree just outside your window—do you know where they will spend this winter and what route they are following to reach their destination? Do you know what the chimney swift does all day and how he spends his nights? What about the homing instincts, the mating habits, the normal spans of life of such species as the catbird, the purple finch, the house wren?

These and hundreds of other questions have stumped ornithologists for centuries, and we don't have all the answers yet. But little by little the missing bits of information are being pieced together—thanks almost entirely to a handful of volunteers who are motivated solely by their love of birds and an insatiable curiosity about the mysteries of their migrations.

Banding, or ringing, as it is termed in England, is not exactly a new science, but it has only been during comparatively recent years—thirty or forty at the most—that it has reached a point of development where the pertinent facts are being discovered. In 1899, H. C. C. Mortensen, a Danish ornithologist, started banding systematically, and this was followed by the establishment of banding stations throughout Europe until, at the outbreak of the war, the practice was being carried on in at least nineteen countries, including Japan, India, and Iceland.

John James Audubon may be regarded as the father of banding in America. In 1803, his natural curiosity caused him to attach silver wire to the legs of a brood of young phoebes that were nesting near his home on the Perkiomen Creek in Pennsylvania. The following year he was rewarded by finding that at least

More than 8,000 birds have dropped in at the Ardmore home of Horace Groskin and flown off wearing bands he applied.

The house wren is shy on constancy.

The goldfinch is a globe-trotter.

PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE BY HAL H. HARRISON

The cardinal's an old stay-at-home.

two of these birds had returned to breed in the same location.

The U. S. government provided the impetus that has resulted in most of the amazing data so far compiled which have placed America foremost in banding research. In 1916, Congress passed the Bird Migratory Act to carry out the provisions of an unusual treaty with Canada—the first treaty ever negotiated to protect migratory birds, and a document to which Mexico has since affixed its signature. Under this law about 2,000 qualified banders have been licensed in North America. These men operate at their own expense except for the aluminum bands, which are provided by the government.

Simple traps are used, some being of the single type for one bird, others being large enough to accommodate a score or more. The bird hops or flies into the cage, and in so doing sets off a contrivance which closes the door behind him. Before banding and releasing him, the bander makes a record of the species, sex, age, and date, and sends a duplicate to the Fish and Wild Life Service at Washington. To date, approximately 4,500,000 birds have been banded, and about 26,000 reports of recaptures are sent to the Fish and Wild Life Service each year. Thus the mystery of the migration of birds is slowly being unraveled, and the findings are sometimes astounding.

For instance, an Arctic tern less than four months old was banded at Turnevik Bay, Labrador, on July 23, 1928. On November 14, 1928, it was recovered on the southeastern coast of Africa, having traveled at least 8,000 or 9,000 miles.

A lesser yellowlegs was banded on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on August 28, 1935, and five days later it was found dead in Martinique, French West Indies, an air distance of 1,930 miles, indicating the bird had flown about 386 miles a day. From these and other instances it has been learned that some birds cover great distances at speeds in excess of 100 miles an hour. These facts could have been ascertained through no other method but banding.

There is a popular idea that birds, once mated, remain mated for years, perhaps for life. S. Prentiss Baldwin, a pioneer birdbander, has dispelled some of these romantic illusions. He banded a number of house wrens during their breeding periods and, through repeated recaptures of the banded birds, he learned they not only change their mates at different seasons, but often swap mates between broods.

However, the romanticists may

(*Continued on page 91*)

This thrasher may live eight years.

The flicker gets a "welcome home."

We'll await this one next spring.

Port Radium, in the bleak Canadian Arctic, sits astride a rich deposit of the stuff that gave mankind new power.

Arctic Cradle of the Atom

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Uranium is apt to become the world's most precious metal. The rusty notes set down forty-five years ago by a Canadian geologist led to the world's richest source, whence came the atom bomb

WITH numb fingers a hungry and half-frozen Canadian geologist, engaged in a pioneer exploration of a vast lake on the Arctic Circle, scribbled a few words as he looked up at cliffs tinted with strange pinkish seams. Then he and his guide hurried south to beat the winter that was closing down on the Barren Lands. In his wildest fantasies, the geologist could never know that the single sentence he had written would help make possible, nearly half a century later, a pair of frightful explosions which would end the most devastating war in history.

Uranium atoms, disintegrating with force beyond human understanding, blew apart over two Japanese cities, and the imperial government at Tokyo surrendered. Uranium was the tragic ingredient in this incredible conclusion to the second World War. Of the ninety-two different kinds of atoms, the uranium atom is the heaviest and has properties that no other element has. A uranium atom with 143 neutrons is known to science as U-235. Working in secrecy and haste, scientists discovered that U-235 could be split.

Thus was the atomic bomb born. It is the product of uranium atoms as they disintegrate and explode.

But where is the source of the mysterious and fabulous element which ended World War II and heralded, for better or for worse, a new era in the development of science?

Army transports flew out tons of pitchblende, but starting the motors at —70° was a soul-testing job.

Uranium comes from the bleak spot in the Canadian Arctic where, in the autumn of 1900, Dr. James Mackintosh Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey scrawled this obscure sentence in his notebook:

"In the greenstones east of McTavish Arm, the steep rock shores, which here present themselves to the lake, are often stained with cobalt-bloom and copper-green."

The sentence written, Dr. Bell and his young guide, Charley Camsell, slogged southward from Great Bear Lake. Fourteen hundred wilderness miles separated them from civilization. When finally they reached Edmonton, both were gaunt and exhausted.

For three decades Dr. Bell's sentence about the rocky shores east of McTavish Arm gathered dust in the archives of the Canadian Geological Survey. Dr. Bell died, and the guide, Charley Camsell, finally became Commissioner of the Northwest Territories.

Then, one afternoon in 1930, a prospector named Gilbert La Bine was rummaging through the reports of the Geological Survey. He was looking for likely sources of copper. Suddenly he jumped excitedly to his feet. He had read the sentence describing the rocks "stained with cobalt-bloom." He remembered a lecture he had attended at the University of Manitoba a few years earlier explaining what the pinkish stains of cobalt-bloom on rock might mean. No longer was La Bine looking for copper. Bigger game in the mineral field was now his goal—the biggest game of all—game worth a king's ransom for a single tiny gram.

That night, while his small son looked on in wonder, La Bine told his wife, "I'll get it! I'll get it! I'm on the track this time." He went to see Camsell. Where was McTavish Arm? Camsell turned to a map of Canada and pointed to Great Bear Lake. At the east end of the lake is an inlet almost on the Arctic Circle. "This is Echo Bay," Camsell told La Bine. "Right here is McTavish Arm. At this spot you will find the rocks with the pink stains."

La Bine rose to go. "It is a big, tough country," said the commissioner. "Good luck!"

IT was tough indeed. Winter temperatures crowded 80° below. La Bine's partner, Charles St. Paul, fell a victim to snow blindness. But La Bine was on the trail. He and St. Paul waited out the long winter. In May, when the snow was gone, they resumed their quest. La Bine found a silver strike of inestimable riches. It left him singularly unmoved. He searched farther, examining each inch of ground.

And there at last, on a long, treeless point extending into Great Bear Lake, his search ended. He scraped at a black substance like hard dried-up tar. He examined it in the sunlight. He tapped it with his hammer. He turned to St. Paul tensely, for in his gloved hand was one of the rare substances of the earth—pitchblende, source of radium.

Canadian bush pilots flew La Bine south. He took a piece of his prize to an editor in Toronto. The editor put the black veined mass in a box with an undeveloped photographic plate. When he opened the box, there was a picture of the rock on the plate. The pitchblende had taken its own picture. Only one substance could do that—radium.

It proved to be the greatest pitchblende strike ever found. Only one other substantial deposit was known to exist—in the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo in Africa. There is a supply of pitchblende in Czechoslovakia, where the Curies obtained the radium for their experiments. However, this supply is relatively submarginal and ceased to be used when the Congo deposit was discovered.

Between the Canadian and Congo deposits there was no comparison. The Congo pitchblende yielded twenty milligrams of radium to the ton. The pitchblende discovered by La Bine yielded *120* milligrams. When La Bine set out for Great Bear Lake, the price of radium was $80,000 a gram. After he revealed his discovery, the price dropped to $25,000.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Charles Camsell, now Commissioner of Northwest Territories, was a young Arctic guide when he stumbled on the deposit back in 1900.

Gilbert La Bine, in foreground, is the prospector who hit the jackpot.

The Oriental poppy, source of opium, is grown in many climes.

Getting the Drop on Dope

Narcotics save life and ease suffering. They also can enslave and kill. This is the story of the pitched battle to keep dope out of the wrong hands, and of the men who wage it

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

THE next time you hear someone say, "I'm glad we didn't bomb Hirohito's palace," just remember this: *The skinny man on the white horse—the alleged Sun God—is just a common dope peddler.* Head of the world's greatest syndicate, but a dope peddler none the less.

Some stripe-panted diplomats may have illusions about the emperor's exalted majesty, but not Harry J. Anslinger, U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics. For he and his tiny force of federal narcotics agents have been fighting their own Japanese war not merely since Pearl Harbor but for ten long years and more.

Consider, for instance, the April day in 1937 when the sacred emperor's sacred brother, Prince Chichibu, docked at Seattle. The heavenly presence of the prince might have impressed the State Department delegation that waited humbly on the pier to greet him. But it didn't stop Anslinger's agents from boarding the ship and searching it from masts to keel. They even went through scores of barrels of gummy soybean paste. Soldered to the bottoms of five of these barrels they found tin boxes that contained more than 1,250 ounces of pure morphine—a full year's supply for thousands of unfortunate addicts.

By the time Anslinger's boys came up from the hold, the Japs had their alibis all ready. Some scoundrel in Yokohama, some foreign devil, no doubt, had perpetrated this infamy to embarrass the Imperial House.

A Seattle newspaperman came much nearer the truth when he wrote:

"So far as the Son of Heaven is concerned, these Japs would even hide the dope in the Emperor's socks if they thought they could get it by that way."

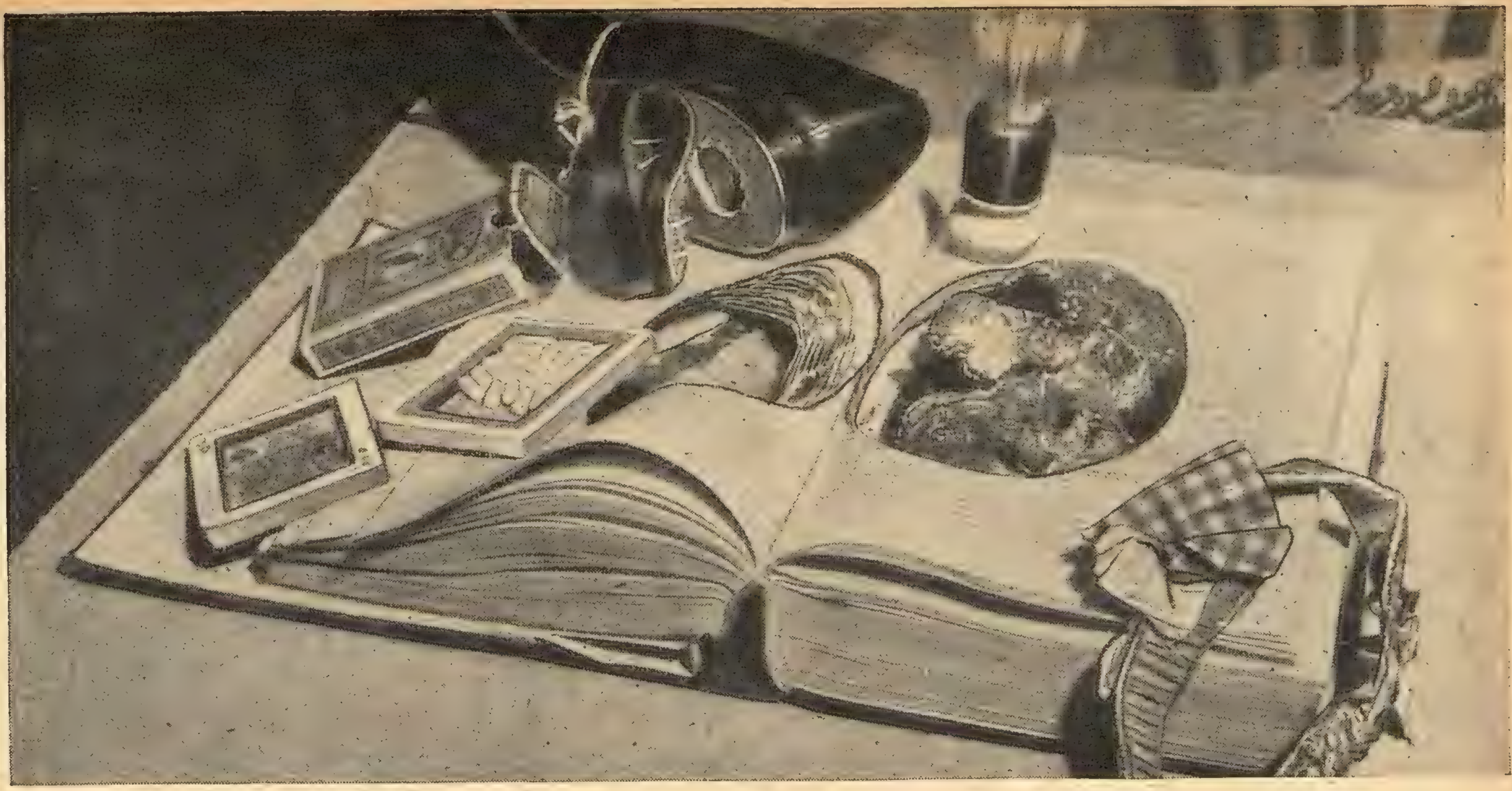
But Anslinger, a tactful man if ever there was one, let the State Department attend to the fancy apologies. He held onto the morphine, jailed the smaller fry whose direct contact with the job could be proved, and went on to the long, hard task of breaking up the Kanekichi Yamamoto and other rings the Japs were operating along our west coast.

He knew then that shipping narcotics to the States was small-time stuff for the Japs. He knew that their real dope racket was centered in the conquered provinces of China, where they have systematically forced opium raising upon the peasants and opium smoking upon the people. This vicious program was designed in part to raise revenue, but even more to enslave and demoralize the conquered Chinese, and thus make resistance impossible.

But this Jap traffic backfired: it spread to large sections of the Japanese Army. The Japanese military

PRODUCE OF TURKEY
GROSS
NETT
TÜRKIYE CUMHURIYETI
TOPRAK MAHSULLERI OFISI
ISTANBUL

The Japs cut off our supply, but Commissioner Anslinger had stockpiled a huge cache of medicinal narcotics. Here he surveys a small part of it.



Federal agents do a thorough job when they search suspected smugglers. Here are some of the commoner hiding places.

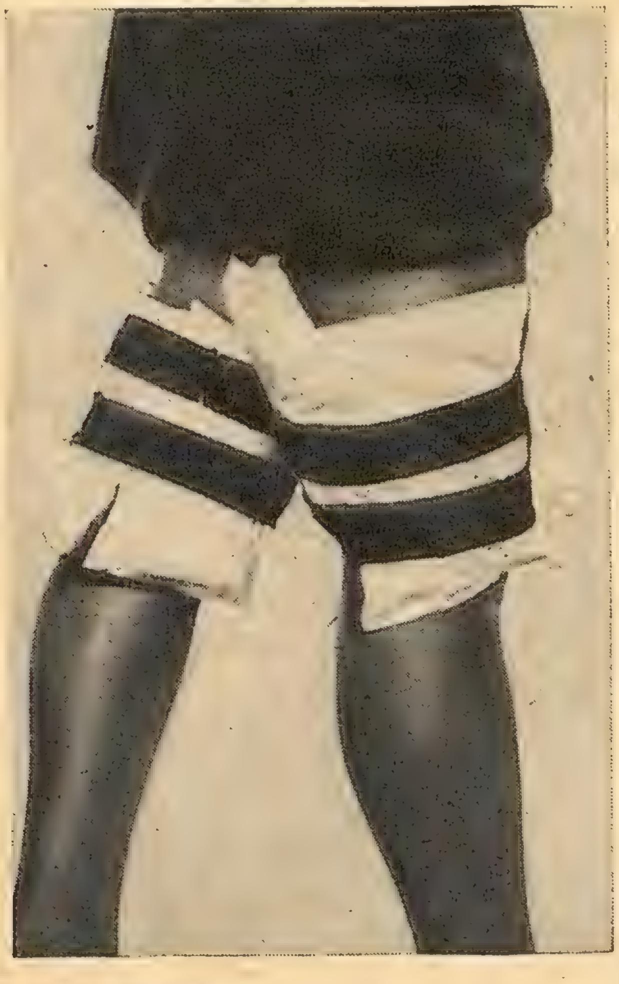
command has tried to discourage such addiction by issuing propaganda to its troops. Thus, Paragraph 15 of the Military Handbook, part of every Japanese soldier's kit, reads:

“The use of narcotics is unworthy of a superior race like the Japanese. Only inferior races, races that are decadent, like the Chinese, Europeans, and the East Indians, are addicted to the use of narcotics. This is why they are destined to become our servants and eventually to disappear. A Japanese soldier who is guilty of using narcotics becomes unworthy of wearing the uniform of the Imperial Japanese Army and of venerating our divine Emperor.”

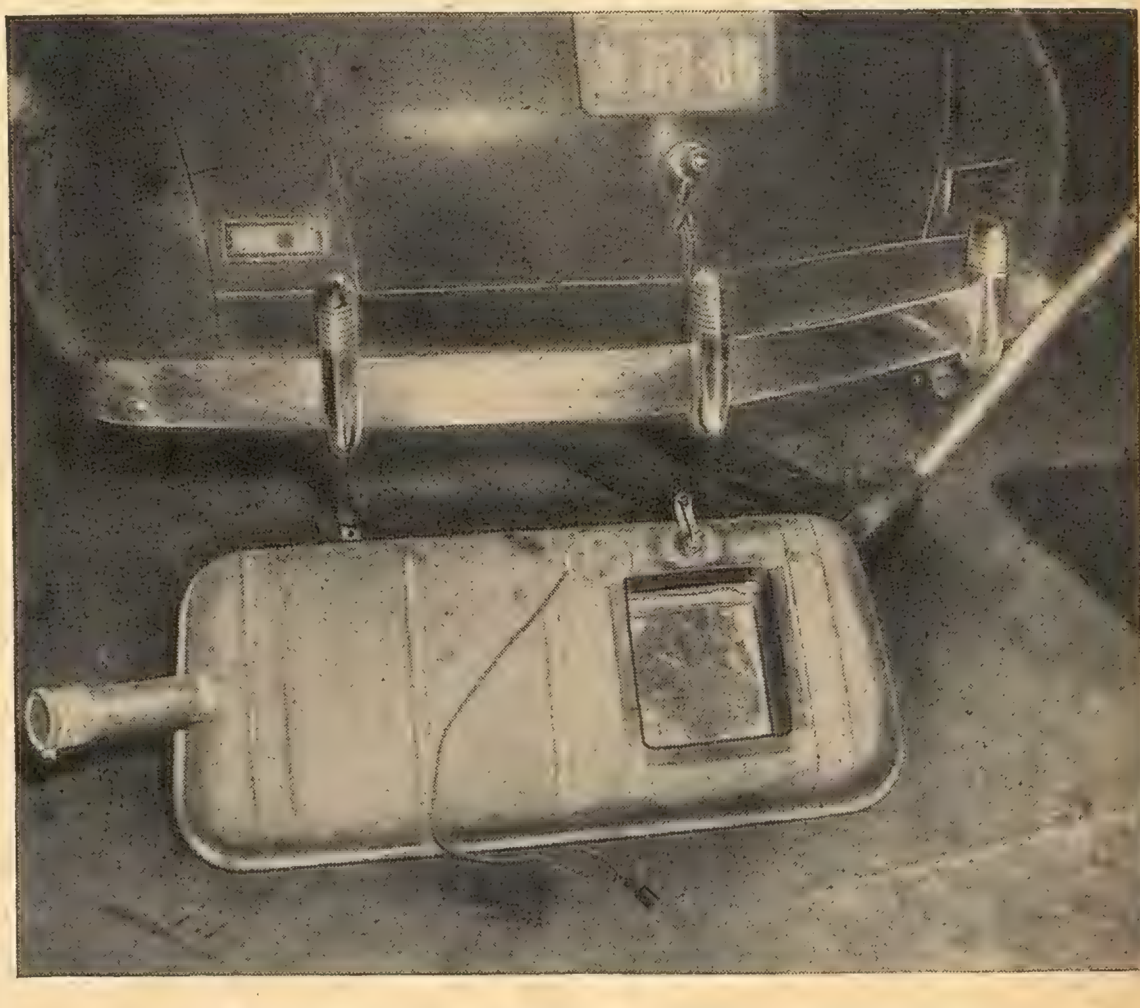
Nice words, those. “But,” says Anslinger, “this Japanese Army creed is a joke. More than a thousand hospital beds at Nanking have been filled for years with heroin-addicted Jap soldiers. Many Japanese Army officers in Manchuria particularly have fallen victims to the drug habit.” One difficulty the Allies will experience throughout Asia, now that Japan is beaten, will be to control these thousands of Japanese Army peddler-addicts. Deprived of their jobs as soldiers, they will turn increasingly to the drug traffic, unless the Allies take control and keep it.

The commissioner hates all narcotics traffickers, but when it comes to Japs, he plants both of his size-twelve feet on the ground. His ham-like hands turn to fists and he pounds his desk until the ash trays jump. His barrel chest swells till you fear

(*Continued on page 95*)



A Japanese woman tried to smuggle heroin in this unsightly fashion.



The Mexican border currently gives Anslinger's men their worst headaches. Artfully this gas tank carried pounds of morphine.

From an unlovely hunk of coal, nylon will offer sheer lingerie like this. Quick-drying, it need never be ironed.

Threads of the Future

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

We've heard so much about the man-made fibers which will go into postwar clothes and fabrics that it's all a little confusing. Liberty's reporter straightens out the yarns

THE age of synthetic textiles dawned several years ago, but to the average American woman its renaissance is symbolized by the return of nylon from the war. However, the entire field of natural textiles is soon to be affected not by one synthetic fiber but by many, nearly all of which have fulfilled important war functions with new, improved, and hitherto unknown characteristics so far as civilian use is concerned.

Clothing and house furnishings made with but little cotton, wool, flax, and silk are expected in the near future. They will be derived from the air we breathe, the milk and water we drink, the salt, beans, and corn we eat, the wood and coal we burn, and a few miscellaneous items like glass, chicken feathers, and certain gases.

From such things come man-made textile fibers known as synthetics, a term not to be confused with "artificial" or the German "ersatz." The introduction into the American textile field of rayon, nylon, Vinyon, and the others does not reflect an attempt at substitution, but rather an effort to broaden the whole array of fabrics by various combinations of synthetic and natural fibers, or, in many instances, by utilization of the synthetic fiber alone. It's the old American game of trying to find something that will do a job better for the same price, or less.

Each of the man-made fibers has its special attributes. For example, there is Vinyon, derived from such everyday items as air, coal, water, natural gas, and salt. It is a fiber that can be washed in alkalies or acids without being harmed. That hardy quirk makes it of considerable importance industrially, for filters in acid baths and for other purposes. Vinyon blends well with cotton, wool, or rayon to present a textile which holds a pressed-in shape, fold, or pleat. But despite this virtue it is improbable that Vinyon alone, or even in blends, will appear on your ironing board in its present form, for it can't stand heat.

However, that very tendency to soften and shrink at 150 degrees is an asset when it is used in a special process to cement together nonfelting fibers, such as cotton, jute, or asbestos. And, unlike most other fibers, it retains its full strength when wet. If you want awnings, curtains, or upholstery of a fire-resistant material, Vinyon will be acceptable, and the same holds if you need fish lines, fish nets, seines, shower curtains, or bathing suits.

In very humid climates ordinary mosquito netting gets soggy, and, wet or dry, one good snag is all the bugs need to make jungle life more miserable than ever. The Army found that even a good bronze screening couldn't take the beating dealt out by salt water, corrosion, and other hazards. Then along came Saran, a promising youngster among the synthetics, for it only reached the testing stage in 1942.

Saran screening made from salt and with coal gas as one of its major ingredients will outwear the tent to which it is attached, will not rust, is noninflammable, is practically waterproof, and resistant to acids and alkalies. If Junior pokes a pencil through the new Saran screen door, just use a pencil or a nail file and push the plastic strands back into their original pattern, undamaged. Can you imagine having a car or a davenport upholstered in long-lived, stainless, sunfast Saran, impervious to mud, water, and cleaning fluids? Until recently, Saran has been available only in relatively heavy filaments, but manufacturers are talking about the sheerest kind of textures for draperies, dress goods, shoe fabrics, luggage, and even hosiery, yet simultaneously they warn it is no miracle fiber, adaptable to all purposes.

There also is another group of synthetics, known as synthetic protein fibers, made from such bromidic things as soybeans, corn, peanuts, fish, and the casein of skimmed milk. Only the casein fiber has reached the commercial stage, but experiments on the others continue, with the possibility that they will open new markets for certain farm crops as well as providing new textiles. A peanut-butter hat, or a woollike muffler from corn, for instance.

Aralac is a woolly type of fiber whose production from the casein of skimmed milk was limited to around eight million pounds during the war years, but it sold at prices considerably below the prevailing levels of clothing wools, and that, plus good blendability, created a strong market. In this competition between the cow and the sheep to clothe the human body, the former's product is fairly similar to what comes off the

Nylon cord made this 110-inch giant feasible. Engineers promise unheard-of mileages from new automobile tires made with rayon.

Some of the synthetics are elastic.

They've produced rayon this sheer.

From jungle to dinner dance—rayon.

sheep's back. Aralac can be dyed with the same kind of dyes and, like wool, it is readily damaged by alkalies.

Aralac is comparable to natural wool in appearance and warmth, but is less elastic and has a somewhat lower dry strength. Its wet strength is so decidedly inferior as to create Aralac's most important disadvantage. Largely because of these deficiencies, which may be eliminated by further research, the casein fiber has been used without blending only as filling for cushions, pillows, and in linings; but it has been successfully blended with rayon, cotton, wool, and fur to impart woollike characteristics. It also has appeared in men's suits and underwear, in blankets, neckties, scarves, and socks, and it's a good bet that about 15 per cent of the material in your felt hat today comes from skimmed milk.

Another new synthetic fabric that "looks like wool and is warmer, softer, and lighter than wool," to quote a noted research director, is now being made from chicken feathers. Still in the laboratory phase, this latest fabric is designed for use in suits, dresses, sweaters, and other wearing apparel of the future. It can be dyed any color, possesses a brilliant luster, is odorless, and can be laundered in soap and water with no more shrinking than cotton. In the process of putting feathers on man's back, quills are discarded and the fine elements, called barbs, are mixed with other fibers and spun into yarn, producing a fabric that ranges from 60 to 70 per cent feathers. The feathers from thirty broilers would be enough to make a woman's suit.

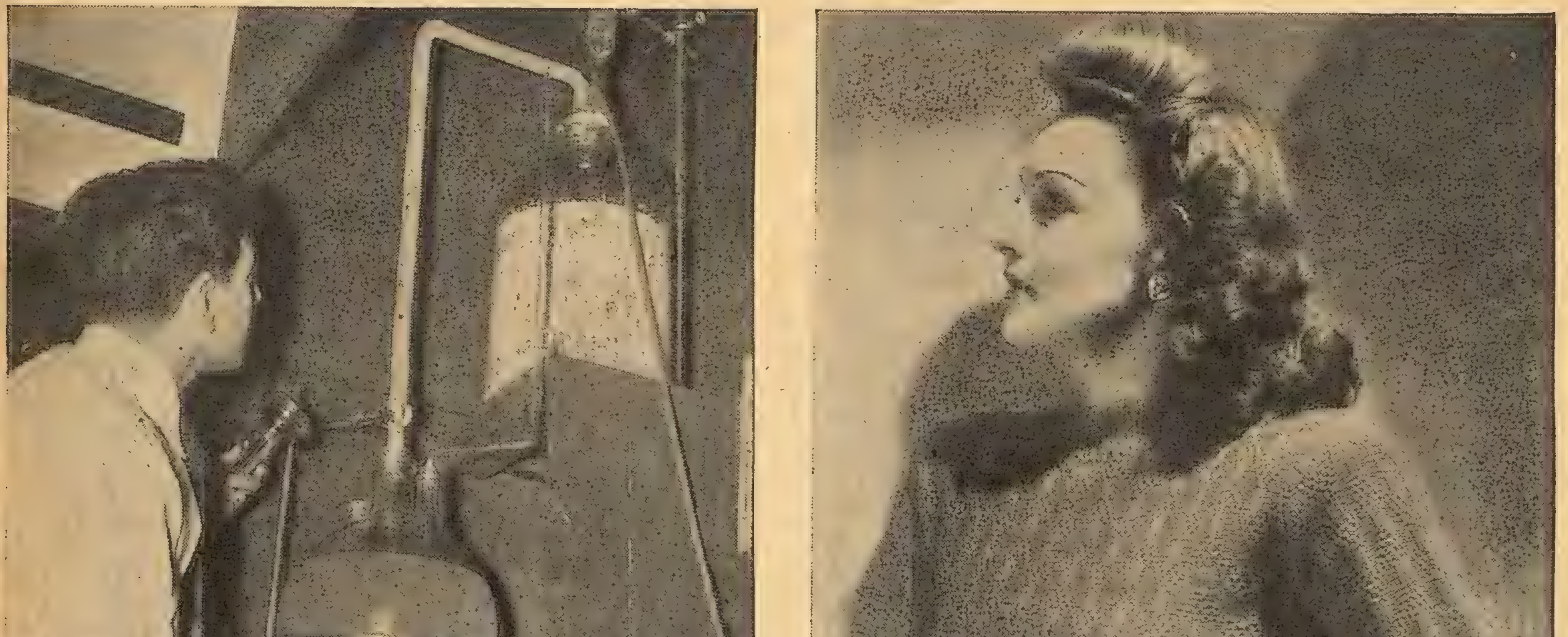
NO one is quite sure how glass was discovered, but we do know that the first glass fibers, combined with silk and woven into lampshades, were exhibited at Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893. The display gave a famous actress some publicity ideas, and she had a dress made of the materials, but many of those who came to see her in her new gown were disappointed. The dress wasn't transparent. Development of glass fibers has come a long way since then, with experimental combinations with rayon, silk, and cotton prior to Pearl Harbor. The war turned civilian research toward the battle fronts with interesting results which will have their effect on the synthetic fibers of tomorrow.

Glass-fiber awnings that can't burn, ties and scarves that hold shape regardless of humidity, strains, and stresses are due almost any time. Fiberglas yarns are ready for decorative fabrics for public gathering places where fireproof materials help eliminate fire hazards. Owners of seashore homes and buildings will find glass textures especially satisfactory, for salt air, strong sunlight, and humidity won't harm them. However, because of its brittleness as compared to other textile fibers, you are unlikely to find glass in any apparel item where strain and stress are recurrent. But glass will be utilized, and soon, in lightweight luggage, boats, canoes, furniture, bathroom and kitchen assemblies, refrigerators, radio cabinets, and in scores of other products where combinations of lightness and high strength are desirable.

Nylon's highly appreciated war record is well known. But what of the days of peace? From the several different types of nylon, each with specific properties for special uses, will come a host of fascinating items. It will return in its already familiar forms, as well as in crushproof velvet, in quick-drying lingerie that needs no ironing to restore appearance and smooth feel, in lace curtains that don't have to be ironed or stretched back into shape.

There will be nylon dresses with permanent pleats, thus eliminating pressing after laundering or cleaning, frilly little accessories for necks and wrists that may be washed back to crisp freshness without starch or iron. From nylon can be made leatherlike fabric coatings, rattanlike upholstery strips. And nylon stock-

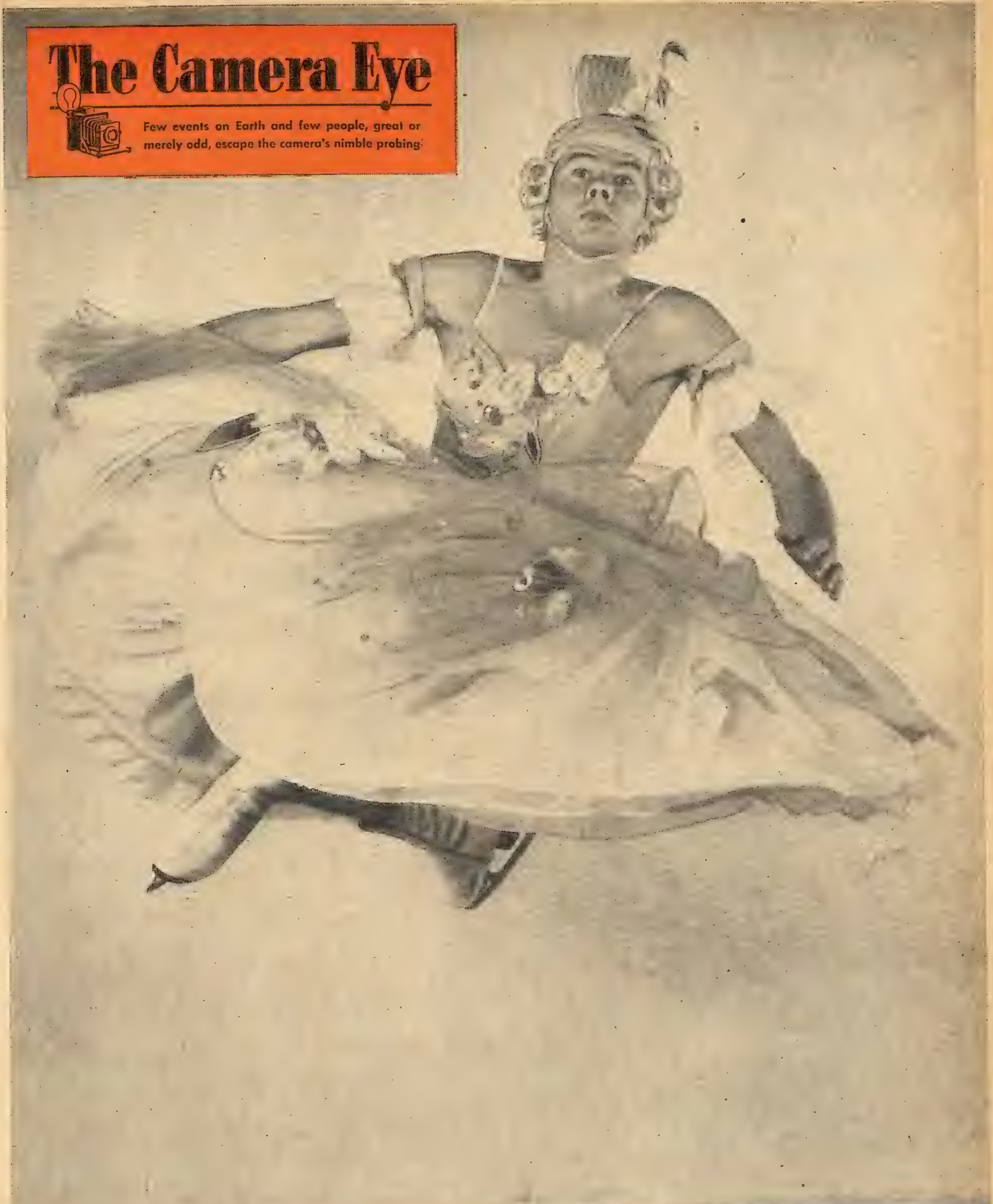
(*Continued on page 111*)



The lowly peanut, drained of its oil content . . . winds up in "wool" fibers as decorative as this.

The Camera Eye

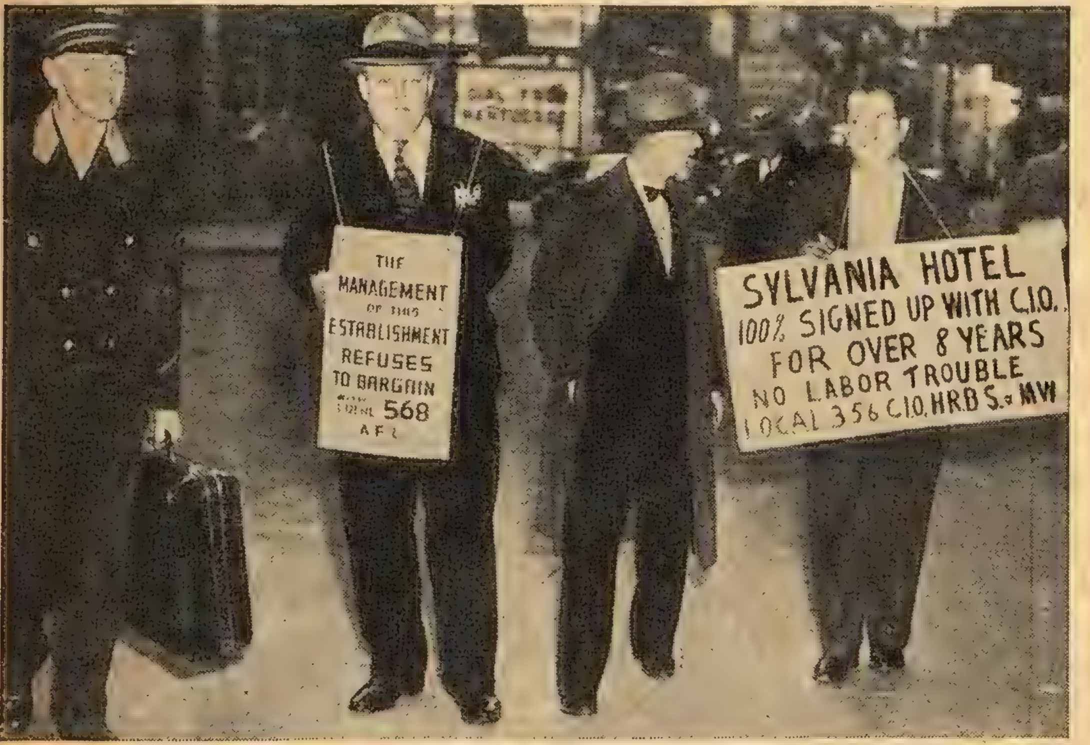
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing.



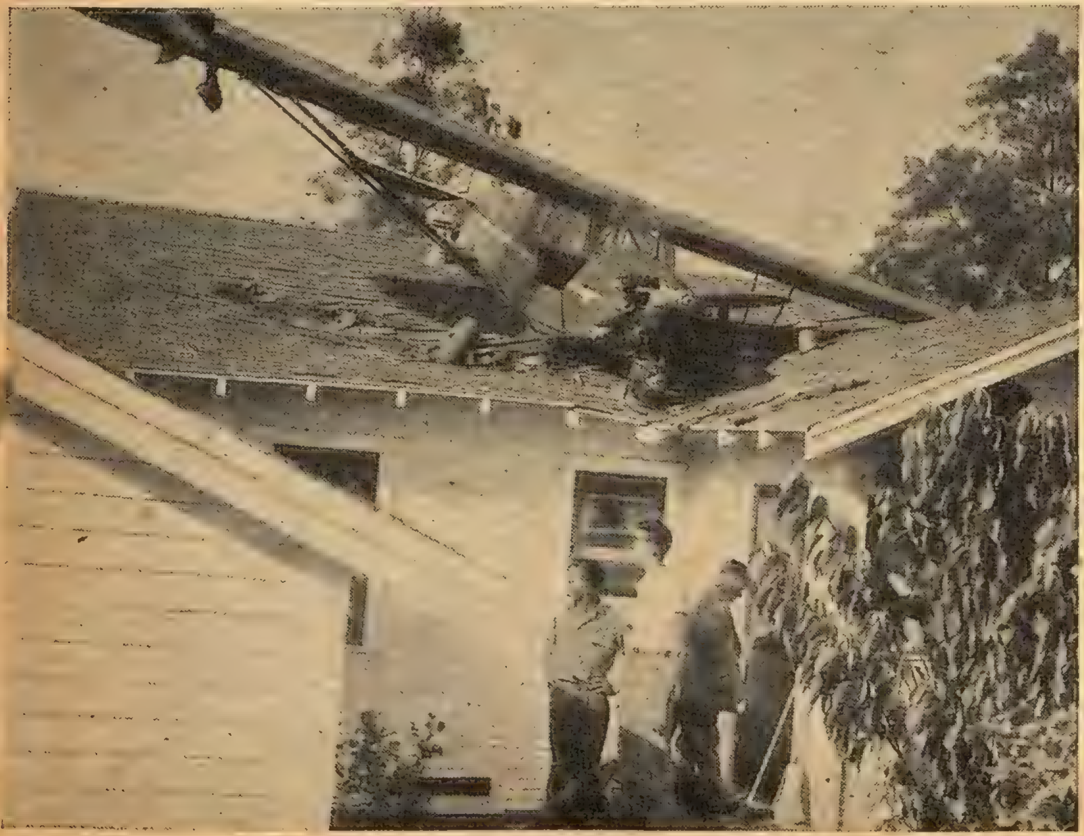
BALLET MOOSE—Combine the grace of the gazelle and the irresistible power of a bulldozer and you have Eric Waite, Canadian comedian who does this hairy-chested burlesque in the Ice-Capades of 1946.

The Camera Eye

WHAT A WAY TO RUN A RAILROAD!—Near Oriskany, New York, a train actually leaves a wake in the swollen Mohawk River's overflow.


THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT REFUSES TO BARGAIN LOCAL 568 A.F.L.
SYLVANIA HOTEL 100% SIGNED UP WITH C.I.O. FOR OVER 8 YEARS NO LABOR TROUBLE LOCAL 356 C.I.O. HRB S. & M.W.

PICKET PICKETS PICKET—Philadelphia presented this scene recently when an A.F.L. picket, whose local sought to sign up hotel workers, ran into this C.I.O. protest. All this competition and nobody on strike!



SHE HAS HER POINTS—This comes of being a style-conscious vegetarian. Joan Roberts, songstress, never had any need for red tokens, so she sewed 437 of 'em on her dress.

BAD EXAMPLE—In Los Angeles an Army pilot was showing his kid brother how it's done, when the motor conked. Neither was hurt, so it was a perfect landing, but you should have heard the home owner's blistering comments!

THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE (department)—Anyone ▲ would know 473-pound Tim Jones of Imperial, Pa., was a fireman: his trousers are two-baggers.

AND THEY PAY THE GUY!—Dancing in The Dolly Sisters, Betty Grable got a Charley horse, says 20th Century-Fox. So Ken Williams, dance director, acted as masseur, much to the envy of all the men on the lot.

LITTLE SIR ECHO—Soon after this rangy ▲ Yank took his Tokyo traffic post, a pint-sized, officious Jap thought he needed help.

HOLLYWOOD HORSEPLAY—While Estelle Taylor and Judy Canova appear to be reviving a melodramatic moment from Way Down East, Frankie Sinatra heartlessly puffs on his old dudeen. They were guests at a hayride party.

Jay Dennis, fatherly adviser to the Alliance, rates high-voltage smiles.

TEXAS TRAIL TOGS

SOME San Antonio lovelies hit the ceiling a little while ago, which wasn't too hard, for many of them are six-footers and over.

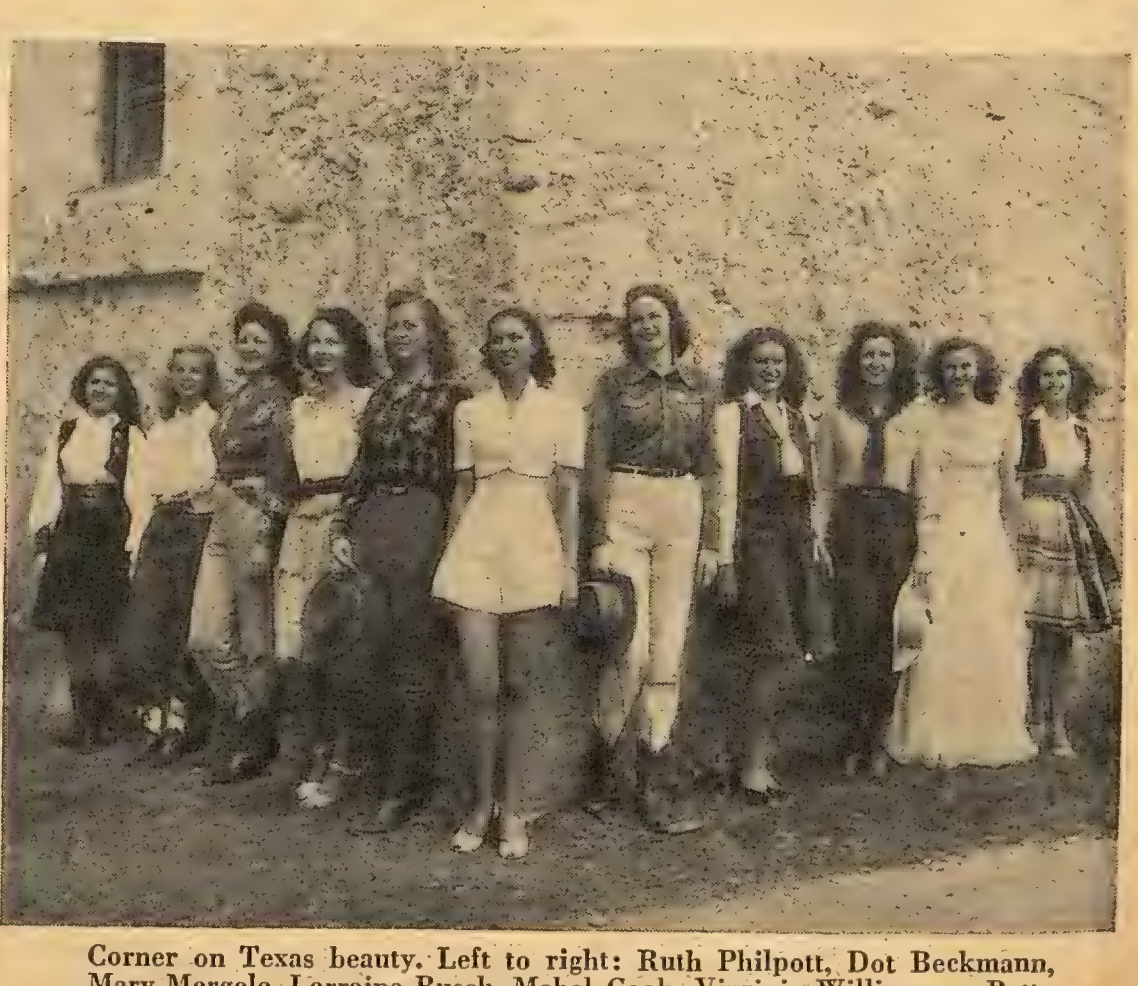
"Shades of Davy Crockett!" they exploded. "Why cart Eastern girls down here to model Western clothes? What's the matter with us?"

With the old Alamo spirit, fourteen of them formed the Southwestern Models' Co-operative Alliance, enlisted sixty more eye-fillers, and set up a modeling school attended by 250.

Most of the kids have full-time jobs, some are college students and a few are brides, so the Alliance is a sort of club activity. But don't let that fool you: the girls work hard, and they wear their sagebrush styles with a jaunty swagger which—they say—no anemic New York clotheshorse could even approach.

And woe to her who breaks training! Chief rules: "Health is the basis of all beauty. Live regularly and with intelligence." Liquor is out, but these leggy youngsters cool off with their patented pain-killer: iced claret and lemonade.

Gene Downey and rodeo shirt—both decorative.



Corner on Texas beauty. Left to right: Ruth Philpott, Dot Beckmann, Mary Mergele, Lorraine Busch, Mabel Cook, Virginia Williamson, Betty Ayres, Jane Heyd, Gene Downey, Polly Ann Gilgen, and Janice Hudler.

A denim rig gives Mabel Cook ample freedom of the knees. The boots, in Texas, are correct for all but formal wear.

Some of the Texas gals grow big, and neither frontier pants nor cavalry breeches tend to minimize the effect.

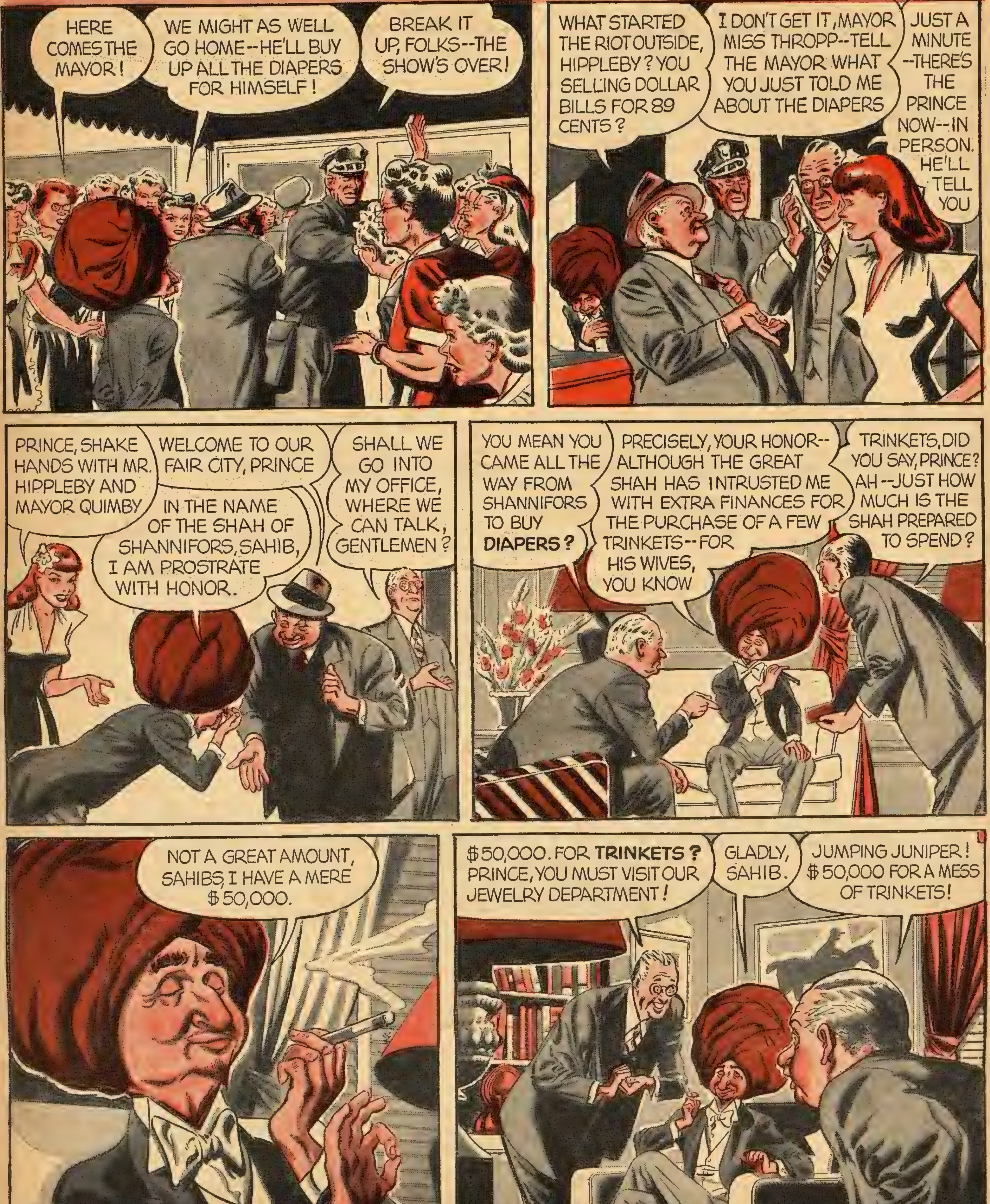
Boots, levis, and rodeo shirt make a girl look like a real cowpuncher.

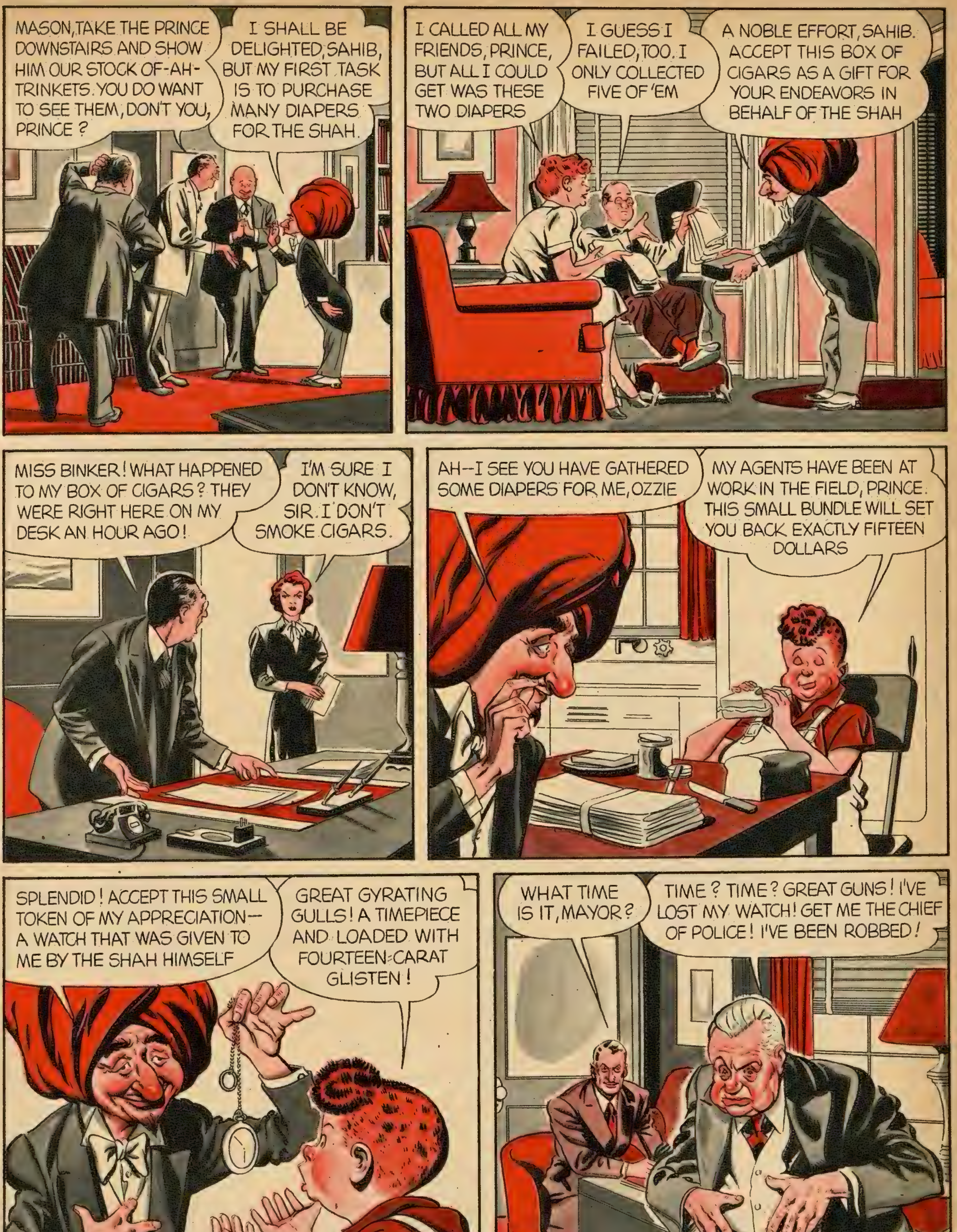
South-of-the-border flair in Mexican bolero outfit. Looks cute anywhere.

Stocky Elva Hooser models a costume that gives free play to sun and legs.

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


HERE COMES THE MAYOR!
WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME--HE'LL BUY UP ALL THE DIAPERS FOR HIMSELF!
BREAK IT UP, FOLKS--THE SHOW'S OVER!
WHAT STARTED THE RIOT OUTSIDE, HIPPLEBY? YOU SELLING DOLLAR BILLS FOR 89 CENTS?
I DON'T GET IT, MAYOR MISS THROPP--TELL THE MAYOR WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME ABOUT THE DIAPERS
JUST A MINUTE --THERE'S THE PRINCE NOW--IN PERSON. HE'LL TELL YOU
PRINCE, SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. HIPPLEBY AND MAYOR QUIMBY
WELCOME TO OUR FAIR CITY, PRINCE
IN THE NAME OF THE SHAH OF SHANNIFORS, SAHIB, I AM PROSTRATE WITH HONOR.
SHALL WE GO INTO MY OFFICE, WHERE WE CAN TALK, GENTLEMEN?
YOU MEAN YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM SHANNIFORS TO BUY **DIAPERS?**
PRECISELY, YOUR HONOR--ALTHOUGH THE GREAT SHAH HAS INTRUSTED ME WITH EXTRA FINANCES FOR THE PURCHASE OF A FEW TRINKETS--FOR HIS WIVES, YOU KNOW
TRINKETS, DID YOU SAY, PRINCE? AH--JUST HOW MUCH IS THE SHAH PREPARED TO SPEND?
NOT A GREAT AMOUNT, SAHIBS, I HAVE A MERE $50,000.
$50,000. FOR **TRINKETS?** PRINCE, YOU MUST VISIT OUR JEWELRY DEPARTMENT!
GLADLY, SAHIB.
JUMPING JUNIPER! $50,000 FOR A MESS OF TRINKETS!

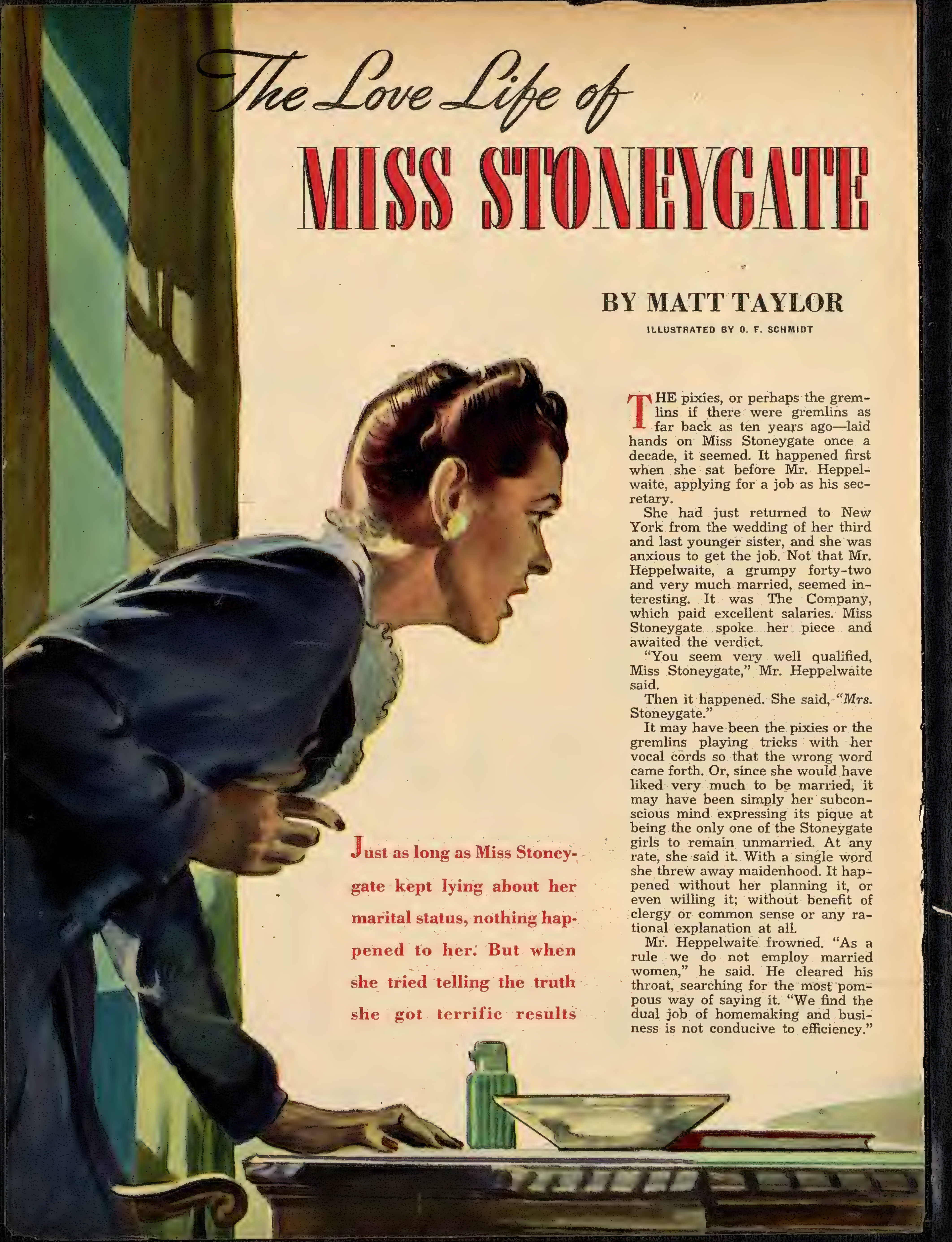

MASON, TAKE THE PRINCE DOWNSTAIRS AND SHOW HIM OUR STOCK OF-AH-TRINKETS. YOU DO WANT TO SEE THEM, DON'T YOU, PRINCE ?
I SHALL BE DELIGHTED, SAHIB, BUT MY FIRST TASK IS TO PURCHASE MANY DIAPERS FOR THE SHAH.
I CALLED ALL MY FRIENDS, PRINCE, BUT ALL I COULD GET WAS THESE TWO DIAPERS
I GUESS I FAILED, TOO. I ONLY COLLECTED FIVE OF 'EM
A NOBLE EFFORT, SAHIB. ACCEPT THIS BOX OF CIGARS AS A GIFT FOR YOUR ENDEAVORS IN BEHALF OF THE SHAH
MISS BINKER ! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BOX OF CIGARS ? THEY WERE RIGHT HERE ON MY DESK AN HOUR AGO !
I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I DON'T SMOKE CIGARS.
AH--I SEE YOU HAVE GATHERED SOME DIAPERS FOR ME, OZZIE
MY AGENTS HAVE BEEN AT WORK IN THE FIELD, PRINCE. THIS SMALL BUNDLE WILL SET YOU BACK EXACTLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS
SPLENDID ! ACCEPT THIS SMALL TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION--A WATCH THAT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY THE SHAH HIMSELF
GREAT GYRATING GULLS ! A TIMEPIECE AND LOADED WITH FOURTEEN-CARAT GLISTEN !
WHAT TIME IS IT, MAYOR ?
TIME ? TIME ? GREAT GUNS ! I'VE LOST MY WATCH ! GET ME THE CHIEF OF POLICE ! I'VE BEEN ROBBED !

Continued next week

The Love Life of MISS STONEYGATE

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



Just as long as Miss Stoneygate kept lying about her marital status, nothing happened to her. But when she tried telling the truth she got terrific results

THE pixies, or perhaps the gremlins if there were gremlins as far back as ten years ago—laid hands on Miss Stoneygate once a decade, it seemed. It happened first when she sat before Mr. Heppelwaite, applying for a job as his secretary.

She had just returned to New York from the wedding of her third and last younger sister, and she was anxious to get the job. Not that Mr. Heppelwaite, a grumpy forty-two and very much married, seemed interesting. It was The Company, which paid excellent salaries. Miss Stoneygate spoke her piece and awaited the verdict.

"You seem very well qualified, Miss Stoneygate," Mr. Heppelwaite said.

Then it happened. She said, "*Mrs.* Stoneygate."

It may have been the pixies or the gremlins playing tricks with her vocal cords so that the wrong word came forth. Or, since she would have liked very much to be married, it may have been simply her subconscious mind expressing its pique at being the only one of the Stoneygate girls to remain unmarried. At any rate, she said it. With a single word she threw away maidenhood. It happened without her planning it, or even willing it; without benefit of clergy or common sense or any rational explanation at all.

Mr. Heppelwaite frowned. "As a rule we do not employ married women," he said. He cleared his throat, searching for the most pompous way of saying it. "We find the dual job of homemaking and business is not conducive to efficiency."

This was in 1935, when executives could be, and were, choosy.

Miss Stoneygate silently bemoaned her lapse. She drew a deep breath and went overboard a second time. "I am a widow," she said.

Mr. Heppelwaite looked relieved. "In that case," he said, "we would like to have you with us."

Having taken a husband and killed him off, Miss Stoneygate saw no reasonable way to retract. As time went on, her deceit was not unpleasant to her; she could manufacture a perfect paragon of a man for the benefit of her office friends. The years passed and she was known to the whole office as a pleasant but hardly dangerous young widow. Those who came to her tiny apartment saw on her mantel a photo of a vacant-eyed young man—he was really one of her uncles in his younger days—who, she explained, was her lately departed. They were sympathetic, but urged her to marry again and not live alone with her memories, however sacred. This she would have been glad to do. But every man in the office was married, and she had none but office friends.

Miss Stoneygate soon became used to her boss's impeccable office ways. He was, in his own mind, all that the high-powered executive should be, worthy head of The Company, which he spoke of as though it were some kind of heavenly body second only to the sun in importance to mankind. To leave The Company's employ was rank ingratitude, economic suicide, and base betrayal. He loved routine and orderly procedure, and when his wife died as he was crowding fifty, Miss Stoneygate was sure that, aside from his grief, he was deeply annoyed.

But with all his faults he was fair and generous; he had given his secretary, after five years of service, a special two-month vacation, which she spent basking in the sun at the home of her Great-Aunt Harriet in Pasadena. Mr. Heppelwaite was furthermore a sensitive soul and easily hurt, and Miss Stoneygate had always been chickenhearted about hurting people's feelings. Thus it was, when she planned to resign after ten years, that she was faced with a question of procedure.

It had happened that Aunt Harriet had finally died and left her niece an even five thousand. This would provide a vacation and a spot of leisure while Miss Stoneygate looked around for a new and more exciting job to give her the change of scene she needed so badly. She was now thirty-six and it was high time she hoisted herself out of her rut.

It was to be done the next morning, and she sat in her apartment considering. She could say simply, "I'm resigning," and leave Mr. Heppelwaite aggrieved, hurt, annoyed, and shocked all at the same time. He would then ask, in his let's-analyze-this-in-executive-fashion tone of voice, if The Company had been unfair to her in any way, or if he himself had been personally objectionable.

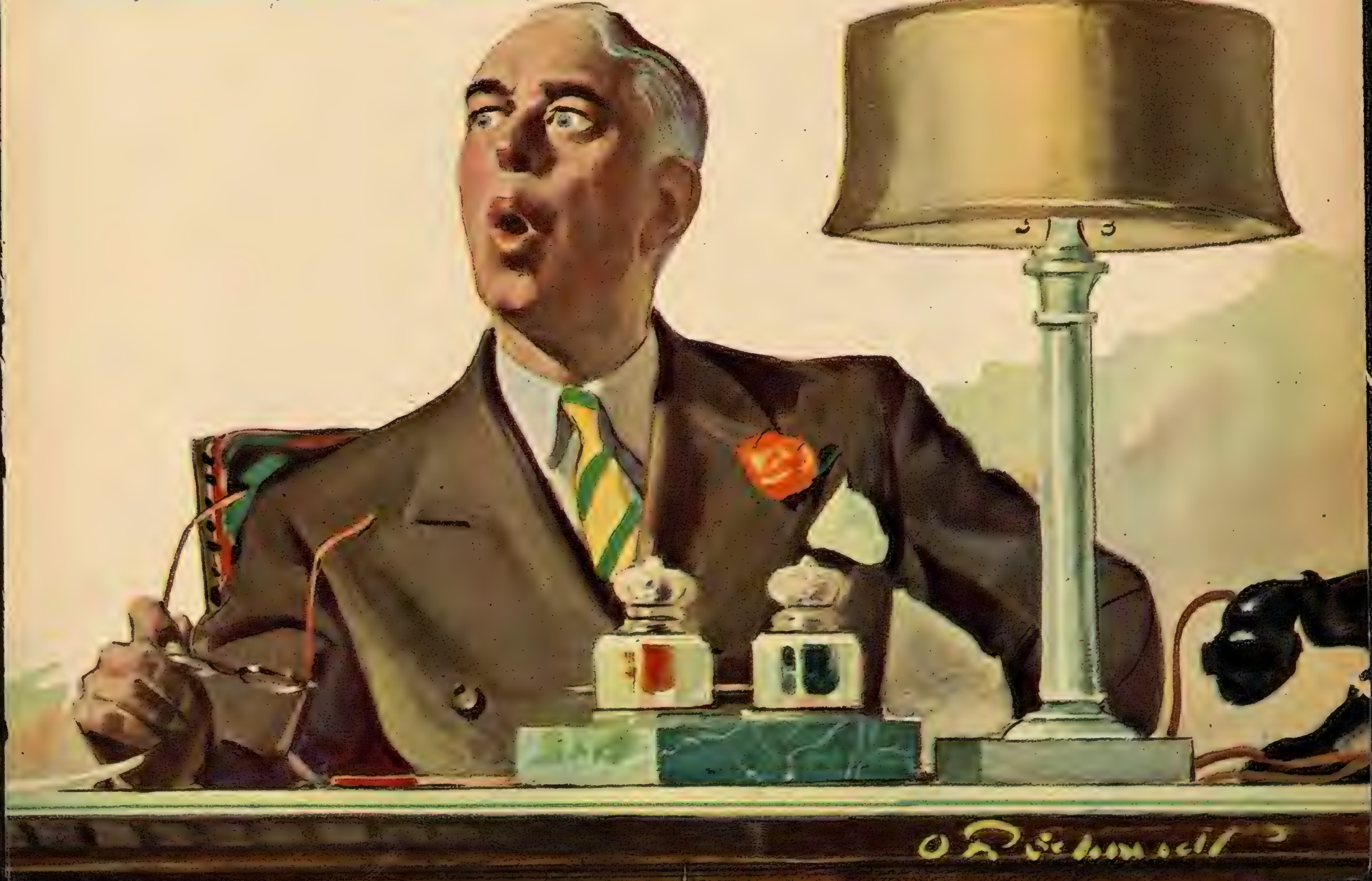
She considered her reply. She might say, "The Company has been very fair and generous to me. But, Mr. Heppelwaite, I don't really give a damn about The Company. It manufactures turbines and compressors and rock drills and all sorts of weird things I don't know anything about and don't want to know anything about. Perhaps if The Company made things I like—rayon undies, or real giddy perfume, or upside-down cake with chocolate sauce—I might be interested. But as it is, it isn't fun. It's a grind. So I'm going to find something more exciting."

By this time Mr. Heppelwaite would be popeyed.

"As for you, yourself," she might then go on, "you are not unattractive, and you're certainly a gentleman. Too much of one, if I may say so. If you only kept a bottle in your bottom drawer! If you'd only ask

(*Continued on page 82*)

"Then there's you!" went on Miss Stoneygate. "You are the stuffiest stuffed shirt who ever said nothing in twenty minutes. Did you ever try being human?"



Cinderella's Ball

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JACOBS

There really isn't any ending to the story of Millionaire Fancher — and the woman whose name he never knew, who was left $10,000 in the old man's will—but maybe you can make up an ending of your own

BY BEN HECHT

As I grow older, the unfinished story of Millionaire Fancher haunts me more and more. From time to time I make up different endings for it and wonder if they are true.

You will see what I mean when I tell you the story. You'll begin making up endings too.

I never heard of Millionaire Fancher until after he was dead, for Mr. Fancher was a millionaire who apparently had conducted himself in too modest and honorable a manner to merit attention by the press.

The story about Mr. Fancher "broke" with the reading of his will. His son and heir, Frederick, a man of charm and culture, called in the newspapers to help him carry out the dead millionaire's wishes, for one of the paragraphs in Mr. Fancher's last testament stated, ". . . and I bequeath the sum of ten thousand dollars to a woman whose name I do not know. I am able only to furnish a description of her, and I earnestly beg my son to spare no expense in seeking to have her located. She is a woman of thirty or so. Her hair is chestnut-colored. She has dark eyes and is about five feet three inches in height. She is the mother of a child named Edith whom she calls Eedie, and mother and child live alone over a candy store. I know nothing further about the woman—except that I think she works as a waitress in some restaurant that keeps open late at night."

"We would like the newspapers to help us locate this woman," the son told a group of us, after reading the paragraph aloud. "My father was eager to have this done before he died, and I promised him everything would be done that could be done. I have already engaged a firm of private detectives, but I thought the newspapers might be of considerable help if they were so inclined."

I shall skip this part of the story—the hunt for the woman above the candy store, and the many false claimants that came forward for the ten thousand dollars. There was a single question that son Fancher asked each of the pathetic and unscrupulous claimants. This glass slipper of a question was a very simple one.

"Where did you meet my father?" Mr. Fancher asked.

At the time, neither I nor any of the other reporters knew the answer—any more than did the scores of women who tried to qualify as the mysterious "Fancher heiress." Mr. Fancher had promised to tell us the full story only after the woman was found.

This was obviously a very sensible attitude even to the newspaper bloodhounds, and our city editors bided their time.

Mr. Fancher told me the story a few years later, after we had become friends.

For some years before Millionaire Fancher died he had been afflicted with a recurring amnesia. The wits of the old gentleman would take to wandering and he would do odd things of a mildly aberrated nature.

He used to spend nights standing in his room and looking out of the window at the dark. The family worried about him and employed an attendant to watch over him. He was, however, so bright and happy-mannered an old man in his lucid state that the attendant — as well as Fancher's family—were inclined to relax their vigils.

On one such night, when everyone thought Millionaire Fancher was properly tucked away and asleep, the old gentleman got up and dressed himself very slyly and tiptoed out of the Fancher mansion. It was past midnight and a blizzard was piling the snow high in the deserted Chicago streets.

"My father told me as much as he could remember of that night," his son said. "He could remember walking on and on, half frozen and almost dropping with exhaustion. He had forgotten his name and address and he was doubly lost in the blizzard.

"Finally he stopped walking and stood still in the snow."

It was at this point that the "mysterious Fancher heiress" appeared. From what the old gentleman revealed, she was obviously a waitress coming home from the night shift in some small restaurant. Whoever she was, she was a poor woman in a threadbare coat. She spotted Millionaire Fancher standing in the snowstorm.

But, looking at him, she saw no millionaire, but a tired old man who had obviously lost his way.

She stopped to talk to him and help him. But there was no information in this old derelict. He knew nothing, could remember nothing. He was lost and freezing, and the little waitress in the threadbare coat took him by the arm and led him to her home.

She lived over a candy store and there was a little girl called Eedie in the place.

"My father remembered part of it before he died," the son told me. "He remembered that the little girl Eedie was ill and had a fever and that the woman was very poor and in some great trouble, and that she was very tired.

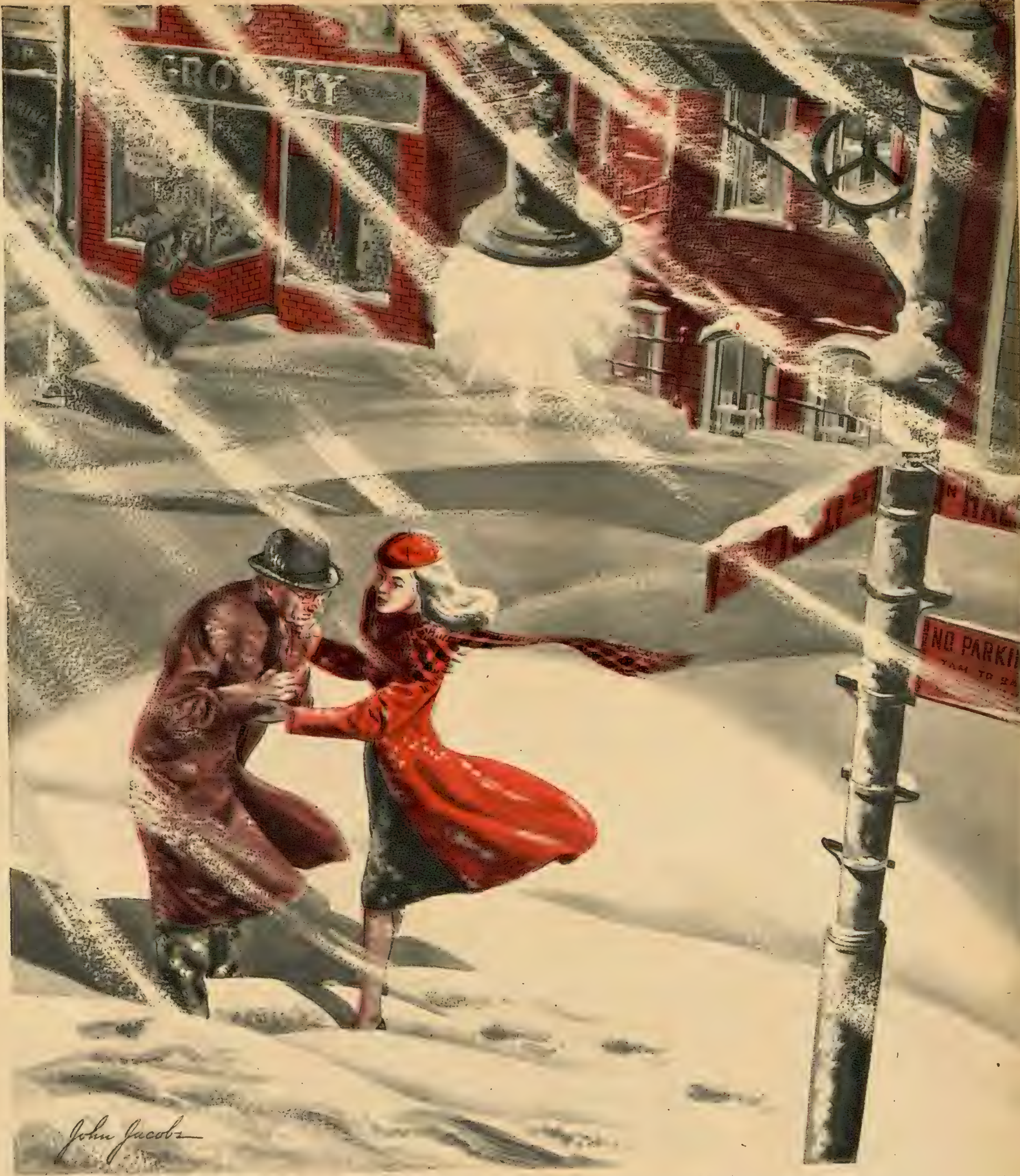
"Nevertheless she made some coffee and cooked some eggs for him, and helped him undress and rubbed his feet, which were half frozen. She must have thought my father was some poor old stray, penniless and without friends, for he never dressed extravagantly. And on this night he had put on his oldest clothes.

"Before he died, my father's wits wandered a great deal, and he would, in a way, relive that night. I heard him say many times, 'Poor little Eedie. She must have a doctor.' He would also keep repeating, 'She was so kind and good—that woman. So poor and so bighearted. People are very kind. We must do something for her. We must help her.'

"Those were almost his last words," the son said, "'We must help her.'"

"How did the adventure end?" I asked. "Did he remember anything of that?"

"No," the son told me. "We were alarmed in the morning to find him



Looking at him, she saw no millionaire, but a tired old man who had obviously lost his way. She stopped to talk to him and help him.

gone. We notified the police, who started a quiet search for him. He appeared in the afternoon. We saw him walking through the heavy snowfall, alone. We were all overjoyed—but he could remember nothing, at the time, of what had happened to him.

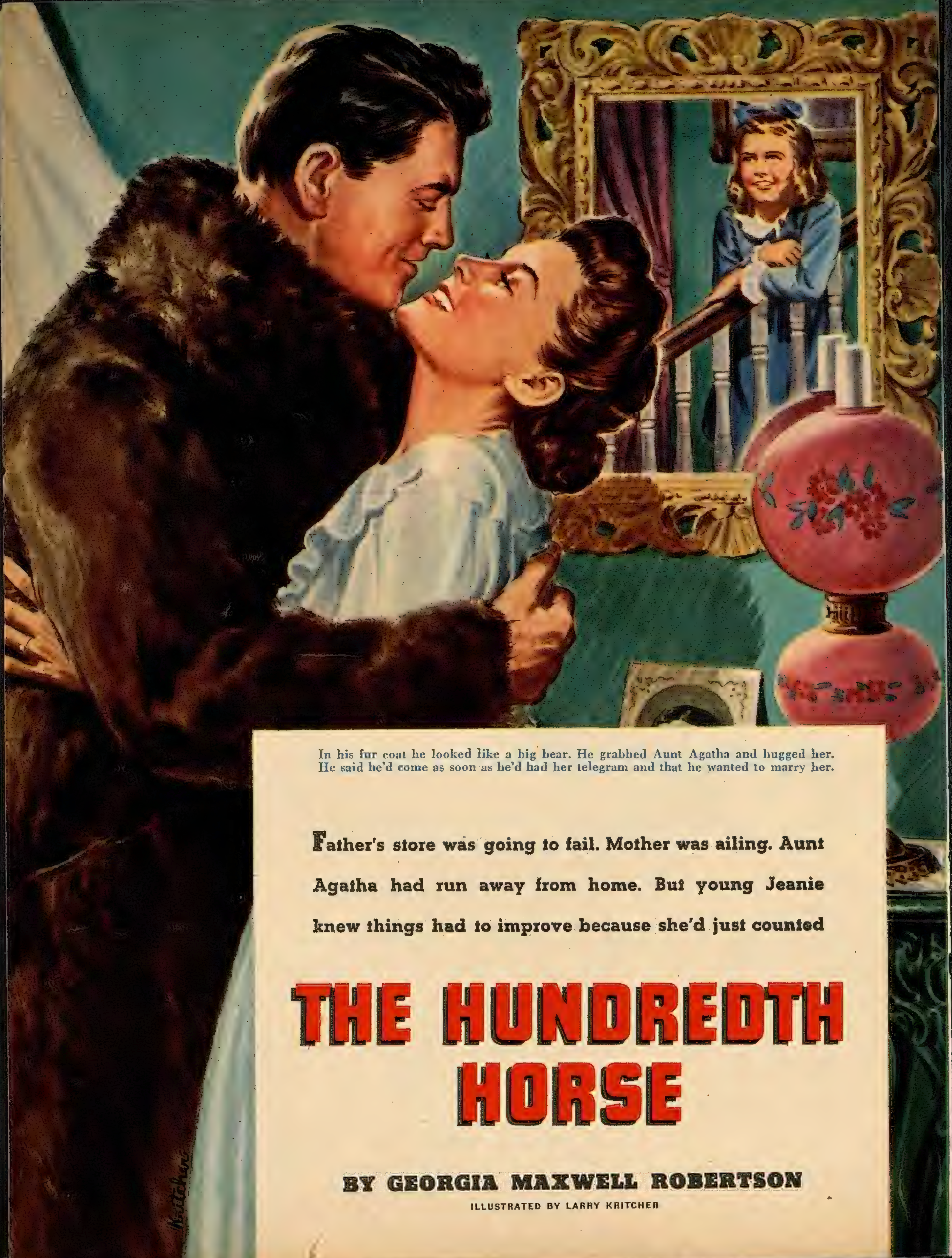
"It wasn't till a year later that he began to talk of that night—and recall some of it. I imagine that he must have slipped away from the flat above the candy store rather slyly."

THE story haunts me after all these years, perhaps because I can't bear the thought of Cinderella sitting in her sad little flat above the candy store, and that old Prince Charming never finding her. On the other hand, in the endings I keep inventing for the story I tell myself that at least our Cinderella got to the ball. It was a curious ball, without outward finery or music—with a curious, half-frozen old man drinking coffee, his pockets full of gold, his heart full of love and gratitude; a curious, muttering old magician with a wand in his hand that he was unable to wave.

The "mysterious Fancher heiress" was never found. The ten-thousand-dollar bequest was increased tenfold by Frederick Fancher, and finally the money went toward the maintenance of one of the city's busiest slum nurseries.

And it may be that this is as good an ending as the author of the original Cinderella tale provided.

THE END



In his fur coat he looked like a big bear. He grabbed Aunt Agatha and hugged her. He said he'd come as soon as he'd had her telegram and that he wanted to marry her.

Father's store was going to fail. Mother was ailing. Aunt Agatha had run away from home. But young Jeanie knew things had to improve because she'd just counted

THE HUNDREDTH HORSE

BY GEORGIA MAXWELL ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

WE'D just sat down to dinner that noon. The hired girl had brought our soup—the oyster edges were curled tight, black pepper specks floated on the hot milk.

Father glanced worriedly at mother, to see, I know, if that white line had come around her mouth. That's the way she'd looked the day father'd said in his sorry voice, "Edith, I can't make a go of it. Our store's going to fail."

That day she'd folded right down on the carpet. Then for days I'd whispered and tiptoed and the house felt lonesome and scared, too.

But it couldn't be that bad again, I knew. Because it was time for my hundredth horse, and as soon as I had him, then something big and wonderful would happen. I could hardly wait!

That day at noon, mother smiled and said, "You needn't think I'm going to be sick again, James. I'm not. It was just the shock of hearing that our store's going to fail, and thinking of father's terrible anger when he knows he's lost that much money in it. But there's one more thing we can do, to save. It's only two fifty a week, but it'll all help. We'll have to let Mamie go."

Mamie's hip pushed the swing door open. She'd heard!

"I won't go, ma'am," she said; her head snapped back and her china-blue eyes snapped too. "You can't fire me; I won't go."

Father cleared his throat. "I don't know how we could do without you," he said kindly.

Mother didn't like to have Mamie talk to us while she waited table, so she picked up a letter and some clippings beside her plate and said, "A letter from Agatha." Her tone dismissed Mamie. "I'm terribly worried, James. She's so young—not yet eighteen—and she's determined to marry Kirk Browning—"

"He's Chicago's smartest merchant," father said. "His merchandising methods are pretty radical. I'd like to follow them if your father didn't have money in our store. *He's* as modern as Methuselah."

Mother passed the papers across the table.

"Agatha sent these—advertisements of Kirk's store." I saw the worry frown come between her eyes. "Would an advertisement like that cost—a great deal, James?"

"I should say! All that space and a picture just to tell about a cheap set of dishes! Look at that slogan of his—'You deserve the best you can afford—that means YOU.' "

Mamie, coming in to take our soup plates, looked companionably at the paper over father's shoulder.. " 'Deserve the best you can afford,' " she quoted. "And that doesn't mean only people like you and the mister," she told mother. She sounded mad about something. "It means me and the mill folks across the river—that they deserve the best they can afford, too."

Father said gently, "It's the mill folks who've put me where I am, Mamie. I've carried them on my books. Giving too much credit is what's making my store fail."

Mamie looked still madder. "Make 'em pay cash! They got it to pay saloons, haven't they?" She looked closely at the clipping. "Wish you'd put pitchers like that in our paper. When Horace and I get married"—she suddenly flushed brick red—"I'd like a set of dishes like that. I saw some in the attic over your store once like those. We don't get to see 'em set out nice, like in that pitcher, on a dining table. You just put things in your store windows like you and the missus likes."

Mother looked exasperated at Mamie. She'd told her and told her not to talk to us when she waited table. But father sat there, rubbing the side of his jaw.

He said slowly, "You don't have any idea what a big advertisement like this would cost. This isn't Chicago. It's just a little town."

MAMIE'S face got pink, the way it did when she thought you were wrong and she was afraid to tell you so. She wrapped her red hands around and around in her apron. Then she said slowly, "To the mill folks, what you think is cheap stuff and no good, not worth showing in your store windows, is what the missus thinks of her Haviland and her lovely cut glass."

Then she went clumping out through the hall as the doorbell clanged. She rushed back, thrusting the yellow envelope of a telegram at mother. "I hope it's not terrible news. Oh, I hope, ma'am!"

I held my breath while mother ripped open the envelope.

"It's from Agatha, James! She'll be here on the evening train!" Her voice sounded whispery. "She's running away. She told father she's going to marry Kirk Browning! Oh, James!"

"Well," father blustered, "don't go dramatic. Agatha coming to visit her sister isn't running away. Come, come!"

"James! She's told father—and you know how he is!"

"I know how he was!" he snorted. "He made it hell for me when I was courting you. Funny thing about it is that when the old fire-eater is licked, he folds right up."

Mother looked distracted. "Now Agatha's running away, and the store—Jeanie, ring the bell for Mamie."

I gladly reached for the little silver bell by mother's plate.

"You don't have to act out Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," father said. "Mamie has marvelous ears," he added dryly.

Mamie bounced in, her round face even redder than when she stood over the wood stove mornings making toast. I knew she'd heard.

Mother was sorry, too, and said, "Why don't you and your Horace go to the armory dance tonight, Mamie? My sister is coming on the eight-o'clock. Jeanie and I will get a late supper after she comes."

"Thank you, ma'am," Mamie said with dignity, not looking at father. The stubborn look that had settled around her mouth began to dissolve.

Father said, "Edith, what are we supposed to do about Agatha? Dumping her problem on you when she knows you've been sick! You can't take on any more worries. I can't, either."

Mother's slender fingers rolled her napkin ring back and forth fast, as she does when excited. "Agatha's so young and pretty." She watched father spoon a helping of mashed potatoes dripping with butter. "Kirk's like a tornado—if he and father should tangle— Suppose he should follow Agatha here!"

"Good Lord! Do you think he might? And our store about to close! How're we going to tell him that?" He looked awfully sober.

I was afraid, like when a thunderstorm comes at night. As I saw the white line come around mother's mouth, I felt goose pimples come in bumps on my arms, and I remembered the dark lonely days when she was so sick.

"Father," I heard my voice squeak anxiously, "what's going to happen? Don't let it make mother sick again!"

Their eyes jumped to me, then back to each other. Father said quickly, "No, baby, of course not! Stop looking over your shoulder that way!" He picked up the clipping again and I could see his hand shaking a little. "May be something in what Mamie says." He looked at mother, and I knew he was just trying to get her mind off grandfather and Aunt Agatha. "I'd like to try some of these newfangled ideas, in spite of your father. Why not give the mill folks a show—really push our cheaper things for cash? No one caters to them in this town."

BUT mother hadn't even heard. So father sighed and said, "Ring the bell, Jeanie. . . . What's for dessert, Mamie?"

"Apple pie and rattrap cheese." Mamie slid his pie in front of him, then with a startled look scurried back to the kitchen.

Father didn't pick up his fork. His face screwed up with worry. "We might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb. Suppose I put an advertisement like this in our paper? Edith—would—could you and Mamie set a dining table—like in this picture—make it look pretty with cheap china and glass and linen? I'll price every item for cash. Nothing like that's ever been done here. Our merchants lose their shirts carrying bum accounts."

Mamie came through the door so fast that we knew she'd been listening. "Could I say something to the mister, ma'am? Could we fix your other store window that way—all marked for cash—with maybe baby

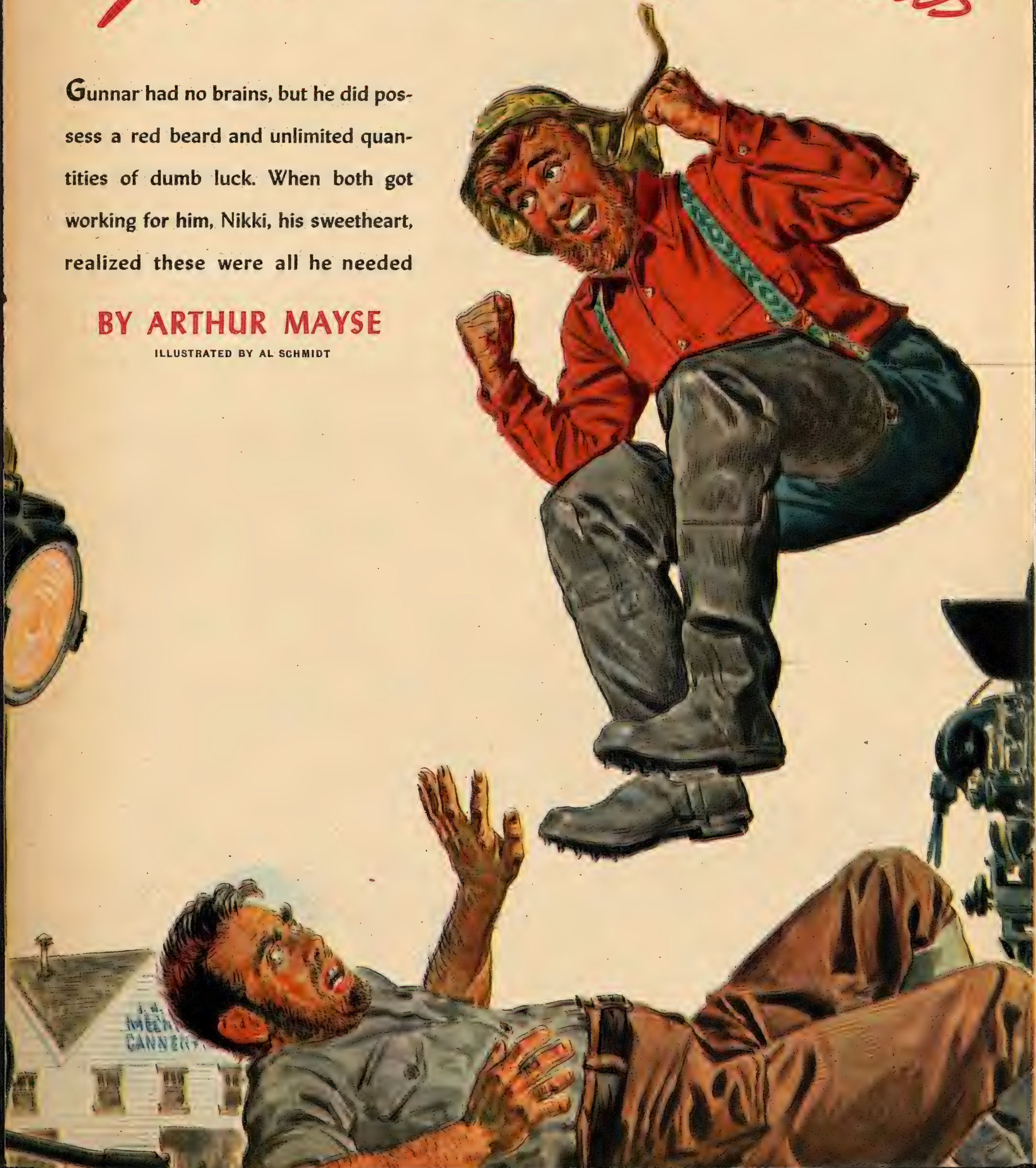
(*Continued on page 106*)

Almost Stupendous

Gunnar had no brains, but he did possess a red beard and unlimited quantities of dumb luck. When both got working for him, Nikki, his sweetheart, realized these were all he needed

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



MY Nikki was going to be awful sore at me, but even with trouble riding my neck it was good to see her. She was waiting for me on her father's float at Gonzales Point, wearing her green party dress that sets off her hull lines so well, and her little high-heeled shoes she bought last time she was down to Seattle. She's a very pretty girl, my Nikki.

"Hurry, Gunnar," she called to me, "or we'll miss the first dance. I've got the engine primed in your gas boat."

"Baby," I told her, "you've got the engine primed maybe, but I have to put you straight. The Sea Otter's not my gas boat. Not any more."

Nikki just stood and stared at me, while her brown eyes got larger and larger. The last of the sunlight was tangled in her yellow hair, and she looked like a dumfounded angel.

"What do you mean?" she asked me, almost whispering. "Of course she's yours! Why, you finished paying for her only last month! We picked her name together—"

"She belongs to Mike Sanderson now," I told her, shoving the words out like each one was bringing a tooth along with it. "He won her off me in a blackjack session over at the cannery last night, Nikki. He's even got a new name for her—going to call her the Henrietta, after his wife, and he figures on chartering her to his brother-in-law for shark-liver fishing."

Nikki drew in a long breath. Standing there, I felt like you do when a squall's making sudden and you've no time to duck for shelter.

"The Henrietta," Nikki said, still in the same choky voice. "And I had the flowered chintz curtains all finished for the ports, and you were going to put in the new second-hand engine, and we were going up to the San Juans for our honeymoon. . . . Gunnar, I know you're not very bright, but oh, how *could* you?"

"I lost that engine too, baby," I said. "And I'll tell you how it was. That four-flushing rat deadfalled me. He—"

"I don't want to hear," Nikki said. "All I know is you've been playing cards again and lost our boat."

"Nikki," I told her, "I'm sorry. I feel even worse'n you do about it. You know I've never fished anything but salmon in the Sea Otter, and it cuts the heart out of me to think of her all fouled up with a mess of lousy liver sharks. I swear I never meant to sit in on that game more than two-three hands, but I had a couple shots of rum, and you know how it is. Now look, if we borrow your pop's rowboat we can still get over to Tantalus Island in time for the last half of the party. Nikki, if you'll just get unmad, I'll—I'll shave my beard off tomorrow, and not wait till our wedding day."

"Dance?" Nikki said, like she'd never heard the word before. "Beard? I'm not going dancing with you, now or any other time, and you can grow that horrid tickly red brush right down to your ankles for all I care. Gunnar, I never minded you being slow and stupid—heaven knows I'm used to it. But I wish I'd married Ric Kelsey when he asked me, and—and maybe I still will. Ric's smart. He uses his head, Gunnar. He's got a fine job in the cannery office, and you—you're just a dimwit troller man!"

She turned and ran up the float toward her people's store at the end of the point, her bare legs shining honey color in the dusk. The tide was making, and the Sea Otter was rocking gently in the eddies, with the little bells on the tips of her spring poles tinkling soft and sweet. That was the saddest music I ever did hear. It was like my boat was saying good-by to me.

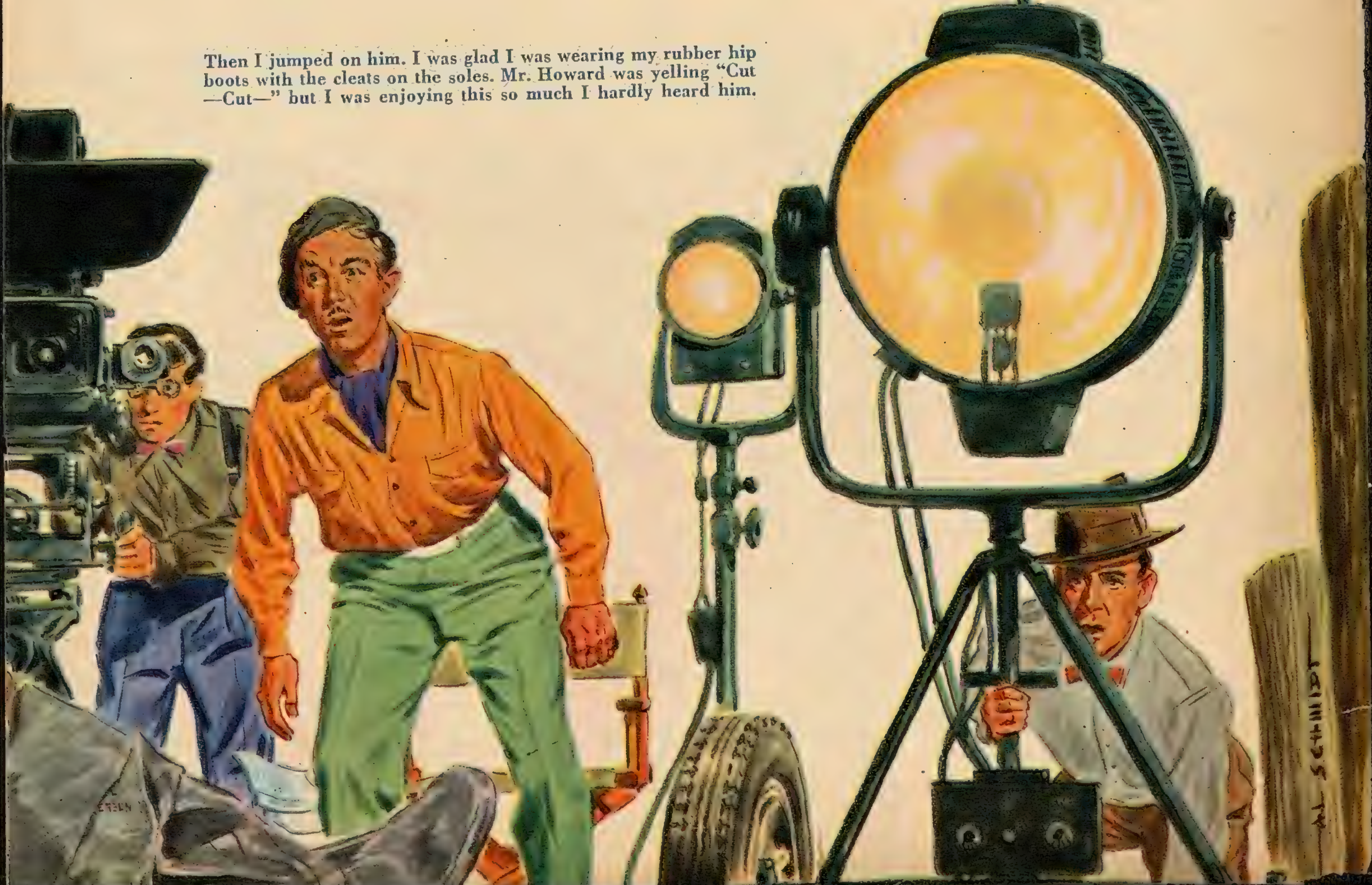
I was still standing there with a lump in my throat the size of a horse clam when Mr. Eliasen, Nikki's pop, came charging down from his store. He's a runty man, not up to my shoulder, but he was so mad he seemed a lot bigger.

"Get off my property, Gunderson," he hollered as he came. "You've busted my girl's heart with your foolish goings-on. I've seen some lame-brain troller men in my time, but you're way out in front the dumbest."

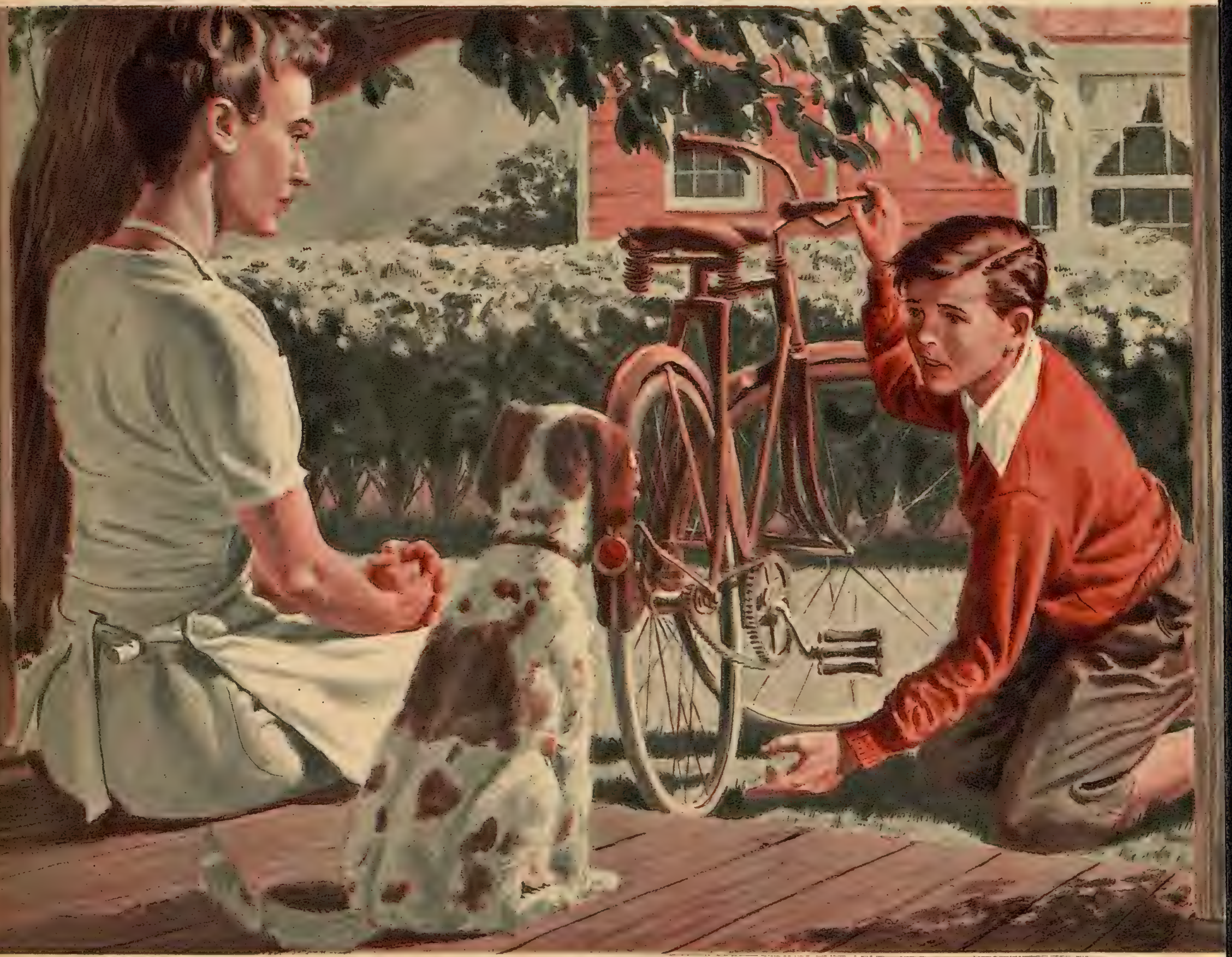
"That rat Mike Sanderson clipped

(*Continued on page 68*)

Then I jumped on him. I was glad I was wearing my rubber hip boots with the cleats on the soles. Mr. Howard was yelling "Cut—Cut—" but I was enjoying this so much I hardly heard him.



I've Always Known



"It's an O.K. bike, Aunt Angie," he said valiantly. "The tires aren't hardly worn at all, see? That's what counts, isn't it, Aunt Angie?"

WHEN she heard the dog's yip for admittance, Miss Hawtry frowned. She didn't care for dogs, she didn't care for Spot, a spaniel of sorts with a lame hind leg and an unexceptional mental equipment. But she rose from her chair by the table on which the radio, the companion of her solitude, was tuned in low to a program of music, and walked to the door.

As he rushed past her into the room Miss Hawtry remarked that his feet were muddy. They always were. Had he lived in the heart of the Sahara Desert, Miss Hawtry was convinced, they still would have been dirty. Regardless of the fact that she had never yet petted him, Spot filled the room with the joyous clamor of greeting. This was an old rite, justified only by repetition. Then he settled down upon his rug before the fireplace.

From his position on the rug he rolled a speculative amber eye at her. Although there was no precedent for the belief that she might some day vouchsafe him a gesture of welcome, Spot was by nature an optimist. For a second their eyes met and the dog flapped a hopeful tail against the floor. But Miss Hawtry made no sign. To cover a slight embarrassment, he yawned. Then he curled into a ring and smothered his nose under his tail.

There, separated by six feet of carpet, the two would remain till ten thirty, when Miss Hawtry would roll up her knitting, snap off the radio, turn out the light, and ascend to her bedroom. When she stood up, an innate sense of courtesy would impel Spot to lift his head, give two

All who have raised children wonder if they have done the best they could and if they are loved for doing it. Miss Hawtry thought it was too late to get the answer, but it came in a way she never expected

BY BERNICE BROWN BRUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

more flaps of his tail, and wait until she had left the room before burying his nose in sleep again.

Though he did not love her, Spot had considerable respect for Miss Hawtry. She had done her duty by him for eleven years.

Indeed, Miss Hawtry, in her ungracious way, had done her duty in most respects in life. It is lamentable that some people, whose catalogue of good deeds is genuinely impressive, are often so unfortunate as to receive neither the acclaim of their neighbors nor, what is more important, that softening of the spirit which is the only dependable reward of virtue.

There were, of course, several reasons for Miss Hawtry's coldness. Life had not treated Angeline Hawtry with gentleness. As a young woman she had possessed good looks, affluence, as the town of Lakefield reckoned money, and a nice mind. At the age of twenty-two she had fallen in love with Tom Dillingham, who had come to Lakefield to visit a childless uncle in whose potential estate he had every intention of becoming a sharer.

IT is probable that Angeline Hawtry was too intelligent to be deceived in Tom Dillingham's character. It is more likely that she connived at the deception. The young man had charm and looks and a "way with women." At any rate, she fell in love with him and he encouraged her.

Then, without a word of warning, Tom eloped. Eloped with Angeline's younger sister, Clarissa, who was only seventeen and whom Angeline had believed he regarded, as she did, as a foolish and beguiling child.

Within twelve months a good many things happened to Miss Hawtry. Her father died and his estate proved to be considerably less than Miss Hawtry, and the town of Lakefield, had anticipated. Then Clarissa died, after giving birth to a boy whom she named Jonathan, for her father. When she knew that she was not going to live, Clarissa wrote her sister a letter. In it she did not say that Tom had left her. But she begged her sister to come and get the baby.

"I have no one else to ask," she confessed, with the artlessness of desperation. "He will be a care. But he is strong and well and he smiles a lot, though they tell me it doesn't mean anything."

At the end of the letter she wrote, "I think Jonathan looks like Papa. I know he'll grow up to be a fine man like him, too."

"She doesn't know a thing about it." With bitter eyes Miss Hawtry had stared at the letter. "She just wants me to take him." No, there was bad blood in the child's veins, the blood of the irresponsible Tom Dillingham.

But Miss Hawtry knew that she would take Clarissa's baby. And she knew that forever she would have to be on guard.

It must be admitted that when Miss Hawtry first saw her nephew he did not remind her of her father. But neither did he resemble his own father. He was a nice baby, healthy and good-tempered. The neighbors told Miss Hawtry he was handsome. "But why shouldn't he be, with that father?" they said.

Anxiously Miss Hawtry watched for portents of the worthless and charming Tom Dillingham, but she discovered none.

Just the same, he may be like him underneath, Miss Hawtry thought. I must not relax my vigilance.

She never fondled him, for she was determined he should not be spoiled. But she sacrificed for him. Soon after she took him in her charge, Miss Hawtry made her best dress do for two years instead of one. Even before the depression she found a position elsewhere for old Katie, who had been in the Hawtry family for twenty years.

WHEN the depression at last blanketed the village, and the mills worked only at quarter time, Miss Hawtry dispensed with the services of Mrs. Terschak who came twice a week to do the laundry and "heavy cleaning."

It was then that young Jonathan brought Spot home. With cold eyes Miss Hawtry surveyed the new arrival who, from embarrassment, scratched his ear with his good hind foot. "He'll track in dirt," she said.

"But his feet are quite small, Aunt Angie," the little boy insisted. "Anyway, he only uses three." His eyes pleaded with her. "That's a big advantage, isn't it?"

Miss Hawtry suppressed a smile. "Perhaps."

"I'll scrub up after him," he gasped. "I promise."

Spot stayed. And Jonathan scrubbed up after him. And Miss Hawtry scrubbed up after Jonathan.

It was a satisfaction to Miss Hawtry that Jonathan was good in school. His teachers liked him because he was that delightful exception, a bright little boy who worked. Perhaps Miss Hawtry saw to that. After the supper dishes were washed, Jonathan, with his little table before him, sat on one side of the fireplace, and Miss Hawtry with her sewing sat on the other, and Spot lay on the rug between them.

PERHAPS it was unwise of Miss Hawtry not to tell Jonathan about the state of her finances. But she was a proud woman and somehow she managed to buy him the things, a baseball bat, a catcher's mask, deprived of which a small boy loses caste. It was when Jonathan asked for a bicycle that Miss Hawtry first took in sewing. She didn't tell him the reason for this, and when the longed-for bicycle was bought at last, it was a secondhand one.

Jonathan hid his disappointment. "It's an O.K. bike, Aunt Angie," he said valiantly. "The tires aren't worn hardly at all. See? That's what counts," he looked at her appealingly, "isn't it, Aunt Angie?"

Miss Hawtry nodded. She, too, wished the bicycle had been new.

When Jonathan was graduated from high school she bought him a complete new outfit, because Jonathan was to make the valedictory address. Sitting in the rear of the auditorium in her "turned" black taffeta, Miss Hawtry watched with fear and pride while her nephew delivered his speech on The Diplomatic Consequences of Monroe's Foreign Policy. The speech itself was no great news to her. She had held the manuscript while Jonathan declaimed the words every evening for a week before the exercises.

Standing on the platform, with every one of consequence in Lakefield in the audience, Miss Hawtry was proud that the boy was neither timid nor forward. He doesn't look like my father, she thought. But he doesn't look like Tom Dillingham.

(Continued on page 103)

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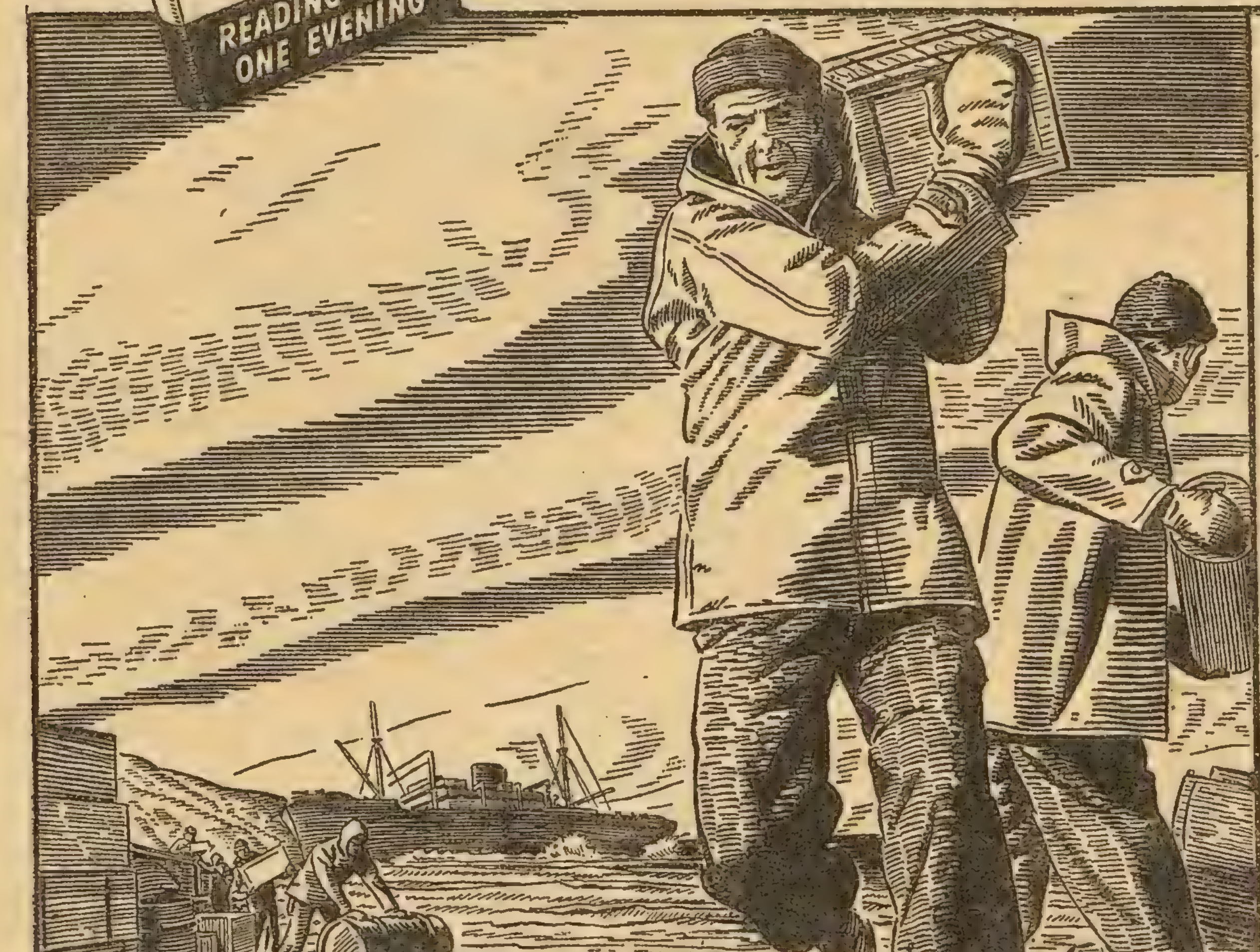
BEACHHEAD on the WIND

A Liberty Book Condensation
Reading Time One Evening

BY CARL JONAS



This story of the adventures of a group of American sailors in the Aleutians is a unique mixture of drama and salty humor. Its startling reality marks it as an experience to be shared, rather than just another novel.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTIN GULSER

ALTHOUGH the Horace Greeley was an important auxiliary of war, she had been converted only recently from a civilian cargo-passenger ship, and somehow the conversion was incomplete. Perhaps that was what was the matter with her. Perhaps that was what was the matter with the whole nation at that time. The conversion was incomplete.

Because of their newness in the war, because of the Greeley's newness in the service . . . three months . . . because of the newness of the war itself, everything about the crew was unmilitary, for they were all unmetamorphosed civilians still, and where they did go military, they became absurd.

And if there was ever a crew unwilling to go to sea, it was this one. The flesh was weak. Not even the spirit was very willing. The Greeley's crew, like so many of those on ships which put out early in the war, was unready, just as the ship was. There is nothing to find fault with in that. It was just that there was hardly any time. The clock ticked fast in '42.

But these men weren't cowards. They were the first unfortunates, the ones who came when men had to go ahead without any training. They had to make up the answers to the questions after they were asked, and they did the best they could. It was true of the Army, too, for there were soldiers with them who, after two years in the North, were shipped home for basic training. It was true even of the Marine Corps, and they'll tell you themselves that when they first landed on the Canal, they were green as grass and lucky . . . oh, so lucky.

So then what did these men do? They did the best they could, and with the props knocked out from under them tried to make lives, or some of them just to mark time, in this new existence, enjoy themselves when possible, do the things they had to do.

They tried to live, and that was what was important.

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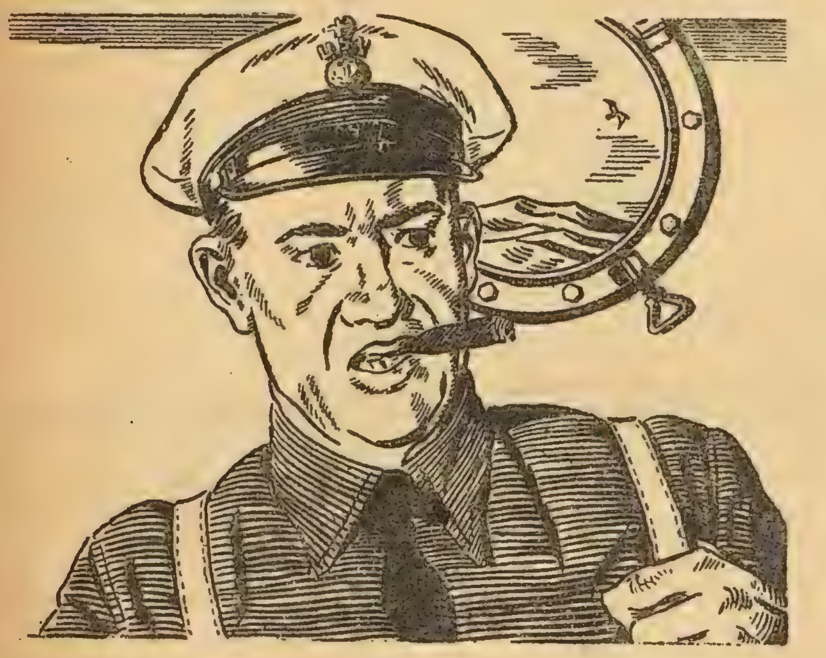
They joked a lot, which was more important still, and what happened when they sailed into Adak in the Aleutians was typical of the best.

A little after dawn when the pilot boat came out, the Captain phoned down to the forward guns and told Lieutenant Ptoki to hail the craft and have them lay off a while. Ptoki faced about and began to bawl out the intelligence into the fresh north wind which whipped his words away to leeward. Seeing this, Chief Krotch picked up the largest megaphone he could find and handed it to his boss. And this time when Ptoki faced into the wind with this cornucopia in his hand and at his mouth, the whole gale went down it like a funnel, making his eyes bulge, leaving him gasping, helpless, and grotesque.

Did the Chief do this on purpose? He said it was an accident.

And it might have been, at that, but it was good.

THE storm, which accompanied all stages of the Greeley's invasion in the western Aleutians, began on the second morning of their stay at Adak. It came down from the north, striking the ship at the dock from about two points forward of the beam, straining everything and making the loading of troops and men increasingly difficult.



It built up slowly so that it did not stop the loading, so slowly in fact that for a long time no one realized its force or meaning. At about a half hour after their second midnight in Adak it was a fifty-mile gale, and about one o'clock Chief Krotch, who was in charge of the forward hatches, broke out his whole division. And at close to one-thirty, one of the forward hawsers which held the ship to the shore parted, and the bow began swinging out into the harbor.

It took a half hour to get a new ten-inch line ashore and fast. When the men tried to throw heaving lines to the dock, the wind would pick up the monkey's fists and sail them off to leeward, tangling them in the overhead rigging and fouling everything aloft. The men's hands were stiff and several of them who had gone down on the dock to reeve the new hawser around the pilings were wet and complaining loudly.

"Don't tell me your troubles," Chief Krotch answered them.

And somehow he managed to get the job done with the bow heaved back to somewhere near where it was before, a precarious safety and only a momentary relief.

(An old-timer, Chief Krotch, he had been ready to retire before the war, and the war had stopped him, which was enough to make him hate it and everything. He had cold blue eyes and a pinched hard way of speaking. A tighter, tougher fist at the grindstone would have been hard to find. He liked cheap cigars, solitary drinking, and he had never been married. "I don't care if you want to cry on somebody's shoulder," he would say, "but don't cry on mine.")

During the day the wind continued in the same violence, but the loading of the ship was never stopped.

Close to midnight the storm began to increase again so that the Greeley heaved and labored even in her web of moorings. At one o'clock the officer of the deck had Chief Krotch broken out and sent forward to double-check everything around the bow. The Chief hurried up there wearing only his marine shoes and long-handled drawers in which he had been sleeping, his gloves and arctic helmet. Looking like a specter in his long white flannels, he put his head down and charged into the wind. He reached the winch controls and slacked away. The bow swung out, but the strain was eased. He kicked the wire with his foot. It was taut, stiff and hard as a crowbar. Then he went aft to dress and to break out all hands.

He put them to work running out more wires and lines off the ship's bow and trying, if possible, to winch the bow back in to the dock. At three thirty he decided that this couldn't be done and secured everyone but the watch, first bringing down the booms and stopping them off for sea. Then he went to the bridge and reported that all was well.

"But there's twenty feet between us and the dock," the officer of the deck complained.

"We're loaded forward. And the hell's-fire ship'll sail in the morning anyway," said Chief Krotch.

"You don't know that."

"If we don't," the Chief grinned suddenly, "we'll pull their hell's-fire dock down." Only he didn't say "hell's-fire." It was another word.

The Greeley went to sea in the morning, which was the morning of the twenty-second of December. She stayed at sea and waited for the storm to blow itself away. The invasion began on the day after Christmas. It was an island called Tartu on which it was hoped a minor airport could be constructed, about fifteen miles long by seven or eight miles wide.

THE wind was still strong on Christmas night and the ship heaved about considerably. Nevertheless, it was decided that the invasion, which was already a week behind schedule, must be commenced, and the announcements were all made.

Crew and troops crowded in the ship's passageways and crosswalks and stood silently listening wherever a public-address system loud-speaker was located. Commander Loes spoke first, the p.a. giving his voice a manly metallic burr.

"This is Commander Loes, the executive officer of this vessel," he began and then cleared his throat.

Perhaps he was conscious of the solemnity of this moment. Perhaps such moments as this one have a solemnity which all the wits, the fools, and pompous asses in the world cannot destroy. And for once the crew of the Greeley was silent. The Commander cleared his throat once more before he continued.

"In the morning, men, we will begin landing our troops and their equipment on Tartu Island. We are at this moment about fifty miles from our objective. In the morning, weather permitting, we are going in."

At this a spontaneous shout rang up from all decks where the listening men were cheering.

"We do not know whether there are any Japs on the island now or not. Scouts are being landed tonight from the Turpin, our escorting destroyer, and they will signal to us as soon as practicable. All hands will be piped at zero three hundred. . . "

At this point the public-address system was drowned out by the voices of the soldiers and sailors. A perceptible surge of life ran through the ship, and even the steady beat of the screw was different, no less rhythmic, but more powerful. And this continued throughout the evening and night. Junior officers, who are for the most part silent and unsure of themselves, now tended to snap out orders, edging them with a peremptory bite, and the petty officers who normally tended to be very lax on the Greeley now became alert, loud and self-important. Even the seamen were talking about sticking Japs with bayonets or knives.

In his cabin Ensign Flood, who was assistant beachmaster, felt the heavy laboring of the ship, the wallow in each heavy swell, and he read the prayer book which his mother had sent him along with a volume of poetry just before he had sailed.

THE morning broke cold and clear with a light north wind. It broke slowly, gray, then transparent purple and orange along the horizon, then gray again.

The island when first they saw it in the morning light seemed like nothing more than a long flat reef which the sea might wash over at any moment. The men swarmed on deck to see it when it was visible, but once they saw it, there was nothing more to say.

From behind a mile-long spit of rock which formed one harbor jaw now raced a dripping destroyer, her bow suddenly nosing under in one of the ocean swells, a desperate running thing in this dawn, and then one of her blinker lights signaled the message they had been waiting for.

The Greeley had been lying off, and now her screw thrashed over and she headed in while all the seamen turned to at raising booms and getting ready to lower away.

The initial stages of the landing were made successfully, for the weather was fair and there proved to be no Japs at all. But about noon the other half of the storm, the first half of which they had sustained at Adak, arrived and blew three days. The only thing which happened was that the ship was lost.

The wind blew with hurricane force. A great hand of the sea came into the harbor, which was completely exposed, and picked the Greeley up, uprooting the anchors, and threw her shoreward over the outer edge of a reef where she stuck impaled at a ten-degree list on spears of rock two hundred yards from the beach itself. She floundered there and pounded like an old woman in a snowdrift.

All this was marvelous to see, but more marvelous still was that for the whole three days and nights of this second storm the ship's landing barges, protected by the lee of the ship, operated without interruption; the beach party struggled in the surf; and the operation never was secured, not even for half an hour. Considering that the morale of the Greeley was admittedly the lowest in the fleet, this was remarkable. This, at least, was in the finest tradition of the service and of human nature.

NOW that the worst of it was over, Ensign Flood felt that he couldn't take any more.

Mostly it was the thick fuel oil which had come up and in on the surf the second night. It came from the bunkers of the Greeley which they had tried to blow in hopes of lightening the ship, and it covered everything with a thick slick molasses. Even now when it was morning and the wind was down, the surf was coated, heavy, and sluggish, and the beach was thick and gummy, and you never would have believed that the ship could have had so much oil in her.

Ensign Flood knew that he couldn't take any more, and he wanted to cry because it wasn't fair. He was sitting in the center of the beach on an oily rock, and he was dirty, black with the oil, and prehistoric-looking. His romantic good looks were streaked and smeared, and the rubber wading suit which he wore made him look like a sad, sad seal. Now that the worst was over, the operation had been secured in order to rest the men and reorganize the plans, but he was still living in the nightmare of the storm. "Many a green isle needs must be," he was repeating to himself, "in the deep, wide sea of misery, or the mariner, worn and wan, never thus could voyage on." When he had started saying this, he had no idea, but he kept repeating it as he looked vacantly up and down at the wreckage of the beach.

It was a funny thing. When Ensign Flood had enlisted he had thought in terms of the South Pacific. A flickering picture of a tropical land had been imaged on his retinas . . . palm trees, monkeys, a startled flamingo reaching out from an emerald swamp . . . a hoarse cry . . . like silver at dusk. Before that he had edited the literary magazine of an Eastern college for men, and it had seemed logical to him that green islands need must be, for otherwise the voyage had no meaning. It was a funny thing . . . a very funny thing.

He thought about a girl . . . a lissom girl with tanned calves and pointed breasts. Men who think about girls when they are in trouble aren't much good. There's too much else to think about.

Storm is a brutal thing, perhaps more brutal even than war because it is more pointless. It has no object. It is no respecter of race, nation, creed, or backgrounds. Ensign Flood was a college man with the highest principles and sensitivities in the world, but it made very little difference.

He did quite well until the storm began, and then things slowly got out of hand. Boats began coming in faster than he could get men to unload them. They, the boats, would lie on the beach waiting, their ramps down with the surf pounding around them and then running back inside. Slowly they would broach around. He would send men to this boat or that boat to wade out, get lines fast and hold them, but either there were too many boats or not enough men. Anyway, by that time he was getting confused, and when night came he lost control completely.

He sat there on his rock now and watched the thick, slick oil slide up and down the beach as the surf rolled in and out.

He was a lonely little figure on the wide lifeless beach. The island terraced up behind him to the main plateau into which the soldiers had disappeared once they had come ashore. On the first terrace was a long dump of jumbled-up supplies, mostly rations, and a grave built by one-time inhabitants of the land with a Russian cross standing boldly over it. The land was dark, but suddenly the sun broke through and the tundra grass which covered this land abruptly shone like gold.

SOMEONE tapped him on the shoulder.

It was like an electric shock. It was like a clap of thunder. It was like guilt.

When he turned around Chief Krotch was standing there looking about as usual. He had an oilskin on and hip rubber boots, an arctic helmet with goggles pushed up on his forehead, and everything greasy dirty, but his quality was the same—silent, erect, watchful.

"I got the hell's-fire men together," the Chief said. Again it was "that word" and it jarred Ensign Flood's sensibilities even under the circumstances.

But Ensign Flood didn't comprehend the statement. He felt as though he were in a whirlpool and going down.

"They was holed up in the hell's-fire stores," Krotch went on. He pointed at one of the big piles of rations on the shore above.

There was something in the Chief's tone which was driving at something, calling him back, it seemed to Ensign Flood, from somewhere.

But the Chief's face, the eyes squinted a little, was as hard and expressionless as ever.

Wherever it was the Chief was calling from, Ensign Flood didn't want to go there. It was a place he had been before, it seemed to him, but now it was something he didn't want to remember.

"What do you want me to do with them?" said the Chief.

He stood up finally. Together he and the Chief made their way up onto the shore. In a hole behind a high pile of ration cases which had been built into a hollow square they found the men . . . or what was left of them. Dirty, unshaven, oil-smeared, standing up suddenly with the habitual embarrassment of enlisted men in front of an officer. . . There were only five.

"Where's the rest?" Ensign Flood still was puzzled.

Not counting the pharmacist's mates who had gone inland to the army sick bay, there should have been over thirty.

"The rest went out," said the Chief. "You give them permission, sir?"

He tried to recollect. At different times during the storm, men grotesque in their troll-like wading suits had come up through the swirling snow and surf and cupped their hands at his ear and shouted something, permission to go back and get dry clothes, permission to go get warm awhile, permission to go to the ship for hot food. . . He couldn't remember, but he supposed he must have given them all permission. He would have to go over now, he wearily supposed, and get them back.

"These are the heroes," said the Chief almost fondly.

"The men got divided from the boys," the Chief added.

Flood braced himself to look at the men once more.

They stood there looking down at the frozen ground, grinning sheepishly, shaking their heads, and rubbing their dirty beards with their dirty claws.

Ensign Flood knew he would have to go back to the ship for replacements, for these men were done.

The first man in the semicircle was O'Higgins, who was an Aleut, an Indian from Cole Bay. He was about eighteen years old but looked younger, very short, very barrel-chested, with a soft Oriental face, smooth like china. He looked like a seal, especially in the wading suit he was wearing—like a brown-eyed seal.

Next to O'Higgins was Pegler. He was tall with a face like a crow, and his scrawny neck set into his chest, his shoulders hunched around it also like a bird. He was almost fifty and sometimes he had a slight palsy which made his head shake back and forth. He came from Southern California.

Next to him stood Ramirez. Ramirez was thin. He was Spanish but not small. And somehow, in spite of oil and storm, he retained a postcard romantic air and gigolo manners. He wore long sideburns and even now his hair was slick and combed . . . possibly with the fuel oil of the beach. As he stood there in his dirty parka he whirled a little bit of line around his finger like a zoot-suiter whirls his chain. He came from El Paso.

The next man was Montillion. He was a twenty-year-old boy from Florida, long, stringy, rather emaciated with a mulelike face . . . a moronic face almost, and his eyes were so vacant you could look deep into them and see nothing but color, deep brown color. They made Ensign Flood shudder.

The last man was St. Claire, and Flood didn't know him either. He had a hangdog, kicked look, and a cruel twist to his jaw. No one knew where he came from. He came from the road, he said.

As Ensign Flood felt himself return to life, return to the men and responsibility, return to a sense of his own wetness and discomfort, he felt unreasonable anger. He had to be thankful to these men, but actually he wasn't.

"I want to thank you men," he began, "for . . . for . . ." He didn't know what for—"for sticking at your jobs" Lord, did he have to go through with this? ". . .like you have. And I want you to know that. . ." they had such stupid faces. . . "that I appreciate it and that the Captain, if he were here to say so, would thank you too for. . ." For what? ". . .for everything."

"What do you want me to do with them?" asked the Chief.

He didn't care what the Chief did with them. But he was trapped here with no way out.

"There's a boat putting off from the ship," said the Chief, who had looked off at the harbor.

Flood spun around and now there was a surge of hope.

"I'll have to go back to the ship this morning," he said. But why? "I'll get you boys some relief. You certainly deserve it."

"G-g-get us s-some chow," said Montillion, who stuttered.

"Right," said St. Claire.

They hadn't had any food except emergency rations from wrecked boats since the storm had started.

"Right," said Mr. Flood, but later he forgot it.

"You take over, Chief," he said to Chief Krotch, and just a little patronizingly, "I expect you know just as much about it as I."

His walk toward the beach turned into a run and finally he almost fell into the surf, he was so anxious to get off the shore. He was still wearing his wading suit even when he clambered over the side of the ship, and he was only really conscious again when he stood on the slanting deck drawing in deep breaths of cold sea air.

PROBABLY the best thing anyone found that morning was the boat which O'Higgins and Pegler happened upon in the small cove where a stream emptied into the bay.

"My people," said O'Higgins when they found the landing barge, "believe that it is good luck to find a boat." His voice was high-pitched, but he formed his words very perfectly like a man who has learned several languages before learning English.

Pegler didn't say anything.

They were an odd combination—O'Higgins, who was short, engulfed in the heavy rubber folds of his wading suit; Pegler, stretching the rubber tight over his long thin body so that he walked lifting his knees like a puppet or rather having them lifted for him by the suit. O'Higgins sturdy, Oriental, and smiling; Pegler, long, thin, and sad.

"A boat is very good luck," O'Higgins said.

He patted the side of the boat as a man pats the side of a horse he likes. "Good boat," he grunted and grinned.

"Good boat if it was in the water," said Pegler.

"Good boat," O'Higgins repeated. "We take her off when the tide is high. One hour, maybe."

They waded to the shore and Pegler sat on a rock. The long arms of the suit and the hands of it hung down at his sides like the wings of a sad and bedraggled crow. O'Higgins wriggled his arms out of his sleeves and let the wading suit drop down to his waist where he secured it with a piece of small stuff he had had in his pocket. Then he searched out bits of wood. He had a fire going in no time at all.

After that he smiled and produced chocolate from another pocket and cigarettes from another. "A boat," he said pointing at the barge when they had eaten. "A fire." He held his hands out to the small blaze. "Cigarettes! This," he looked around at everything, "is a good place."

"This," said Pegler, "is awful."

"Not so bad," said O'Higgins. "My people have been here." He spoke with pride.

"This is an awful place," Pegler said.

"Well, it is war," O'Higgins said and leaned forward to push the wood farther into the fire.

"An awful war," Pegler suddenly exploded, and his nose and fingers twitched while he spoke and even after he stopped. "An awful war. And who ever thought of bringing it up into an awful country like this?" His voice suddenly turned thin and complaining like an old, old man's. "Why, I'm from California. I'm from Southern California. I'm not used to living like this. I'm not used to eating like this. Why in California we eat fruits . . . and fruit juices . . . and we go down to the beaches and have picnics . . . nice picnics." He paused and exploded again and his hands and nose were twitching still. "It's foolishness anyway. Landing us in a place like this. Who ever heard of a place like this anyway? And what can we do about it? Nothing! Nothing at all."

PEGLER and O'Higgins did very well with their boat. They took it back to the ship and, since there was no one about to stop them, went down in the hold and helped themselves to things that they felt they could use on the beach.

Ensign Flood stumbled over to the rail as they lowered their last items over to the boat on a line. They lowered him over too and he fell asleep in the stern sheets before he could object to anything.

And the boys on the beach were not idle either. Once St. Claire and Montillion got started they worked with a will and with a blind preoccupation. They brought in oil-soaked life jackets, ends of oily line, a dead sea otter, a nest of pots, two boat compasses, wood of all kinds, six Springfield rifles, a bayonet, a dirty pair of signal flags, a painted sign which said "Intelligence Section" on it, and a tent.

A tent was something. They carried it back to the hole in the pile of rations where they had done their sleeping and where Ramirez kept guard over the growing pile of gear, sitting like a monkey looking into a broken bit of mirror at his face. He was combing his patent-leather hair again when they arrived.

It was a good tent, a standard army pyramidal tent big enough for them all. Poles and stakes were already on the spot.

"Not bad at all." Ramirez added a bit of the wood the other two had collected to the little fire he had built. "Now all we lack is cots."

Obediently they set out again, and Ramirez put away his comb while he looked at the tent and wondered how to put it up.

He was tall. His complexion was smooth and ivory-colored. He had large, liquid dark brown eyes and soft romantic hands. He looked sad just then, but actually he wasn't sad at all. He was gathering together his powers to meet and overcome the new conditions of life. And he liked the new conditions of life, too, because he knew instinctively that in confusion and breakdown of regularized authority a man of talent could do very well.

He nursed his fire along judiciously, never letting it get too large and never letting it go out completely. The soldiers were up and about by now and the cheer from this little blaze drew a number of them toward it and they sat squatting at the perimeter of its warmth, looking more forlorn and "dog-faced" than ever, wagging their tails, so to speak, uncertain as to whether they would be welcomed or snubbed.

Ramirez spoke softly like a man to animals. "If we had some water"—he pointed at an empty emergency ration tin which would hold two or three gallons—"we could make some coffee."

"If we had any coffee," said a soldier a little bolder than the rest.

"We have some coffee," Ramirez said, pulling out some little pillboxes of soluble coffee which he had saved from the "C" rations they had salvaged and eaten the night before.

WHILE they waited for the water to boil, every one was silent. The soldiers eyed the brew. Ramirez eyed the folded tent and poles still lying where Montillion and St. Claire had dropped them. A condition of confusion is a good time for a clever talented man, a time which brings all his talents to the fore. There was much to be gained, but first there was work, and at this he sighed without meaning to.

He said nothing but went on nursing his fire, and his face took on a quiet look of sadness. He had a quality great actors have, a knack of projecting an atmosphere of emotion while seemingly doing something else. This was particularly true a little later when he dipped the coffee out of the steaming tin and handed it around to the cold and grateful soldiers. He was Gunga Din, Florence Nightingale, and something of his own which made it Latin, good-natured, and gracious. He philosophized a little as he went along.

"Well," he said, "we are all in it together. Now aren't we?"

The snow had begun to fall. It was a thin uncertain snow, poor-looking like everything else from the shabby men to the shabby sea gulls over the bay, but the slow-motion continuity of the fall of flakes was soothing and dreamy after a fashion.

"I don't know what it is." He burnt his finger on the aluminum cup, shook it, and sucked it for a second. "I don't know what it is, but we certainly are all in it together, aren't we now?"

This was indisputable.

"Soldiers. Sailors. Everyone." He clenched his fist, then raised the middle finger of it and jabbed upwards. "Everyone!" All the soldiers laughed. "See what I mean? That's life. Everyone. All together."

He sat back and watched the soldiers drink their coffee and sipped his own.

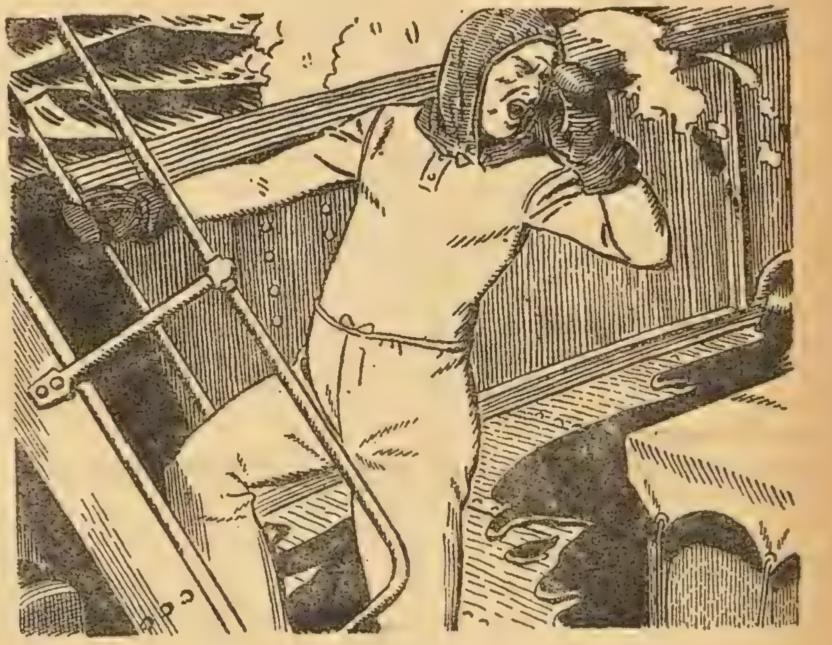
"All in it together," he repeated. "All rowing up the same creek and all of us without the same old paddle." He stood up. "And we all got to help each other." He paused suddenly as his eyes drifted past and came back to the folded tent with the tent poles on the top of it. "Hey, do any of you fellows know how this tent works?" His voice suddenly snapped back to earth and to its problems. "I don't know which end's where."

"Hell, we'll do it for you," said one of the soldiers, who was bashful and who so far hadn't said anything at all. "We all got to stick together like you said," he added.

That night there were seven of them in the tent, including Chief Krotch and also Ensign Flood, whom they had dropped on a pile of wet life jackets in one corner and covered up with a shelter half. There were seven of them, and it was warm with the stove which O'Higgins and Pegler had brought from the ship, rigged in place, and stoked up till it glowed a cherry red all over and halfway up the pipe.

The six cots were formed to make a square about the stove, two on the side to the left of the doorway, a cot on the back wall next to the heap of jackets on which the Ensign lay, one on either side of the door, and one parallel to the one on the right of the door but closer to the stove. In the half dark you could see the glowing red spots of the cigarettes the men were smoking, and smell the sharp tobacco smoke. On the stove was the big frying pan with beef frying in it, and this you could smell also, rich and greasy, blubbery and hot. Here and there in the little room the light glistened on a pot or a pan or some of the tools.

The opulence of all this was overpowering, the luxury of warmth, rest, and food, beating like the human heart. To lie on your back, to stretch, to smoke and smell hot food, to see all your wordly goods about you like a Mongol sees his tents, his flocks, his horses, these are things you cannot laugh away.



"You know," said Ramirez from the dark, "this morning we were poor. We were hungry. We were cold." He paused. "Tonight we are rich. I think perhaps we are the richest men on the island."

Having enough is not the nature of riches. Having men about you more wretched than yourself, this is wealth indeed. And they had this.

Ensign Flood slept on in his substitute green island and moaned a little now and then.

AFTER three weeks of work, the beach party was almost finished. All boats which could be salvaged had been patched, temporarily anyhow, pulled off the shore, and taken back to the ship. The hopelessly smashed barges had been dragged out of the way and heaved up on the shore. One or two of them the soldiers used for houses. The bulk of the cargo was being brought ashore on 150-foot barges. The small boats had almost served their purpose.

The beach party's stay was almost over, and the Chief knocked off all work for half a day, letting the men do what they pleased.

St. Claire and Montillion used their time to go back to the ship and visit. Pegler heated water and shaved. Ramirez hiked off to the air strip and persuaded a pilot to take him up on a patrol where he had a view of Kiska. O'Higgins explored, and that was how it happened.

O'Higgins hiked along the shore carrying a long boat hook on his shoulder. It was twice as long as he was, but it was handy as a staff, a weapon, or for fishing gear out of the surf.

O'Higgins was easily made happy, responded quickly to the weather, pleased when it improved and philosophical when it was foul. That morning he had seen sea gulls over the harbor, the first time any of them had seen birds at Tartu at all, and of all creatures he was fondest of the birds.

Even seals did not compare with them. Nor salmon, which for several seasons had given him livelihood. Nor bears, which he feared above anything in the world, a big Kodiak grizzly one time having clawed his uncle while he—O'Higgins—had shot it. The life of the bird was best, and they were fishermen, too. To live in air over the sea or to come down on the water like a boat, to be self-sufficient, to travel at will, to follow the ships—these things were good, there was no denying. He would have been an aviator if he could have, except for the fighting. The thought of fighting in the air chilled him like thoughts of the bear. But otherwise to fly, to glide, to dive, to wheel, to soar would be like being an angel. Even after he had outgrown boyhood he had liked, if no one was around, to run along a beach with his arms outstretched, tipping this way and that like the screaming sea gulls overhead.

For a while he walked along stolidly, using his boat hook as a staff. Then, putting the hook on his shoulder and with his arm cocked as though he were launching a spear, he ran, jumping the ledges and gullies which cut the coarsely graveled beaches, ran and walked until he had traveled a mile or two and was exhausted. He squatted down on one of the whale-back ledges with his boat hook stuck out ahead of him. He sat for a long time and then, for no reason, turned slowly around to look behind him. Suddenly the terror caught him like a hand around his heart.

WHAT he saw just an arm's reach from him, resting in a small declivity was nothing more than a pair of Jap binoculars, and how he knew in the glance that they were Jap he couldn't say. They were small but, like any other binoculars, black, and there was rice-grain writing on one tube etched out of the black enamel, but it would be hard to say O'Higgins noticed everything. Simply he knew they were the property of the enemy, that the enemy was doubtless just close by, had hidden at his approach and was now waiting, squinting through his sights to see if the forgotten instrument would be seen or overlooked. The enemy had made a mistake, but one more dangerous to O'Higgins than to himself. If O'Higgins should see the binoculars he would know that there was someone about and the someone would have to fire for self-protection. If O'Higgins should not see them, concealment would be the safer course. O'Higgins was not used to being hunted, but he knew all this at once.

He forced his eyes to track on past the binoculars till they rested on a stone a quarter circle away. Anything he did or did not do was dangerous. He reached inside his jumper and pulled out his cigarettes. He was not really trying to "be nonchalant." There was nothing else he could think of that was natural. He lit one as calmly as he could, although his hand was trembling. Then he stood up slowly and picked up a stone which he threw into the surf. It was flat and skipped three times. Then he picked up his boat hook and began plodding on up the beach in the direction he originally had been walking. After that the things he did were completely instinct.

He walked along with no show of alarm for two hundred yards or so to another ledge which gave him cover. Then he ducked down and scuttled up a kind of channel onto the shore above the beach. He worked rapidly inland, making a big circle designed to cut behind the Jap . . . or Japs, but he assumed without reason that there was only one . . . and then lay down in the tundra grass. Then, holding his boat hook by the point so that it dragged along behind him, he began creeping up upon the beach, going the last part of the way upon his belly and moving very, very slowly. Finally he had the hump of rock where he had been sitting in sight and he almost cried out loud with relief when he saw that the glasses were still there. He had been afraid . . . so afraid . . . that they would be gone and that the trap which he was setting would have lost its bait. He worked up as close as he dared and then lay in a fold in the rock. He was as quiet as the rock and in his dirty parka jumper looked like only a shadow on it. He didn't know why he had done any of this, and now that he was quiet long enough to think, his heart was beating like a hammer. What he was wrestling with was whether or not he would have to kill his man.

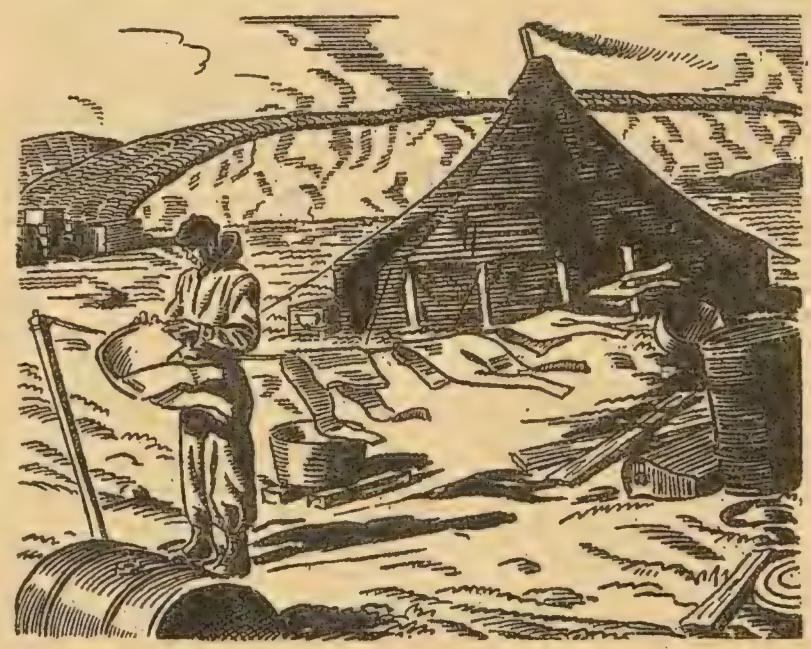
He had never killed a man, and he was afraid.

He had thought much about death, and especially when he had joined the service, which both as an Indian and as a fisherman he didn't have to join. As all people do at first, he had seen it as a matter of much quick and violent dying, killing and being killed. He had decided first that he was willing to be killed, not so much for patriotic reasons, but because it was one of the consents he had to give to be a man, one of the prices for doing what he pleased. Then he had decided that you must be willing to kill other men to somehow share the guilt of living. You could not stand aloof. Mostly it was a problem of manhood, and the war to him had had no moral force or economic reason. Mostly it was manhood, and it was one of the places where you tested the force of the things you had decided.

So when he had first come in the service, he was very ready to fight as bloody a battle as could be wished. However, when he went on shipboard and found that his chances of hand-to-hand assaults or even long-range duels were rather slim, he was not disappointed. He felt rather a sense of pardon, escape from the beast behind the eggshell of the sky, and he had been happy again . . . happy as a bird. But still at times he wondered how long a man could stay a boy.

Now the ancient imperative had again been stated, and he was not prepared as he had been at first. He was afraid, because he had never killed a man.

For a long time he waited in silence and without moving a muscle. The cold from the rock worked up through his clothes, chilling him and making his muscles ache. But he waited because, Indian-like, he knew how to wait.



He waited so long watching those binoculars that he began to feel foolish both for waiting and for thinking and feeling so seriously. He thought of a hundred reasons why lying here was pointless. Perhaps the man who owned the binoculars had lost them in the dark and didn't know where they were. Perhaps he had never been around that day and now was miles away.

But now a motion stopped his thought completely and suddenly he saw his man.

The Jap was standing by a large fragment of rock, one hand on it, a German Luger pistol, which looked monstrous because the man was so small, ready in the other. His face was brown and dirty and he had a thin scraggly beard around his mouth, a weedy little man but wary, with eyes shifting back and forth. O'Higgins slid his hand back to the center of the boat-hook pole. Then suddenly their eyes met and the Jap stopped in surprise.

In the moment of surprise O'Higgins charged. Fire exploded in front of him and a streak of heat went past his face. He drove his boat hook like a spear straight in the little dirty face and felt the crunch of the brass point on bone. Without stopping, he slid both hands down toward the weapon's point and swung the pole with the leverage of its whole length through three quarters of a circle. The haft landed on the Jap's skull with a sharp breaking crack.

And there the Jap lay like a bundle of old clothes, one leg drawn up, his face all blood, and gravel and blood oozing down the dirty parka.

O'Higgins still grasped the boat hook with both hands, half supporting himself. His legs were weak. For a moment he was too bewildered to wonder at his luck. He looked down at the body and nudged it with his foot to make sure that it was dead, and it wasn't. It moaned feebly and one hand started to crawl slowly up its chest.

He dropped the boat hook as his eye caught the Luger pistol lying on the ground, and he picked it up. Backing away, he emptied the whole magazine into the body. He shoved the pistol inside his jumper and hung the binoculars around his neck. Then, grabbing the Jap's arms, he swung the body up onto his back and, using his boat hook as a staff, began packing his kill in to camp.

He packed it all the way back and up over the rocks—several soldiers following him by the time he got there—and the embankment which formed the beginning of the plateau, through several small villages of tents to the headquarters tent where General McGinty happened to be sitting.

A crowd of awestruck soldiers were standing around as O'Higgins walked up to the General and without ceremony dropped the body at his feet.

"A Jap," O'Higgins said and started to walk off, but an officer stopped him.

The General didn't say anything for several minutes. The whole body was smeared with blood. The back of the skull was blown off from a pistol shot. There was hardly any face at all. While the General stared, the officer was questioning O'Higgins who gave out meager details, their voices sounding strange in the cold quiet air.

"Well," said the General slowly. "Well . . . well . . . well." He paused. "That's quite an afternoon's work." His voice was a little hollow, and suddenly he shut his eyes. "Quite an afternoon's work," he said.

ONE day St. Claire and Montillion were working in a swamped-out boat heaving out the cargo, which happened to be ammunition, and stacking it on the stern sheets. Later they would pack it on their backs to the beach. It was hard work, and even though they stood up to their waists in the cold water they were sweating.

Montillion heaved up a box of thirty-caliber rounds, but it slipped out of his hands as he got it clear of the water and fell back into the bilge. "D-damned ammo," he mumbled viciously. The next box he picked up he smashed against the gunwale so that the boat's timber split. He did it on purpose and viciously, but actually there was nothing significant about it. It was a relief to break something, a way of protesting against his fate, nothing more.

"Hit him again," said St. Claire, who was small, with a weak tough face and a thin blond beard. "Hit him one for me," he whooped.

Montillion began to grin at that, picked the box up again and threw it against the panel in the forward side of the small binnacle which supported the wheel and protected the steering cables. The panel split and fell open and both men grinned with satisfaction and looked around for something else to break.

There was the engine hatch, and both of them got ready to heave up the heavy ammunition box and smash it down. However, St. Claire's eyes happened to wander back to the panel they had broken. Inside was a bundle, and about it there was something too interesting to ignore. It was about a foot square and six inches deep, wrapped in oilskin, secured with marlin, and sealed with wax. They didn't know what they expected to find when they opened it, but what they did find was forty thousand dollars. At least when they counted it later, that's how much it was, forty thousand dollars, new, crisp, dry bills, fives, tens, twenties . . . forty thousand dollars.

St. Claire didn't say a word.

"D-damn," Montillion said.

It was a circumstance neither one had met before.

And it had come about in the following manner:

The first night of the storm when the Greeley had been driven ashore the warrant paymaster, Mr. Bushnell, had gone to his safe and gotten together all of the ship's money. There was about eighty thousand dollars of it, most of which was to meet the crew's pay demands.

He made up the cash into two bundles of forty thousand dollars each, covered them with oilskin to make them waterproof, tied them with marlin, and sealed them with wax. In a third waterproof bundle he put the records, made a private record of the numbers of all the bills, and then stood by to wait for whatever would occur.

On the second night the ship had lain on the beach it was thought by everyone that she would break apart, and the order was passed for all hands to stand by to abandon ship. Accordingly Warrant Paymaster Bushnell had taken his bundles up to the weather decks. He wanted to get them ashore immediately because they could always be brought back, while if the ship should roll over the danger of losing them would be great.

He shouted instructions down to a coxswain whose boat was loading on the lee side aft. He thought he made himself plain but the wind whipped his words away. He lowered his cash bundles down on a line and saw that they were safe in the boat, then went back for his records and his parka. When he came back, the boat was gone and lost in the darkness and the wind. He hadn't had time to note the number of the boat and the coxswain, a man he didn't know and couldn't remember. The next morning one of the bundles was picked up in the surf by a soldier and returned.

The other bundle was the one Montillion and St. Claire had now found.

"Are w-we g-goin' to keep it?" Montillion said at last.

"We *are.*" St. Claire's small rat jaw had set with purpose.

Hurriedly and guiltily they closed the bundle up again and hid it in the boat. They would bring it ashore to rehide it some safer time.

IT was Ramirez who first guessed Montillion and St. Claire's secret. Chief Krotch was the second. And possibly O'Higgins after that. But none of them said anything for quite a while.

The effects of the money upon Montillion and St. Claire weren't obvious, but they were noticeable, and to a suspicious person they looked suspicious. St. Claire, who was naturally surly, suddenly became thoughtful of the others, and Montillion became patronizing as though already he had the power to sell and buy them all like sheep. It is hard to say how Ramirez and the Chief made up their minds from this, but they did, as was proved later.

This thoughtfulness of St. Claire was strange enough to note briefly. He began doing the cooking for the party, which was a job no one had wanted up till then.

Montillion continued to work hard on the beach, but his spirit in doing it was one of caprice, as though it amused him now to work with his hands. And he walked with a swagger. He would slap almost anyone on the back when he felt like it—the Chief, Ensign Flood, and on one occasion the army shore party commanding officer who was a major. And in the evenings, if there was no work, he would go back to the ship on the last boat of the day and spend the night on board playing blackjack. This last was almost his undoing.

One of the lost bills, the numbers of which were on record, showed up in the ship's canteen. He had lost it playing cards.

Montillion and St. Claire took to meeting in secret now and then, taking their bundle of money off down the beach and spending an hour or so at a time counting it, laying it out on the dead tundra grass in little piles weighted down with stones, looking at it, making designs of it, shaking and shuddering all the time for fear that someone would come upon them by accident. It was a queer pleasure, but intense enough, and they never seemed to get tired of it.

And once they had a fight. This was after the bill had turned up in the ship's canteen. To use the money for anything at present was against an agreement they had made. Montillion had used the bill because he had no other money with which to gamble, and he had done it without mentioning it to his partner. They had argued first, then started to fight, and O'Higgins had found them on the beach, each trying to choke the other. Then they had both seemingly forgotten all about it and gone back, the one to his cooking, and the other to his work and good-natured patronizing of superiors.

The crisis came in their second week ashore, and it was Ramirez who brought it on.

A bad night. Most of the nights were bad. The men were all in the tent, but both the Chief and Ensign Flood were out.

IT WAS pleasant in the tent at night with the stove glowing and the coffeepot simmering on it as it did in all the waking hours. The men sat about taking their ease, St. Claire and Montillion at the table playing cards, Pegler lying in his sleeping bag in the bunk in the far corner, O'Higgins sitting on a large emergency ration tin between the stove and the light, thoughtfully working with a palm and needle on a piece of canvas. Ramirez sat on the bunk by the closed tent flaps smoking a cigarette, watching it glow in the half darkness and then looking away from it to study Montillion and St. Claire at their game of cards. It was a windy night. The fire rushed hoarsely up through the pipe, and the skin of the tent was taut and expanded like the chest of a man holding his breath. Best and snuggest of all was the thought that under the earth below the stove was buried a cask, a water breaker, filled with raisins, sugar, water, yeast, a slow, secret fermentation like a thought.

"You know. . ." Ramirez waited for them all to listen, but his words were pointed at Montillion and St. Claire like a pistol. He was very quiet, though, sitting with one leg crossed over the other and his cigarette held so that he looked from over and behind it. "Today," he prolonged this, "on the ship," again he waited, "they found some more of the money that was lost."

St. Claire dropped his cards on the table and turned around. "What money?" His voice snapped. And his face had its old surly look, which was intensified by the thin greasy blond beard which had been growing since before the landing.

"The pay money. You remember the pay money which was lost in the storm."

St. Claire closed his mouth quickly, shutting off whatever he had been about to say. Then he turned around and stared at Montillion, who was staring equally hard down at his cards, his face deep red.

"Y-your p-play," Montillion said, trying to look as though nothing had happened at all.

St. Claire looked at him and then looked back at his cards.

Both of them began to play again, but there was a tension in the air now which even Pegler recognized, for he sat up in his bunk and blinked uncertainly at the light and swallowed once or twice.

"I think about that money so much," Ramirez said in his customary soft tone of voice. "I think about how there is so much a man could do with it all. But that's life." He shrugged away some unspoken disagreement. "It's life. It's human nature. So foolish. So dangerous even. If I had found the money, I often think, I believe I would have been more careful. Often in my sack I wonder how cautious I would have been." Now again he raised his words and pointed them at the other two. "What do you say about it there, you card players? Don't you two ever lie in your sacks at night and think how much more careful you could have been?" This was fired almost pointblank.

They didn't stop playing or turn around.

"How much more careful you could have been if it had been you who found that money instead of someone so foolish as this one." He let his voice go smoothly back to its gentle, thoughtful, hypothetical level.

O'Higgins looked up from his work, and looked quickly from Ramirez to the two.

"I believe I will wash," he said in his queer stilted voice. He stood up and pushed the coffeepot back on the stove and put one of the aluminum pots in its place. Then he walked over to the tent flaps where the water buckets were kept, picked up a full one and brought it back to the stove. He filled the pot and began to take off the outer layers of his clothing.

"The only thing I cannot think," Ramirez went on, "is where, if I were lucky enough to find this money, I would hide it."

O'Higgins stopped in the middle of pulling his jumper off over his head. "Only a foolish man wonders about the business of fools." His tone was a warning.

Ramirez caught this cue. He stood up and, as he did so, both St. Claire and Montillion stopped their game.

Ramirez, his dark eyes now shining wickedly, walked up toward the table, balancing carefully on the balls of his feet.

"Where, Eskimo," he said sharply to O'Higgins, "did you say you would hide this money if it was yours?"

"In my sack," said O'Higgins.

"Right." Ramirez sprang suddenly for St. Claire's bunk.

At the same moment, St. Claire was on his feet. In his hand was one of the pistols with which they had all been armed before coming on the beach from the ship. O'Higgins had dodged under one of the bunks almost as soon as he had spoken. St. Claire grabbed the slide of the pistol with his left hand and pulled it back. The snap and click of the metal as the slide seated a cartridge in the chamber was as loud and terrible as a shot itself.

St. Claire stood there with his pistol and Montillion behind him with his yokel mouth open in amazement. Ramirez was stopped like a statue, with his hand three inches from the sleeping sack on St. Claire's bunk.

"Don't no one touch my bunk." St. Claire's voice was hard and thick, and he motioned Ramirez to move back into the open space in front of the stove. "Don't no one around here touch nothing that don't belong to him."

But this was melodrama. As soon as he spoke he became futile and the moment lost its terror. One side of his mouth twitched a little and he raised his free hand and rubbed the dirty side of his face through the thin greasy fuzz of his beard.

"Don't no one move," he said.

But now the futility was obvious, grotesque, and just a little tragic. Ramirez still stood warily back of the stove with his hands out and a little in front, but O'Higgins crawled out from under the bunk, walked without hesitation over to St. Claire and took the pistol out of his hand. He sat down on the emergency ration can where he had been sitting sewing earlier, ejected the cartridge clip from the pistol and shoved it into his pocket. Then he shucked out the round which was in the chamber and threw the pistol onto St. Claire's bunk. He took his water off the stove and turned around. Then he began to wash his face.

RAMIREZ let his hands drop to his sides and went to the bunk in a quick, businesslike way. He pulled open the upper flap of the sleeping sack and reached deep down into the foot of it. When he pulled his hand out again he was holding the oilskin-wrapped package. He cut this with his sheath knife without hesitation and pulled one corner of oilskin up sharply. The money fell out on the cot like leaves of lettuce.

St. Claire and Montillion came over and stood watching silently. Even Pegler, who was sleeping in the bunk alongside, woke up and sat there blinking at the money. O'Higgins kept on washing. He had stripped off his several shirts now down to the skin, which was buff-colored and ivory-smooth in the soft light of the high flame of the lamp. He made a lot of noise with the water as he washed himself.

Ramirez sat down on the bunk and immediately began to divide the bills. He made places on the bunk for five piles. Then he rolled back his sleeves and showed his hands empty in the manner of a blackjack dealer handling the deck. Starting with twenties, he dealt the money out like cards. St. Claire and Montillion, and even Pegler, who still hadn't grasped what it was all about, watched him closely, but no one said a word.

It was two or three hours after midnight when they were finished, the money tied in five separate bundles and all five bundles put back together in the oilskin wrapping and hidden in the corner under the old, wet, and oily life jackets. They put out the lamp and lay down in their bunks, but for a long time none of them was able to sleep.

"No one touches any of that money now," Ramirez said finally out of the dark.

"W-what about that b-bill you said they found on the ship today?" Montillion said from his corner.

Ramirez laughed suddenly. "They didn't find any. There wasn't any. It was something I made up."

Again there was long, dark silence with the wind outside and the tent breathing heavily about them. The sharp, thin smell of a cigarette drifted through the quiet.

"You know," O'Higgins said in his stilted learned English, "have you ever looked up at the stars at night and wondered how far away is the sky? Does it just go on and on? Does it just keep going?"

There was a much longer silence this time, and then he spoke again. "You can take my share of the money and divide it up among you. Or throw it into the bay. I have no use for money."

STRANGELY enough, the money, once it was divided among the four of them—O'Higgins firmly refusing any part of it——didn't bring discord or trouble of any sort. It seemed to give them a dreamy kind of hope for better days and adequate reward for the cold and hard work they were suffering. It was a kind of dope, the stimulus of illusion; for money, there, had no real worth at all. But all a man with ten thousand dollars had to do was close his eyes, wish, and there it was, or would be, which was almost as good.

It bound them together in a kind of fraternal order. By necessity it was secret . . . secret, good, and powerful. In their own eyes they became a "wonderful four," a "potent four," "a team." When they were alone together they would sit close-huddled, and tell the marvelous things they would do with this, their money, in the far-off someday when they could spend it.

The money made the time and work go faster. For if you are a poor man ordered around by an illiterate chief boatswain's mate there is nothing much you can do about it. But when a petty officer tells a millionaire . . . or a man with ten thousand dollars . . . to jump into the surf and get to work, there's something about it too comic to resent. "Why, yes," says the rich man puffing on his cigar, "we did get out and rough it with the rest of them and" . . . pff, pff . . . "if I do say it myself, we put in a better day's work than they."

It's hard to say just how long the dream did last, but early one morning Mr. Bushnell, the warrant paymaster, came ashore in a boat.

On the beach he met Ramirez, whom he knew and trusted, and he asked him for Ensign Flood.

"Anything important, sir?" said Ramirez.

"Not a thing. Nothing at all," he said in a way he thought was offhand.

"He's in Major Gruber's barabara." Ramirez pointed to the small dugout house set in the rise between the beach and the island proper, a dwelling which had been a fisherman's hut before the war and which was now a kind of wardroom. Then both of them set off in separate directions.

Ensign Flood was alone.

"I've come to search your men and their quarters," Mr. Bushnell said without any preliminaries.

"Like hell you have," said Ensign Flood without asking any question. He was a little hung over.

Mr. Bushnell smiled a slow waxy smile. "Some of you college boys think you're God Almighty, don't you?"

"Yes," said Ensign Flood. "Some of us think we are."

"I thought I might run into something like this." Mr. Bushnell stopped smiling and unzipped the upper part of his jacket. From inside he pulled out a piece of paper. "I've got authority from the Captain."

So eventually Ensign Flood called Chief Krotch on the field telephone and told him to get the men together in the tent.

"And tell him to watch them like a hawk until we get there," Mr. Bushnell snapped.

"Watch them like a hawk until we get there."

Then Ensign Flood hung up.

Mr. Bushnell explained about the ship's money. He had traced it to the boat. He had found the number of the boat. He had found the man in charge and he had searched the boat after it had been floated and sent back to the ship to be repaired. The money, he was sure, was on the beach, and he was equally sure that he was going to find it. Mr. Bushnell was an old-timer, and when he had the whip hand he enjoyed it. He was enjoying it now because Ensign Flood was a reserve, and because Ensign Flood outranked him, and because Ensign Flood was getting sulky.

WHEN they arrived at the beach-party tent, Chief Krotch was standing in front of the door like a policeman. He had his hands in the breast pockets of his sheep-lined coat, and he was chewing the corner of his lip where the stubble from his face hung down so he could catch it with his teeth.

"Are they all in there?" Mr. Bushnell snapped.

"Signed, sealed, and delivered," said the Chief, but obviously he was angry too.

Ensign Flood objected again.

But Mr. Bushnell brushed past and fumbled with the flap lashings.

When he went in, the Chief shouted, "Attention," which is regulation when an officer enters compartments of enlisted men but which is seldom done except for officers of fairly heavily goldish rank, never in a place like Tartu.

The men stood stiffly at attention by their cots, their faces wiped of personality and meaning, only their eyes looking out and moving restlessly about. It was hot in the tent, for the fire in the stove was burning with a quick rushing heat. Mr. Bushnell had the Chief fold out the flaps of the tent so that almost the whole tent side was open. Then he said he was ready to begin.

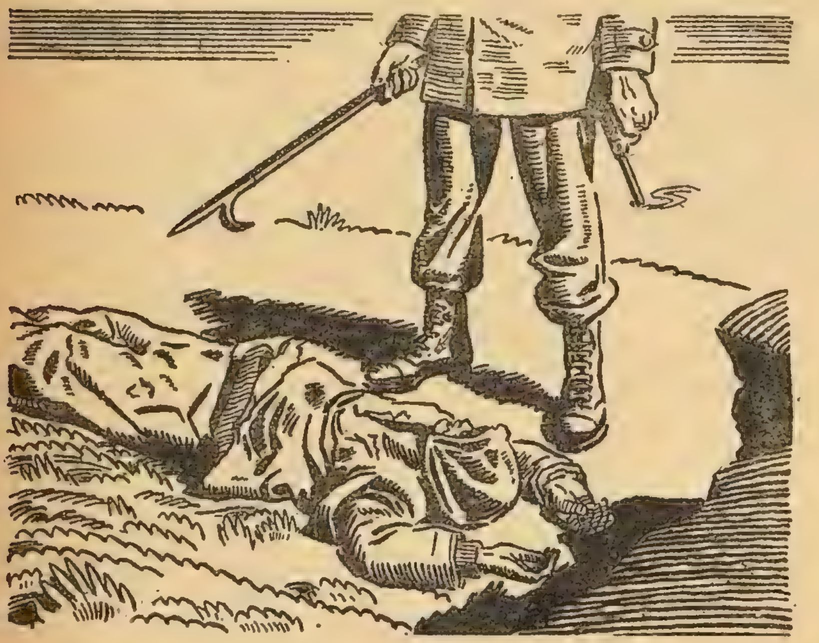
Mr. Bushnell started in with the nearest cot. He had the Chief turn the sleeping sack inside out, open up the pack which was under the head for a pillow and take it apart. Then he had O'Higgins, who was standing nearest, carry all of this out into the muddy ground outside the tent and leave it there while he went on with the next man's gear. He went through everything and, as soon as he had looked it over, had it carried out. After the cots and personal gear, he looked at the tools, the carpenter's chest, the box for the delta light, and had them piled outside with the rest. Then the tarps which had to be unfolded, and the pile of life jackets which at first he passed over quickly but came back to after a moment's thought. He took Ramirez's sheath knife and slit the padding in each jacket and felt inside of it. Finally the tent was empty except for the boards which made up the deck, the stove which was now drawing with a harsh, angry sound, and the large coffeepot they had taken from the galley of the ship and which was simmering gently over the fire.

Baffled and angry, Mr. Bushnell looked around the tent for something more to search. His eyes went past the stove and coffeepot to the decking boards themselves, and he made the men pick up these boards and then carry them out while he poked about in the muck which was disclosed with a stick.

Then he had all the men line up and he searched each man's person.

"Are you satisfied?" Ensign Flood said coldly at the last.

By now the boys of the beach party were looking at each other surreptitiously with a kind of ugly triumph.



"No, I'm not satisfied," Mr. Bushnell yelled suddenly as he saw the simmering coffeepot which could hold at least two gallons.

He began to smile and looked at the pot as a cat looks at a mouse for a full moment before he moved. Then slowly he approached it, cat-footed, and alert as though it were likely to blow up.

He tipped it off the stove so that the brown steam-making coffee poured over the side onto the stove and then down into the mucky, coal-dusted spongy ground. When it was empty he took off the lid, and inside . . . inside was nothing.

Mr. Bushnell turned around and stamped out of the tent, down to the shore, and across the beach where he had had his boat stay all the time . . . a guard stationed in it even . . . waiting for the capture.

"But where is the damned money?" Chief Krotch shouted as soon as Ensign Flood had gone.

All of them started to laugh, heartily at first and then hysterically and grabbing each other and pounding each other on the back, falling down in the mud and getting up to stagger around in paroxysms. Tears streamed down their cheeks and they stopped only long enough to draw in deep, gasping breaths of air.

"Where is it?" the Chief shouted out again.

"He wants to know where it is," Ramirez said, pointing at him and suddenly stopped laughing.

"Yeah, where is it?" he snapped. "I know you got it. I fixed it so's you had time to hide it. Now I want it to turn in, and no one gets in any trouble." His face was getting very red and he clenched both his fists. "Where is it now? Damn it, where is it?"

"H-h-he w-w-wants it for himself," said Montillion now.

"Yeah, he wants his," echoed St. Claire.

"Wait," said Ramirez, suddenly holding up his hand. The others all became quiet so you could hear the strongly drawing fire in the stove. "If you want to know, I'll show you."

His eyes were black and dancing. "I'll show you and let you help yourself."

He picked up the stick Mr. Bushnell had been using to prod the muddy earth under the tent, and with it suddenly flicked the lid off the stove.

"Here it is," he said and pointed into the fire.

In the round circle of orange flame lay the burned carcass of the bundle of bills.

"He hid it in the stove," said Ramirez and then his face became sad and clownlike. "And it all burnt up." He paused and added slowly, "Don't you think that's funny? It all burnt up."

All of them except the Chief began to laugh again.

The Chief stood there thunderstruck. He opened his mouth and closed it again and swallowed. He reached toward the fire with his hand and pulled it back as the heat flicked up.

But St. Claire, who was a tough kid, a very tough one, abruptly began to cry. He sobbed one deep hard sigh of loss.

"It was only forty thousand dollars," O'Higgins said to him softly.

"Only forty thousand dollars!" the Chief yelled out, but then could say no more.

Within the stove was the orange luminous money. The draft sucked its tissue-thin ash up the pipe. The quick sparks flew away forever on the arctic air. But the dream . . . the dream was still intact. For one time they had made the gesture of a prince.

"Forty thousand dollars." This time Chief Krotch only whispered it.

"Y-you ought t-to t-try b-burning f-forty t-thousand b-bucks sometime, Chief. Y-you n-never felt anything l-like it," Montillion said.

MOST of the time, when the boys were not at work, it was common simple living. In the evenings they visited other tents, or soldiers dropped in to visit them. One or another of them was usually out for dinner. A guest or two were generally invited in. There was nothing to read and there were no radios to listen to, but there was lots of talk, lots of long-winded lying which was Shakespeare in the rough. Sometimes they even sang, especially St. Claire, whose parents, it turned out, were officers in the Army of Salvation. They sang hymns mostly, but not through any religious feelings. Hymns are some of the easiest songs to sing and so many people know the good ones.

When the little Jap O'Higgins killed was buried, Ramirez volunteered to help the burial squad and dig the grave. While they were waiting for the chaplain, who thought some words should be spoken at the grave, he noticed something gleaming on the ground by the battered head. Investigation disclosed some fillings that had been knocked from the Jap's teeth in the fight. They proved to be gold.

The men were all satisfied now on the beach, and they feared a return to the ship where presumably there was discipline and, without a doubt at all, work of the heaviest kind.

Every few days Ramirez would make a trip over to the ship, where he would do a number of things. He would get a boatload of food and a large bundle of old clothing donated by the officers and men on board who felt sorry for the men ashore.

It was two days after the incident of O'Higgins and the Jap when Ramirez made his last trip over on business. He wandered around the ship and watched the men at work. Aft, the men were down in the bilges breaking out ship's ballast. He watched other working parties busy cleaning filth from all the decks, and he could see not only the work they did but all the work piled up ahead. He went up the wardroom to find Lieutenant Ptoki.

"I've got good news for youse," Lieutenant Ptoki said, smiling suddenly his false, forbidding, old-school chief-boatswain's-mate smile. It showed his teeth, which were brown and crooked. "I've got the word for all of youse ashore."

"Oh?" Ramirez waited without committing himself.

"Mr. Flood tells us how the work is all cleaned up in there. Youse can all come back aboard and take it easy."

Ramirez thought about the men he had been watching on the deck, and how they were taking it easy. "You know, sir," he answered slowly, "Mr. Flood is a very young officer. I don't mean that he doesn't know his job. Naturally I don't." He looked up to see how he was going across. "He's young, sir, anxious to see us get out of trouble over there, but it still seems to me that there's a lot to do. We can take it a little longer, sir. It's not good, but really we don't mind."

"You mean Mr. Flood don't know what he's talking about?"

"Oh, no, sir." Ramirez looked down. "But you could talk it over with the Chief. He . . ." Ramirez looked up and spoke out squarely. "He's an old-timer. He's a regular like yourself."

"I'll think about it," Ptoki said and looked back at his coffee. He was glad people knew he was a regular too.

Ramirez, for the first time in almost a month, was conscious of himself as a part of the Greeley, a member of the ship's company. He could suddenly smell the dark green bilge-water smell of the cold, greasy, dark passageways of the ship, the flooded engine room and the turbines all awash with muck and oil, the whole dead compartmented torso of the vessel, and he thought of the work, the hard work necessary to bring it back to life, and he knew that once he was on board, he would not be able to shirk.

Even when he was back in the tent on the shore, he was scared . . . simply scared to death.

THAT night when all of them, except Chief Krotch, who was playing cribbage with his friend the master sergeant, were in the tent, Ramirez sketched out the situation for them. Then they all sat in silence for a long, long time.

"I-I ain't goin' b-back." Montillion broke out suddenly. "N-not n-never!"

"But how?" Ramirez said in despair. For this once he had no plan at all.

Now O'Higgins began to laugh. He had a childish kind of giggle when he laughed. He squinted up his eyes and shook his head and sighed.

"What is it, Eskimo?"

"I was thinking about Mr. Flood." He giggled in enjoyment of his thought. "I was thinking how funny . . . how awfully funny it would be if we could sell him a gold mine."

Everyone looked up sharply except Montillion, who looked down at the deck self-consciously.

"I was thinking what a funny position he would be in," O'Higgins went on slowly. "If he had a gold mine, he could not tell anyone about it because it would belong to the Army . . . maybe the Government . . . I do not know. But he would have to keep us on the beach so he could work it with no one knowing." He began to laugh again and shake his head. "It is so funny."

"If we had a g-gold m-mine," said Montillion.

"If you cannot catch a fish with a hook," said O'Higgins suddenly serious and enigmatic, "and if you cannot spear him with a spear, invite him in for dinner."

And it was Ramirez who caught the idea.

"Monty," he called over at Montillion. "Let me see your pyrites."

Montillion, who had been prospecting, dug sheepishly down inside his clothing and dragged out a little cloth bag with a drawstring top. He tossed it over to Ramirez who opened it and poured some of the crystals out into his palm.

Ramirez looked at the glittering pyrites for a long, long time. Then he poured them back into the bag, slipped the bag into his pocket, and pushed his way out under the tent flaps and into the night.

He made his way up the hill, but not toward the barabara where Ensign Flood was living. He went on inland past some tent villages and finally stopped outside the master sergeant's tent where Chief Krotch spent his evenings. He stopped outside in the dark and took the little bag out of his pocket, made a simple manipulation which was practically invisible in the dark, and put the bag back in his pocket. Then he undid the lowest flap lashing and, ducking low, pushed his way into the tent.

It was a standard army tent, square, with a stove in the middle like their own. There was a table which could also serve as a desk behind the stove, and some boxes for chairs. The Chief was sitting behind the table as Ramirez came in and the sergeant was standing up pouring coffee into two large-size Navy cups which stood on the table.

"I wanted to see you, Chief," said Ramirez, and then less respectfully, maybe a little patronizingly, "Hello, Sarge."

"Sit it down," said the Chief, who had won the cribbage that night and in the warmth felt cordial.

So Ramirez sat it down and put his elbows on the table.

Without saying anything, the sergeant took another cup out of one of the boxes, filled it, put it in front of Ramirez.

"You've done a little gold mining, haven't you, Chief?" said Ramirez, leaning forward a little.

"I done a little of everything," said the Chief, leaning back comfortably. "And what I ain't"—this was a compliment to his host—"the sergeant has."

The sergeant nodded very gravely.

Ramirez reached down into his pocket, taking a little time.

"I want you to tell me what you think of this." He poured the contents of the sack out on the table so it glistened in the soft, white light.

The Chief had been cleaning his fingernails earlier, and his big sheath knife which he used for this lay on the table. Without leaning forward he picked it up and spread the shining yellow crystals out with the edge of the blade. He sucked on a tooth for a moment.

"Some of the Cracker's gold," he said at last.

Ramirez nodded.

"Fool's gold," he said in a tone of finality.

"How about that piece?" Ramirez pointed at a chunk of a little larger size and different shape.

"Fool's gold," the Chief repeated sadly.

Ramirez started to rake the crystals together to put them back in the sack.

"You can leave them here, though, if you like." The Chief leaned forward and raked them away from Ramirez with his hand. "I got a joke I want to pull when I get back on the ship."

Ramirez did not object. They talked a little more, and Ramirez left.

When he was gone, the Chief looked at the old master sergeant. "You seen what I seen. Or did you?"

The sergeant leaned forward from the end of the table where he sat and reached with his coffee spoon to the little pile of pyrites. He separated a chunk from the others, the same chunk Ramirez had pointed out. When he had it all alone from the others, he sat back again and said simply, "Gold."

"Right," said Chief Krotch leaning forward again.

They were both silent for a time.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

"I'll find out from the boys where they been working," said the Chief. "It's a pity we can't stake a claim."

"That's all this invasion needs now, a gold rush," said the sergeant in a sudden burst of eloquence. "You're going back aboard tomorrow?"

The Chief leaned back again. "I don't hardly think so. The boy"—this was the way he referred to Ensign Flood when he was in private with his equals—"does pretty much what I tell him." He thought for a moment or two. "We'll find a way to work that claim even if we got to go to work at midnight."

He reached inside his jumper and pulled out two cigars. He handed one across to the sergeant. They both bit the end off nicely, smiled, and spat. The sergeant lit a sliver of kindling in the stove and held the light for the Chief. Then he lit his own. The cigars made a rich, pleasant aroma in the tent.

FOR several days the boys in the tent kept an anxious watch on both the Chief and Ensign Flood. They were given a little work to do, a little policing, but nothing hard. Three days passed, four days, five days. On the fifth night, O'Higgins, who had been up and wandering about at night as he had begun to do again, saw the Chief, and the sergeant with him, heading up the bank of the stream carrying a dishpan and a shovel. When a week had passed, they decided that their residence on the island was at least semi-permanent. The whole thing warranted, they thought, some kind of celebration.

They dug up the raisin-jack wine which had been maturing all this time like a secret thought, and decided that it was ready. It had a green yeasty taste, but a sourness too which promised a mild drunkenness, at least if you could stand to be persistent in your drinking. They set the keg up on two emergency ration cans in the rear of the tent where it was inconspicuous but handy. Then they turned their attention to other matters less important.

In the clear square space in the tent to the left of the stove as you went in, they made a long table at which all of them could sit. In the center of the table they put the centerpiece which was supposed to be a surprise . . . although all of them had helped construct it . . . and covered it with a towel until the proper moment. On the tent pole above their heads they tied a large paper bow of toilet tissue which, viewed objectively, looked very festive. This last actually didn't last very long for it caught fire early in the evening from the red-hot stovepipe which was just a little too close by.

St. Claire made up little savories of ration biscuits with melted cheese on top, little things for them to nibble on during the drinking which would precede the eating.

"Just like Oscar of the Waldorf," said Ramirez admiringly as he watched St. Claire work.

"With his tongue in his hell-fire cheek," St. Claire answered. He was a tough kid, but secretly he was pleased.

The only problem was what to do about the Chief. They didn't want to invite him, although they had come to hold for him a kind of crusty affection. They didn't want to invite him, and still they didn't want to hurt his feelings. The Chief solved the problem himself. In the late afternoon when the food was cooking, he came strolling casually in, sniffed at the cooking smell and sat down. He looked around at the decorations and slumped down in his sheep-lined coat.

"Well, boys," he said through his teeth, "it looks like Christmas."

When they were all collected in the tent, Montillion opened up the brew.

"What is this stuff?" said Krotch after he'd had half a canteen cupful.

"Wine," said Pegler, whom it affected quickest, brightly and blinking his eyes.

"Wine?"

"Well, if you don't like the hell-fire stuff . . ." St. Claire started out, but stopped as Chief Krotch stood up.

Everyone stopped talking then. Suddenly they felt uneasy.

The Chief walked over to the back corner where the tools and gears were stowed. He rummaged down in the pile without speaking until he pulled out a boat compass they had salvaged, an old-type compass with gimbals, bowl, and floating card which was in use in barges the first year of amphibious operations. He brought the bowl back with him and sat down. "Now," said he, "let's see your keg."

Montillion brought the wine-filled water breaker over to the cot where Krotch was sitting, and still they were all uneasy.

The Chief pulled out his sheath knife and smashed the compass glass with the hilt, and, raising the compass up to his nose, smelled the liquid which was inside. Satisfied, he poured the alcohol into the breaker through the upper plug, straining it with a piece of dirty rag. The Chief was lucky because, the service being what it is, half the compasses in the Navy are filled with kerosene, alcohol having been found too perishable as the Chief was proving.

"That'll disinfect your licker." He grinned suddenly, something so rare that his whole face seemed to crackle.

SUDDENLY they all felt warm toward one another, the fact of their close association in more bad times than good now being a conscious fact, making them first silent and then hearty in their drinking.

They turned to on the meal with relish. They turned to on the bread and hot ham till none was left, stopping now and then to refill their canteen cups with brew, smacking their lips around the meat.

But when the meal was over, there was a sudden pause when no one knew quite what to do. The Chief, his eyes looking about at random, now saw their secret centerpiece still hidden below a towel. When he had dropped in first, the boys had decided not to use it, for reasons which were soon apparent.

"What's this?" Chief Krotch shouted out and, reaching forward, jerked the towel clear.

It was a large rock painted yellow with zinc chromate and labeled "Gold." Around the base, which was a block of wood, was cardboard, and on the cardboard was printed, "TARTU DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, President, Chief Krotch."

And now abruptly there was silence.

The Chief stood up slowly and his face was very red, very red and angry. "What do you mean by that?" he said, through his teeth and slowly.

All the men looked silently down except Pegler who was sitting on his bunk playing with the magazine of a .45.

The Chief's hands hung at his sides in fists. "What I want to know is where is that hell's-a-fire mine of yours?"

"What mine?" said Ramirez suddenly and innocently.

"All right." This time the Chief opened his mouth and shouted. "I'll admit there was gold in them samples. All I want to know is where you found it."

"D-d-damn," yelled Montillion, jumping to his feet. "I t-told you it was g-gold."

"Where did you find it?" the Chief yelled back.

"Y-you'll never know," Montillion kept on yelling.

"There isn't any gold," O'Higgins said suddenly from the table where he had been sitting and quietly watching the others.

"The h-hell there isn't," Montillion screamed.

"By God, I'm goin' to find it." The Chief took a step forward with his fist doubled up and cocked.

PEGLER, while no one was looking, had shucked the rounds out of the clip he had been playing with. He stood up and went over to the stove. No one noticed him, because of the Chief and Montillion, and because they were in the habit of never noticing him. He opened the stove lid, threw the handful of pistol cartridges into the fire, and then went back to his cot.

"There isn't any gold," O'Higgins repeated.

"I seen it," said the Chief.

"B-b-but you'll n-n-never g-g-get any of it," Montillion said.

Both the Chief and Montillion stood carefully motionless, sizing each other up carefully, their jaws beginning to set hard and brutal. Montillion was big-handed and hulking, the Chief smaller but more compact, more calculating and more unblinking, but conscious of his age . . . conscious of his strained and slipping manhood.

The air itself was screaming.

Ramirez watched with excited eyes. He had his hands wound around his knees as if to hold in his excited wriggling. It was a pleasure, a fearful pleasure, too fearful almost to contain. It cut like the edge of a knife.

O'Higgins sat immobile, sleek and yellow like an idol, inwardly fighting his terror which was on him. Does all this keep on happening when I close my eyes? But there was a strong ugly scent in his nose, strong and hot like a bear.

And between the Chief and Montillion now was something uglier still because it was done with calculation. Each one was waiting for the other to strike first. If Montillion struck first, by naval regulations the Chief would be right in anything that he might choose to do. And if Chief Krotch struck first, Montillion, especially with the advantages of being young, would have him at his mercy.

And yet the Chief wanted that gold. More than anything else, it was magic to him, and there had never been one moment of magic heretofore in his life, not even love. It meant the end of hard labor and exposure . . . the end of passing on unreasonable orders . . . the end of driving unwilling men to work for which they were not fitted . . . and he could feel hot hate now for Montillion who was standing in his way. And still he was afraid, in the way the service had made him afraid, of losing the little that he had.

"H-hit me," Montillion taunted. "G-g-go ahead and h-h-hit me."

As the Chief was just about to swing, the whole stove exploded. The coffeepot, which was on it, bounced off. Fire flew out of the hole where the stovepipe had detached itself. A .45 slug came reaming through the iron side, and another came out through the top imbedding itself in the tent pole. And the sound, in the confined space, was terrific. With the second explosion, the men all dove under the cots, except for Pegler, who kept looking around brightly and sipping from his canteen cup.

Five rounds went off, and then after a long wait when they were just beginning to come out into the smoke-filled room, there was a sixth. After that they stayed down a moment more. Then O'Higgins came out and put the stovepipe back on the stove. Ramirez was next and then the Chief, then St. Claire and Montillion. O'Higgins opened the tent flaps to let the smoke blow out.

"I still want to know where that gold mine is," said the Chief, as though they had never been disturbed.

"There isn't any gold mine," said Ramirez.

"But there was gold." The Chief shoved his hand deep into his sheep-lined pocket and pulled out two little chunks of dull yellow metal. "That's gold, damn it, that's gold."

"Yes," said Ramirez sadly.

"Well, where did you get it, damn it?"

"So you really want to know." Ramirez still spoke wistfully, but then a gleam of pleasure came into his eyes, and when he spoke again it was with a quick snap like giving the punch line of a joke. "Fillings from teeth. From the Jap we buried. It's fillings from his teeth." He almost crowed.

Then Ramirez turned to the others who were standing a little away to the side, and this time again his words were soft and thoughtful. "You see, I knew the Chief wouldn't be fooled by fool's gold. And I thought perhaps Mr. Flood wouldn't be interested at all."

"But why . . ." the Chief started out.

"Because we wanted to stay on the beach. Because we didn't want to go back to the ship." He looked at Chief Krotch's face, which had slowly become bewildered. Then he laughed. "Because we wanted to stay on the beach." And then quite urgently. "It's life. Just like I say. See what I mean. It's life."

What he meant by this, perhaps he didn't know himself except that men go on from day to day getting along as best they can from hand to mouth, that nothing lasts very long, but that there is always something.

But while he had been speaking, Ensign Flood, attracted by the sounds of shooting, had hiked over through the night and was now standing between the open tent flaps listening to what they said. He cleared his throat abruptly.

"We'll be going back to the ship tomorrow, men," he said. And as if they hadn't heard him, he restated it. "We'll leave the beach tomorrow."

But Ensign Flood was wrong as usual. The next day a storm blew up, one of the worst storms of that winter, and they clung to the beach for fear of leaving it like a kite.

"See what I mean," said Ramirez. "It's life. See what I mean."

THERE was nothing to give warning of the storm. The morning broke with slow late light as usual, gray, lavender, blue, and pale yellow, the air very still and sharp and the harbor so quiet that a boat crossing it to the ship left its wide-spreading furrow undulant upon the water.

The stillness of the morning persisted for an hour or so, and then little miniature williwaws and wind ripples began to whisp across the water. These grew and multiplied and combined till a light but steady offshore breeze was blowing.

And it freshened so slowly during the day that it had reached almost storm velocity before anyone had taken note at all.

The wind picked up a lot of things—shelter tents in which several of the soldiers were still living, tarps, and camouflaged straw with which several of the dumps were covered, sailing them all off to windward. It even routed out Ensign Flood who had taken refuge underground in his barabara in the hill, for a flooded gun-mount hole above caved in and dropped three hundred gallons of ice water in his lap.

Chief Krotch set the men to work lashing down the island the way you would lash down gear aboard a ship for sea. They passed tarps over piles of rations and wire cables over these, streaking down the bitter ends or burying them deep around "dead men" in the sand. Then they heaped rocks on top of everything they could and dug foxholes for their stores. And when finally this was done, a constant watch was set.

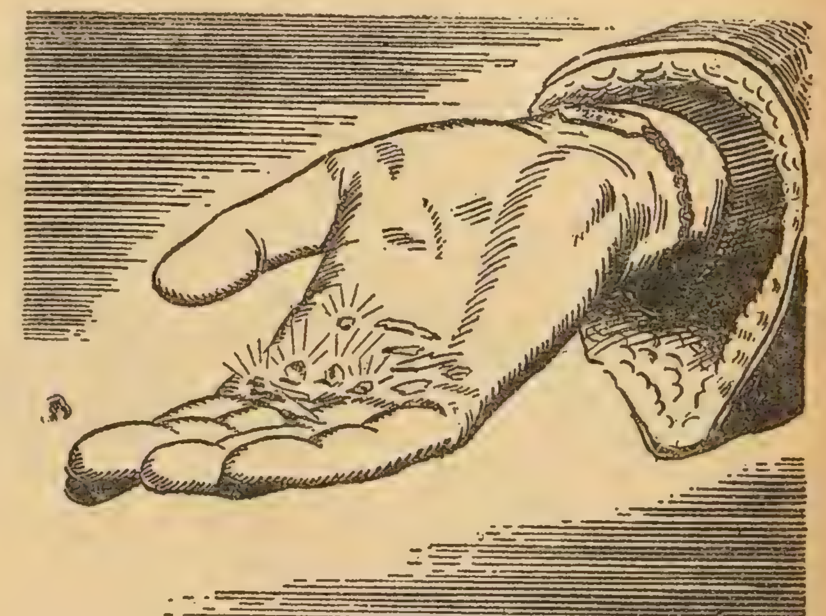
"Well," said Chief Krotch to his boys at last, "get what rest you can." And what else he said the wind whipped away unheard.

The boys went back to their tent which, being in a slight lee, was still standing. Inside the tent they were all very silent. They had a kerosene lantern going, and the light was very dim. No one undressed . . . not even removed his shoes . . . but each man lay on his bunk watching the quivering drumhead canvas above him. They smoked cigarettes and talked a little now and then, but when a man spoke he would still look fixedly above him, not moving from his position flat on his back. There always comes a time when there is nothing more to do but wait. They waited now, and in due time they were called.

Around ten o'clock Chief Krotch crawled out of his hole and let the wind carry him down to the shore. Here he found everything in as good shape as could be expected, except the four forty-foot motor launches which were the property of the Army. They had been moored in what should have been the lee of the dock, but a shift in the wind of a point or two west had put them to windward, and they were laboring badly and chafing one against another.

The Chief turned around and fought his way back to the tent to call his boys.

The night, once they were out in it, was a million hands pushing them along and down into the water. Hours later, when they had secured the boats, they fought their way up the rise to where their tent had been, but now there was no tent. They were lost, they thought at first. Only slowly did the situation dawn upon them. While they had been at work, the tent had been blown away, the tent and everything in it, blown away so cleanly that not even a knife and fork were left.



And for some unknown and foolish reason Montillion sat down and tried to light a cigarette.

"D-damn," he said as the cigarette sailed off to leeward, "D-d-damn!"

WHILE the boys were working with the boats on the beach, Ensign Flood was sitting in the shore party commander's barabara where he lived. He wasn't on the beach because no one had told him about the beach. He was cold and he huddled over the stove, which was in one corner under a candle stuck into the rough planking of the wall. He felt miserable. And, furthermore, he had a pain in his side, and there was no liquor in the house.

"Oh, God," he asked, "how did I ever come to this?"

It was just about then that he was flooded out.

Actually he saw it coming, but he didn't try to do a thing. It came suddenly like water out of a pipe. One minute the candle was lighting up the corner, the next it was dark and his feet were swinging over his head, and then his head was surrounded by the coldest cold he had ever known. It gripped him in pincers wherever it touched him and it touched him everywhere. And, strangely enough, there was a hissing sound, too, like steam. This was steam from the hot iron of the stove.

It was probably this steam and the slight warmth of it which saved him when he was thrown into the current of it. It allowed him to get a breath and somehow comprehend what had happened. He struggled up along the wall where the double bunks stood and pulled himself to the doorway. He got hold of the knob and with panic strength pulled as hard as he could. The door came back and then he went sprawling out into the wild, black night.

He pulled himself to his knees and then crawled across the shore to where the beach-party tent was situated and where, at this time, it still stood.

Dripping and wretched almost to death, he fumbled with the tent flap and then crawled inside the dim still room which the tent seemed to be. He pulled himself up to his feet and pulled open the stove lid. Then he dumped what was left of the coal in the men's coal sack in on top of the dull coals lying on the grate.

With a shaking tent about him and the pain in his side, and a dirty blanket which he pulled close, he saw now the hideousness of living and the wisdom that he had shown always in partaking of it as scantily as possible.

But the storm was completely indifferent to all this. Abruptly and with no warning, the bottom edge of the tent at the point at which he happened to be staring rose up off the ground, heaving up the stakes which held it down. Then the gale came in. And with a noise like a four-masted bark heaving to, slatting and banging and luffing wildly, the whole tent, pole and all, popped into the air and vanished like a giant bat sailing off to leeward, leaving Ensign Flood hugging his blanket in the full blast of the wind again.

ON the extreme western end of the beach were two overturned Higgins boats. These barges had been wrecked in the first storm at Tartu and they had been wrecked beyond salvage. This was why they had been heaved up high onto the tundra and overturned. Three soldiers were using one of them for a shelter.

They had a fire in a hole below the lee gunwale and the wind sucked the smoke out rapidly. Two of the soldiers were stretched out in their sleeping bags. The third soldier squatted by the fire and tried to heat up a can of "C" rations. He burnt his fingers several times and swore each time. He burnt his fingers once more and started to swear again, but stopped as he saw Ensign Flood crawling in through the smoke under the gunwale. The soldier who was smoking watched Mr. Flood silently, too, and the man who was asleep woke up to stare at him as well.

Mr. Flood stood up as soon as he was inside and cracked his head against one of the frames of the boat. He stood for a moment looking wildly back at the calm stares of the soldiers.

"I'm cold," he said at last, and that was all.

No one moved or spoke.

There was no place for Ensign Flood to sit down because the earth around the fire had melted into mud which was wet and sloppy. He looked around red-eyed, stooping-over, belligerent, and his voice was quite hoarse.

"I'm an officer, and I'm cold." This time he half shouted.

"You-all are welcome to the fire, sir," said one soldier.

"I'm an officer, and I'm cold," he repeated. "I'm cold and I want a sleeping bag."

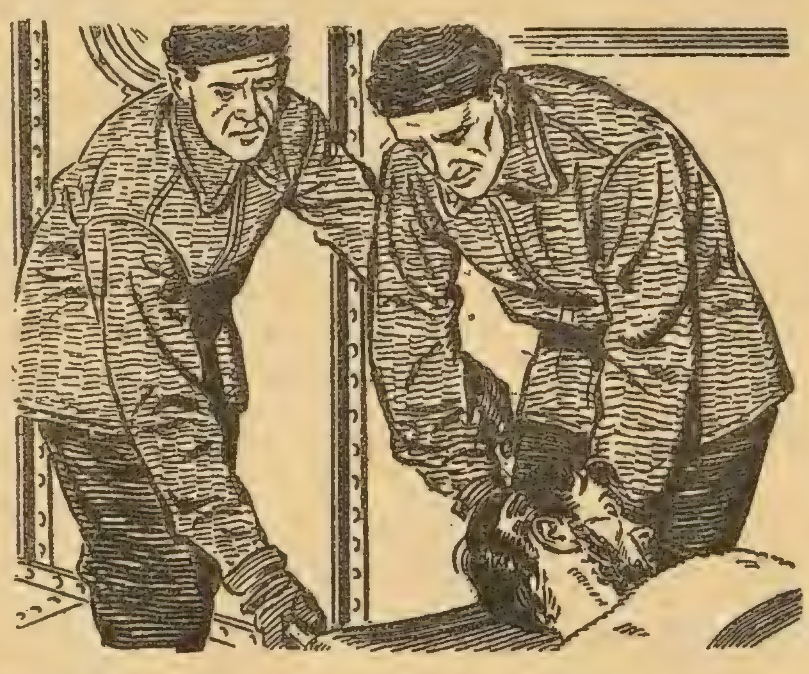
The three soldiers became interested in what they were doing, one in sleeping, one in eating, one in smoking.

"I'm an officer, and I want a sleeping bag," Ensign Flood now screamed. "Don't you hear me?"

He would have said more, but a fit of chills came over him and he began to shake. His head began to shake back and forth so that the sou'-wester hat flapped and his jaws chattered.

After a moment or so of this, the man who was eating said, "For God's sake, sir, knock it off."

The man who had been sleeping or pretending to now sat up. It seemed as though some inside fury had been burning and had now broken out. "Why, damn it," he said, "if you want to get warm over our fire, you're welcome to it. But we ain't got any sleeping bag to give you. If you want to get warm, why don't you go for a run? Run up and down the beach. Run until you're warm, or stand by the fire, but don't ask us for anything we haven't got."



"Why, damn!" Ensign Flood now yelled back, overcoming his chills for a moment. "Listen here, you damn enlisted man, I could have you shot for that. Why, damn it, I'll shoot you myself." He fumbled at his hip for the .45 he sometimes wore but which he didn't have on now. And when he found this out, he began to scream out things which were unpardonable.

"Animals," he screamed. "Bloody, disgusting animals, that's what you are! Why, damn it, I wouldn't wipe my feet on you." And then, crazily, "I know all about you. You sit down in the berthing deck and make fun of us, and you aren't fit to wipe our feet on." Now he was in complete passion of anger, and the amazed soldiers edged backward in their sleeping bags away from him. "Get up. Don't you know that everything is all a bloody farce?"

But now more cramping chills caught him and doubled him over so that he grasped his belly with his hands.

It should have been obvious that something more than cold was wrong with him.

He fell over in the mud on top of the blanket he had dropped, still shaking and grasping his belly. He moaned now in a childlike way and once or twice asked for his mother.

The soldiers began to pull themselves out of their sleeping sacks and look helplessly at one another.

THE storm had a numbing effect on their minds. It took a long time, quite a long time for them . . . for the beach party . . . to grasp that their tent was really gone, not just moved away or hidden. After a long time, St. Claire remembered the upside-down landing barges on the beach and, when he had shouted the idea into the others' ears . . . when it was comprehended, it became obvious that the boats were the place for them to go.

"If this a-here's one of your officers," said the soldier who had been trying to sleep as they crawled in under the gunwale, "if this a-here's one of your officers, you'd better do something about him."

The beach-party boys stood half crouched over the fire so as not to crack their heads on the boat's frames and stared down at Mr. Flood, who lay there in the mud on the dirty blanket with his arms around his belly and his knees drawn up to his chin, his posture and sharp-inched features giving him the look of a stillborn baby.

"W-w-what's the m-matter with him?" Montillion asked.

"He says he's cold," said the soldier who was still sitting in his sleeping sack and still smoking a cigarette.

"Damn," said St. Claire. "So he says he's cold?"

"I reckon he is cold," said the soldier.

"He's b-been cold b-before," said Montillion. "H-h-he'll be all right when he g-gets a l-l-little sleep."

Ensign Flood moaned and said something about his side.

"Oh," said Pegler suddenly, "that a man would put a devil in his belly to steal away his wits." Then he sat down close to the fire.

The others sat down, too, and made themselves comfortable on the ground. Ensign Flood continued to moan from time to time. His face had gone an ash-gray color with the sharp lines of pain in it etched even sharper by the dirt.

He kept his eyes closed most of the time and there were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Finally with a great effort, he sat up. When he spoke, his teeth were still clenched in pain, but he spoke quite rationally. "Something's wrong inside here," he grunted, holding his side. Then he dropped back into the same grotesque embryolike position in which he had been lying before. "Oh, Mother," he said. "How have I ever come to this!" He was quite incoherent suddenly. "Oh Lord! Lord!"

"I was brought up Methodist," said one of the soldiers.

St. Claire stood up and went over and looked at Mr. Flood carefully. "I think there's something wrong with this guy."

Something in the tone of his voice made all the others look.

And now that was apparent which should have been apparent all along.

They picked Mr. Flood up as carefully as they could, carried him over to the soldier's sleeping bag, and slid him in gently.

And then they began to wait.

Such nights do end . . . but slowly, slower than the moving hands of the clock, slower than the crawling of the stars. But still they end.

IN the morning the wind dropped off considerably.

Ensign Flood's condition was about the same except that he was having hardly any lucid moments at all. And Chief Krotch, who was out looking for his boys, found them under the boat and once again took charge.

"All right, boys," said the Chief after he had stood under the boat for some time studying Ensign Flood where he lay. "All right, boys, make up some kind of a litter. We'll go back to the ship."

"I think we're just about done with this hell's-a-fire island anyway," he added.

They were lucky enough to find a Stokes stretcher in the wreckage on the beach, and they put Ensign Flood in it.

Then they carried him down to one of the motor launches they had saved the night before. They laid him, in the stretcher, across the thwarts and he rested there like a mummy in the center of the boat.

A sudden let-up in the fall of snow gave them a glimpse of the ship. She wasn't where she should have been. She wasn't standing on the beach as she had been before. She was a quarter mile farther out and riding . . . yes, riding on her anchor chains and the beaching gear which in the last few weeks had been run out. She was afloat. Really there was no mystery. A storm had blown her on, and this last one had blown her off again.

Could anything be simpler?

The Chief stood in the stern sheets of their launch with the tiller in his hand.

The beach party's work was done on the island. In spite of the wreckage along the shore, the work for them was done. There was nothing more that any of the five of them in the launch could do or even wanted to do.

"We might as well shove off," said Chief Krotch, looking down at Ensign Flood. "We might as well shove off and get the business ended."

MR. FLOOD lived. They hoisted him on board from the launch without removing him from the litter and took him to the sick bay. The Greeley's sick bay, because the Greeley was a transport designed to carry casualties back from invasions as well as healthy men to them, was more than adequate. And at last, about three days after she had come free, the Greeley was ready for sea. On all the decks men were busy closing and battening down the hatches, the carpenter's maul making sharp cracking exclamations in the clear morning as the wedges were driven home. Other men were griping in the davit boats and still others bringing down the booms into their cradles and stopping off the guys with rope yarns. In spite of the wrecklike appearance of the ship, this activity everywhere was gay, and the lightheartedness of these tired men facing a three-thousand-mile tow through dangerous waters was so robust and real that when you stopped your work to see it you were cut with its loveliness as if with a knife.

Gunner's mates and strikers were busy tearing down, cleaning, and reassembling guns in all the turrets. With a heavy shoulder heave a man would jam a long gun swab up into a three-inch barrel and sing out with a quick salty oath and salty vulgarity which the near-by men racking up shells in the ready boxes and setting fuses would return in kind as though this, the voyage ahead, were everything they had ever lived for.

Just forward of the poop deck in the waist, seamen were trundling large oil barrels up to the hatch where they were securing them with wire rope cinched down tight with turnbuckles. And these men would spar and kick at each other's shins with their heavy arctic overshoes, and crow like children at any minute momentary victory until the coxswain in charge would remember the work and with hoarse shouts turn them to again, but even the work on this marvelous morning seemed halfway a joke and they would slam the barrels down on the steel deck so that the barrel heads would rumble.

This hard young exultance was felt all over the ship. Cooks and yeomen and storekeepers came up to shiver on deck, some of them even turning to with the seamen to share more keenly in this surge of life and hope and morning. The feeling spread even to the topside, and officers who hadn't been on deck for weeks now walked about the navigation bridge rubbing their cold hands together or blowing into their fists while they joked with one another and mentioned spots in Frisco, which seemed only a moment away, where they would all meet to drink when the trip was ended.

How long this feeling lasted would be impossible to say. But sometime close to noon the whole ship gave a sudden shiver, and a cheer went up from forward. The towing hawser went fast, and the tug had taken up the strain.

The port chain was unshackled and the Greeley was under way. Word was passed, the wheel manned, and sea watches set.

For the first time in weeks men looked up at the gaff where the ensign still fluttered in the wind. It was a gray rag now, for it had never been struck since they had put to sea from Adak.

And now as the Greeley towed slowly out and met the first of the ocean swells, someone, no one ever knew who, began to sing.

"Comin' in on a pump and a prayer," he sang. "Comin' in on a pump and a prayer," his voice rose in the stirring melody and rhythm.

And all over the ship the song seemed to catch on and men were singing, shouting together the words and adding their own ad-libbed words as the song progressed. "We're comin' in on a pump and a prayer. There's holes in the bottom but we'll get there by autumn. We're comin' in on a pump and a prayer."

THE END

Puzzle 344 11/16/4

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

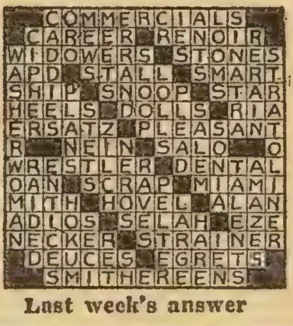
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Bartlett, Kieffer, and Seckel suggest the what?
5 Complete: They also serve who only stand and ——
9 Complete: Le Coq ——
12 What archduke tried to raise an Austrian division for the U. S. Army in the late war?
13 Name a Chased American woman writer
14 La Claire's fust name
15 Who is the new U. S. Secretary of Labor?
18 In no trumps you should do what with the fourth from the highest of your longest suit?
19 The ratio of the length of a perpendicular to that of the radius of the circle (pl.)
20 Uncle Tom's Liza's associated with what cold expression?
22 What's the worst thing to catch a skunk with?
25 What's the peachiest place in the U. S. A.? (abbr.)
26 The meridian 180° is the boundary for what international line?
28 What's the last letter in the Greek alphabet?
30 Pluralizer
32 Louise, Mephistopheles, and Boris Godunow are all about to be heard in whats?
34 Jack was urged to be what?
36 Compass point (abbr.)
37 Name a section of a symphony orchestra
39 Bessie McCoy Davis, a glamorgal of yesteryear, was known as the What-What Girl?
40 What tender word is common to all languages?
41 Lounge (anag.)
43 Kind of man
44 Love is said to be what? (Shane)
47 What's five in French?
49 What was a British district called that sent M.P.s to Parliament after its population had disappeared? (two words)
53 What kind of maniac has I trouble?
54 Seed's second overcoat
55 Mysterious Biblical word
56 The, male, German
57 Zola wrote a novel about what grisly glamorgal?
58 What could be dubbed Klondike gun rummy?

VERTICAL

1 The Greeks called Neptune what?
2 &c.
3 Vigorous pursuer of inflated bladder, small white pill, or other silly object
4 What pitcher was known as Schoolboy?
5 Iowa's state flower is what? (two words, pl.)
6 Complete this song title: —— Alone by the Telephone
7 The birthplace of whom did I recently ignorantly attribute to Kansas instead of Texas?
8 Gets a Palm Beach coat
9 Who protected animals, forests, and women in childbirth?
10 Cone, singularly
11 What word is never on Oxford students' lips? (pl.)
16 Frenchmen are said to live to do what; others vice versa?
17 Of what crime couldn't an old-time Mormon've been convicted?
21 Name a fine wine made on the Cape of Good Hope
23 Time of the day (abbr.)
24 What Florida city sounds like a soft drink?
27 A knight on the road was said to be what?
29 What are the two most important letters in the American Army?
30 Colorado's St. What Mt. is over 10,000 feet high?
31 In law a title is usually whatted before a sale?
33 Celtic revivalist
35 A heavy snack would be a what?
38 Marital swear word people say I to I to
40 What age are we leaving for the Atomic Era?
42 Red, silver, white, California red, and Shasta are varieties of the what?
44 Hybrided
45 The necking seats in a movie house are in the what?
46 Your mother and father at college is the who?
48 What's names in French?
50 What corresponded to OPA during the depression? (abbr.)
51 Coal holder
52 What African animal sounds pretty fresh?



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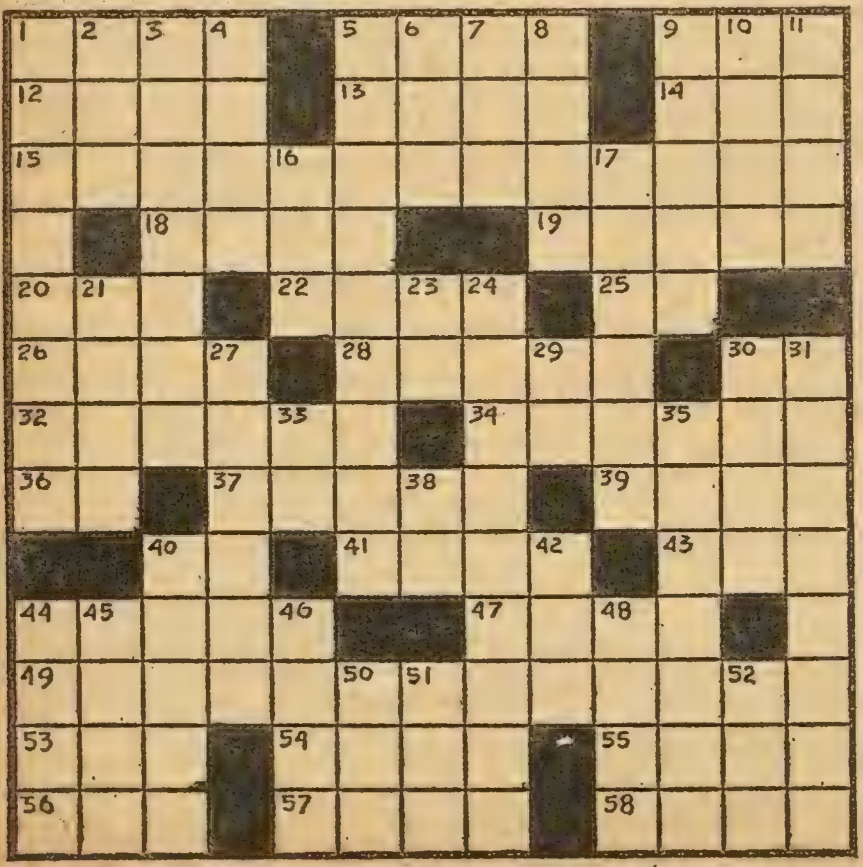
Last week's answer



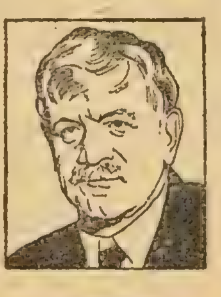
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

"GREAT humorists ought to be gentle, agreeable people to meet, with a breadth of view and a kindly tolerance of trifles—such as they show in print. Mostly, they are not," says **Stephen Leacock** in his posthumously published collection of essays, **Last Leaves.**

"Charles Dickens, in spite of a boundless energy and exuberance of fun, was an intolerable egotist who had to be 'it' all the time. . . . Lewis Carroll was a sissy, and W. S. Gilbert was a bully, over-conscious of his talent."



Stephen Leacock

Curiously, the great humorist who wrote these lines was himself intolerant of minds less brilliant than his own. Barbara Nimmo, his niece, gives one instance of this in her introduction. Mr. Leacock, she tells, once ordered a young hired man: "Bring me a piece of ice, a small piece about the size of your brain." But on this occasion he was outsmarted, for: "The boy returned with a chunk as big as a ten-gallon hat."

For many years a professor at McGill University, Mr. Leacock had an amazing talent for dealing lightly with heavy subjects. The lecture, Common Sense and the Universe, reprinted in this book, contains an explanation of the structure of the atom in which he uses an Irishman as the symbol for the proton and a whirling shillelagh as the electron.

For those who prefer their Leacock without scientific adulteration, there are such pieces as Are Witty Women Attractive to Men?

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER, by **Josephine Pinckney,** takes the skeleton out of the closet of an aristocratic Charleston family and rattles it gracefully against a background of brilliant conversation.

The real protagonist of this novel is a dead man, Fen Redcliff. His widow, Judith, clinging to her grief as though it were her only support in a shaking world, finds that another woman begrudges her this cold comfort. The strange feud between Judith and Lorena, the other woman in Fen's life, is essentially the stuff of melodrama (as Hollywood has already recognized with a whacking big check for the picture rights). But in Miss Pickney's unusual novel the accent is on subtle shadings of characterization and mood.

Josephine Pinckney

Although Three O'Clock Dinner is a long book, its quality is that of a series of delicate miniatures rather than of an epic.

Published by Viking Press, N. Y. Price $2.50.

LAUGHING STOCK, by **Bennett Cerf,** contains gags, anecdotes, and limericks that you'll be hearing for months to come, so you may as well get a copy in self-defense.

A sample of Mr. Cerf's wares is the story of a golf game between Supreme Court Justice Stone and a Virginia bishop. "The bishop missed four straight shots in a bunker without saying a single word. Justice Stone remarked, 'Bishop, that is the most profane silence I ever heard.'"

Published by Grosset & Dunlap. N. Y. Price $1.

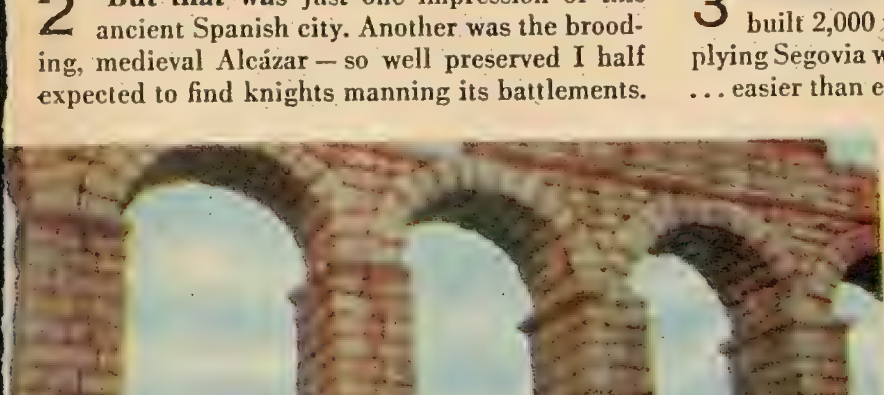
TIGHT SQUEEZE IN SEGOVIA

1 **"I turned abruptly** from a perusal of the curious 'waffle iron' walls of Segovia's famed Casa de los Picos," reports an American friend of Canadian Club Whisky from Spain, "to find myself being pinned to the masonry by the horns of a mammoth and determined ox. For an excruciating moment it was nip and tuck. But the oxcart driver, who had attempted to turn in too narrow a street, finally managed to get me off with no worse than a torn jacket.

2 **"But that was** just one impression of this ancient Spanish city. Another was the brooding, medieval Alcázar – so well preserved I half expected to find knights manning its battlements.

3 **"Another memory** – the fabulous aqueduct... built 2,000 years ago by the Romans and still supplying Segovia with water. A hundred thrills has Segovia ... easier than ever now for Americans to know.

4 **"When I flew** over last Spring, my big Pan American Clipper was signalled in at Lisbon just 19½ hours out of New York ... I was in Segovia the next day.



5 **"And wherever** you go in this sun-drenched land, one thing will strike you. Here, as at home in the States, you'll find a fervent regard for the unmatchable flavor of Canadian Club!"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

ALMOST STUPENDOUS

Continued from Page 47

me—" I started to tell him, but he shut me off.

"I don't want to hear the sorry details," he told me. "Just you pick up your feet and get!"

He was still miscalling me from his float as I started along the beach in the direction of Mechitna Cannery at the head of the bay. I was sad and mad together—plenty of both. Sure, I knew Ric Kelsey had asked Nikki to marry him, while I was off last spring fishing blackmouths in the Straits. He wouldn't have had the nerve to any other time.

The Sea Otter'd been my home, and I hadn't any place, not even a shack, to hole up in. But the night was blind, with the sky bluey black and the stars like candlefish swimming deep down, and, unhappy as I was, I could still have felt worse. Nikki might wish she'd said yes to that white-collar smart-pants, Ric Kelsey, but at least she hadn't handed me back my ring. It wasn't much of a ring, just a little chip diamond I'd won over at Tantalus Island in a pay-night game, but it was comforting to know it was still on Nikki's finger. At least, I hoped it was still there.

I KEPT tramping along the shingle till I was well around the point, then bedded down on dry seaweeds between a couple of drift logs. The sand fleas were pretty bad, but I guess I had a biting coming to me, letting Mike take me like that. It was near morning before I got to sleep and I didn't waken till the mail steamer was whistling outside the Narrows.

I sat up between the logs and began to comb the seaweed out of my beard, watching while the steamer eased into the cannery dock, a mile away. More passengers were getting off than I ever saw her unload before—forty of them, maybe fifty—and the crew was dumping an awful lot of freight as well. There was something mighty queer about this, because the cannery had closed down last week and would stay that way till the pilchard run started. Whatever was up, it needed looking into, and anyway, they'd stake me to a bite of breakfast in the cannery cookhouse.

It was still a couple of hours till breakfast time, though, so I settled back for another nap. This time, who should wake me up but Nikki, prodding me with her toe like I was something washed in by the tide. She was wearing her slack outfit with the top business that leaves her bare amidships, and she had her hair in a fancy upswept do. Generally she only rigs like that when we go picnicking on Sunday, and this was just Thursday. I didn't get it, and I must have looked as surprised as I felt.

"Close your mouth," Nikki said to me, short and sharp, "and brush that dead crab out of your beard. Don't think I came here looking for you, Gunnar. As a matter of fact, I'm on my way to the cannery to see Ric Kelsey."

"Then I'll go with you," I told her. "And if that dude pokes his nose out of his office, I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Nikki snapped. "If you want to know, I'm going to ask him to help you get the Sea Otter back. Just out of pity, I hope you understand. I'm sure Ric will find a way. He's clever, Gunnar."

"You leave him out of my affairs," I said, getting mad all over again to hear his name. "I'd sooner have the Sea Otter turned into a shark fisherman than get her back through him. Nikki, do you want to make me the laughingstock of this whole damn bay?"

"What do you think you are now?" Nikki asked me. She began to walk faster, and when we got to the shore end of the cannery dock she kept right on walking, up toward where Ric Kelsey sits playing big shot behind his desk in the timekeeper's office.

THE hills run up real steep behind Mechitna. On the dock there's the cannery itself, painted white, and behind it a bunch of company bunkhouses and shacks all strung along a single plank street, most of them not showing a lick of paint. Myself, I think it looks gosh awful, but you ought to see the way the tourists go for it. There was one stopped by last year on his way to Alaska, a dude by the name of Howard. He rambled all over the show, asking questions sixty to the minute and never waiting for an answer. They were canning pilchards, but he didn't seem to mind the smell or even notice it. Said the place was just what he was looking for.

What with seeing Nikki and her telling me where she was going, I'd forgotten all about that batch of passengers off the steamer. But I remembered now. Mechitna looked like a little city. Fellows were scurrying around with boxes and coils of wire and folding chairs and I don't know what-all else. Another bunch was rigging cameras, biggest I ever saw, on the dock behind the cannery. Others were just strolling around along the street and in and out of the cannery, duded up in all manner of queer clothes. Men and girls both; and one of those girls was almost as pretty as Nikki.

When this girl saw me, she stopped in her tracks and gave a kind of squeal. Then she pointed her finger at me like she was aiming a gun, and began calling high and excited for someone by the name of George. A long, lean man, very brown in the face, shoved his head out of the cannery side door, and I saw it was that fellow Howard who'd asked all the questions last September. He was wearing light-colored pants and a shirt to match, and for all that the sun was full up by now, he had a purple scarf wound around his neck and stuffed inside his shirt. One of those French beret businesses was tugged forward on his head.

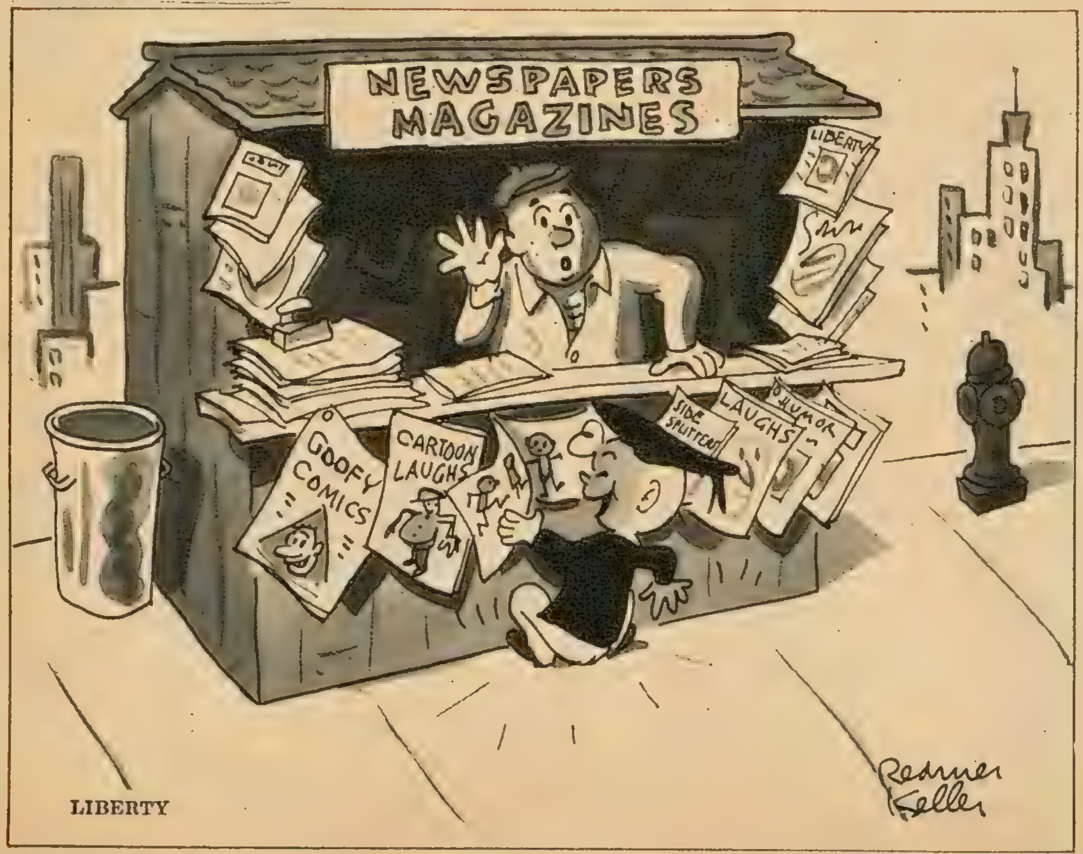
"Oh, George!" says this girl—she had black hair, all smooth and shining, right down to her shoulders, and was wearing a short hell-fire red dress like I saw once on a gypsy girl at Seattle—"George, he's wonderful! That beard! He's just what we've been looking for!"

And all this time she was poking her finger at me.

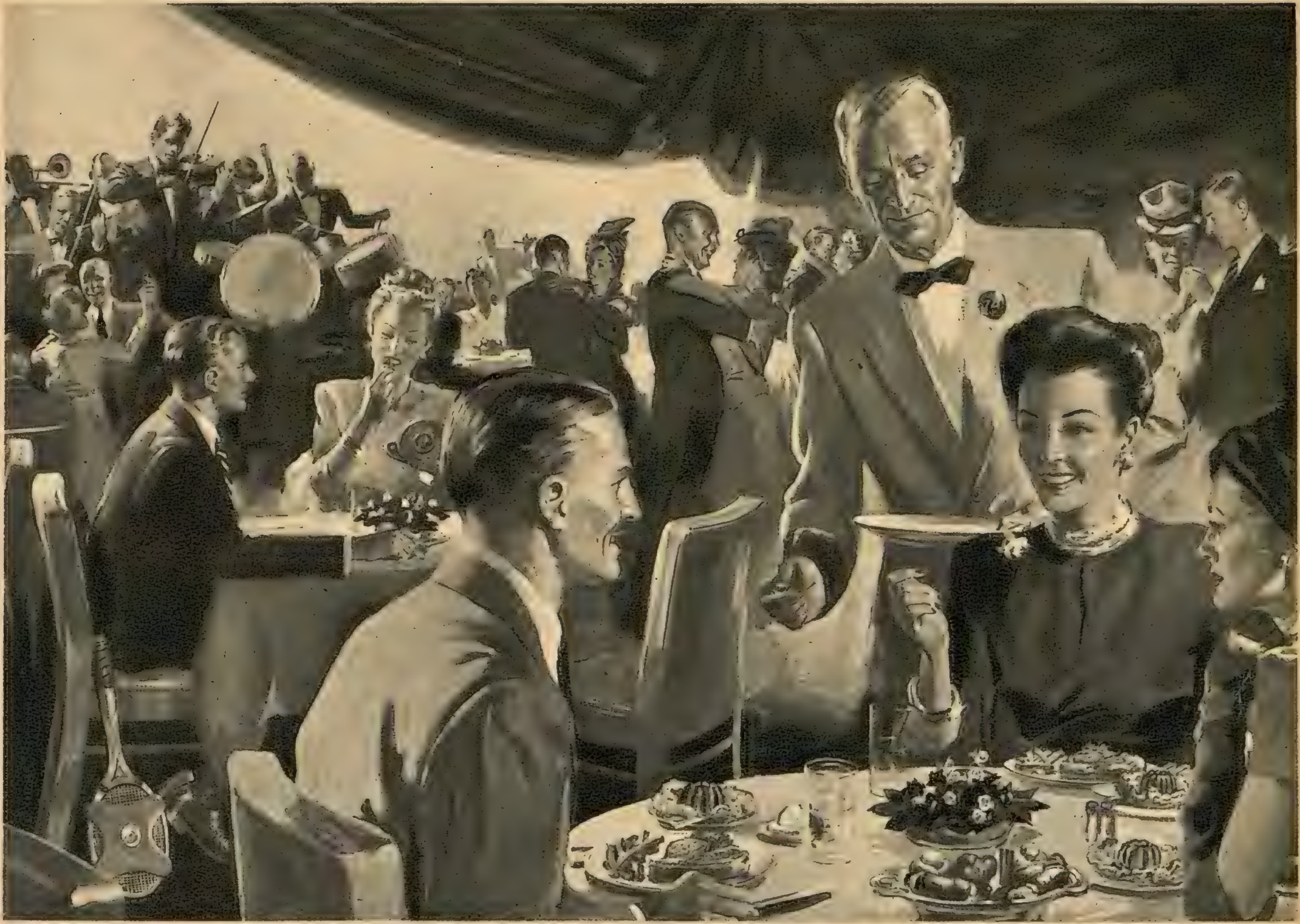
"You're right, Gloria," Mr. Howard said. He sounded excited, and he was rubbing his hands together as

(*Continued on page 70*)

HARDTACK



Meat Guessing Game



There are twelve uses of meat packing industry products in this picture . . . How many can you identify?

YOU, perhaps, have considered steaks or chops on your table in normal times, or billions of pounds of "eating" meat for fighters in wartimes as the one and only job of your meat industry.

Certainly the furnishing of meat, with those complete, high quality, essential proteins is the primary work of the American meat packer.

But where else does this vast business touch you and your life?

As an indication of the industry's versatility, look closely at the restaurant scene above. You will find in it the following products and by-products produced by the meat industry or from raw material which it supplies.

There is ***meat*** on the plate. The french fried potatoes were browned and beautified in ***lard,*** and the rolls were shortened with it. The aspic salad was prepared with ***gelatin.*** The dishes are made of ***bone china.*** The gentleman diner is wearing a ***wool suit.***

The shoes you see are made of ***leather from hides of meat animals.***

The violinist is making sweet music and a tennis player can play sweet tennis on ***strings*** manufactured from products of the meat industry.

The lipstick the woman is using spreads color more smoothly because it contains ***lanolin*** and ***glycerin,*** supplied by the meat people.

The drummer beats the time on a ***calfskin drumhead.*** The chairs are held together by tough animal ***glues.***

If we have overlooked anything (and we probably have) we invite you to set us right.

The modern meat industry has long been noted for using "everything but the squeal"—not only the kinds of products you see in this picture, but others contributing to this scene, such as air conditioning filters from animal hair, and curled hair for the upholstery; also such vital products as thyroid, insulin, adrenalin and sutures that are lifesavers in the doctor's hands.

Have you considered just how this economical production affects your own life and living?

In normal times, it brings your retailer fresh cuts of meat regularly. And because "everything but the squeal" is utilized, it brings you those cuts far more economically than otherwise you could have them.

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(*Continued from page 68*)

he hustled toward me. "He's colossal. Almost stupendous. He must have been a year growing it!"

He said to me, "That red beard—it's real? Your own?"

I like to take things easy and slow. This was a lot too fast for me. But he was waiting for an answer, staring at me like he was fixing to eat me, and still rubbing his hands.

"Sure it's real," I said. "And you won't find another like it in these parts."

"Good," Mr. Howard said. "Good. Now — tell me — who's the ugliest, toughest man you know around here? The one most like a human beast?"

That was easy! "Mike Sanderson," I told him. "Even his own kids are scared of him. He looks like something that's swung down out of a tree. You'll find him on that fish packer tied up alongside the dock."

"If he answers your description," Mr. Howard said, "he'll do. I'll hunt him up. Gloria, keep an eye on this one—don't let him get away."

HE hurried down the dock, taking about four feet to a stride. The girl in the gypsy outfit put her hand inside my arm. Her eyes, I saw, were blue as the Straits when the west wind's blowing.

"You won't even need make-up," she told me, tipping her head back so she could look into my face. "If only this were in Technicolor!"

She looked like something out of a picture herself, with her little rubber boots halfway to her knees, and her wide leather belt with a lot of fancy flashers in it.

"Now," she said, "suppose you take me uptown for a cup of coffee. This place is fascinating—the atmosphere!"

"It's pretty bad all right," I said. "But you ought to be here in September when the pilchard run's on. Atmosphere gets so thick then you could cut it with a dull knife. About that coffee. I was just heading for the cookhouse, so I'll take you along."

I walked her past the cannery office, she still clinging to my arm like she was scared I'd bolt for the woods; and there was Nikki on the office steps with Ric Kelsey beside her. His mouse-colored hair was slicked down flat, and he was wearing a tie with his shirt as usual. Nikki stood staring at us, looking as bewildered as I felt.

She was mad too, I could tell, and I figured there was no harm in that. Maybe it was time she saw me with another girl, especially a swell-looking one that went for my beard like this Gloria did.

The cook gave us ham and eggs. When we were through, we strolled back to the dock. They'd finished rigging those oversize cameras, and had set up what looked like a battery of spotlights at the corner of the building with wires trailing every which way across the splintery dock planking. Mr. Howard was sitting in a folding chair that had his name printed on the canvas back, and under that, "Director." He swiveled around and jerked his head at me.

Then I noticed Mike Sanderson, standing close to the far edge of the dock. He was wearing his work clothes, and his mouth kept opening and shutting so he looked like an overgrown ling cod.

"You're the cannery foreman," Mr. Howard told me, nipping off his words as if he couldn't get them out fast enough. "Gloria there is the owner's daughter. You're the faithful retainer type, strong in the back but weak in the head. So dumb you don't even know what day it is—"

"Sure I do," I said. "It's Thursday."

"It's Friday," Mr. Howard told me, with a queer look. "Now, that man there. He's a fish poacher. He's come to threaten your old, ailing boss. You don't like him. You hate his guts—"

"He's worse than a net cutter," I said, "and you're damn tooting I hate his guts. Why, only last night he sucked me into a game and deadfalled me—"

"He's your worst enemy," Mr. Howard said. "You stride over to him and you say, 'I've been waiting a long time for this. Now I'm going to beat your teeth down your throat—' Can you remember that?"

"Sure," I said. "I could even tell him a lot worse, if you want."

"Then you hit him. He goes down. You jump on him, and he pulls up his knees and lies still. You finish off by hauling him to the edge of the dock and heaving him over."

"I'll welcome the chance to paste him," I said, "and I don't even mind putting the boots to the big chiseler. But Mike Sanderson's a pretty tough customer. What's he doing all this time?"

"He's been instructed what to do," Mr. Howard said. "After you toss him off the dock, you turn around, rubbing your knuckles on your shirt front. Gloria rushes out of the cannery and flings herself into your arms. You pat her on the shoulder and say to her, 'Don't you cry, Susy. He won't come back.' "

"But her name ain't Susy," I said.

Mr. Howard didn't let on that he heard me. "You've got your lines straight?" he asked. "All right!"

The fat little man standing beside his chair squeaked, "Quiet on the set!" and Mr. Howard shouted, "Camera!"

THE big camera nearest me swung a quarter way round. Mr. Howard waved me in. Mike just stood there, his hands hooked into his belt, and I never see him look so tough.

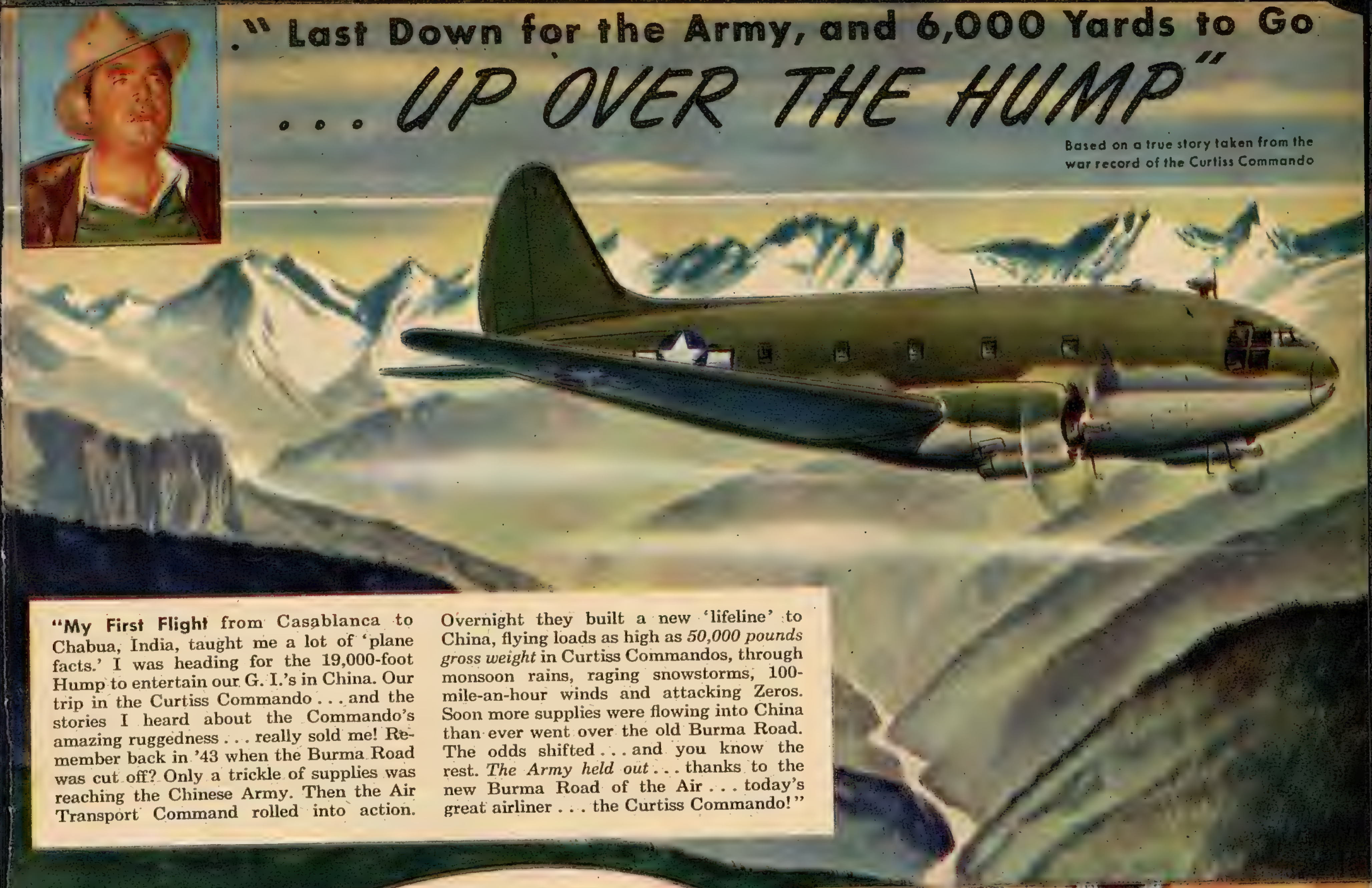
I didn't feel good about this, but I clumped over and swung on him, and, holy old bald-headed, he went down! One punch, just like that!

Then I hauled off and jumped on

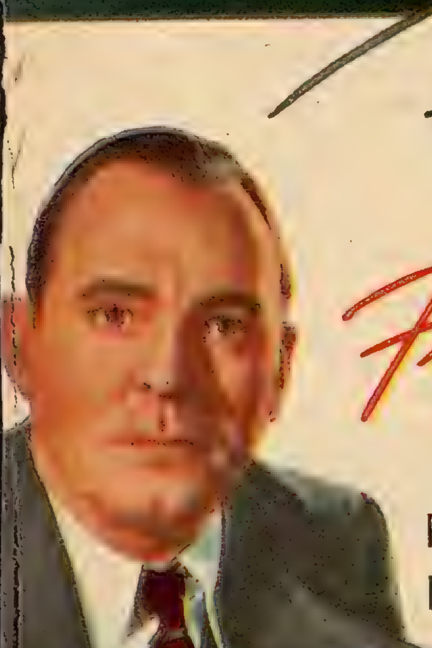
(*Continued on page 72*)

"Last Down for the Army, and 6,000 Yards to Go . . . UP OVER THE HUMP"

Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando

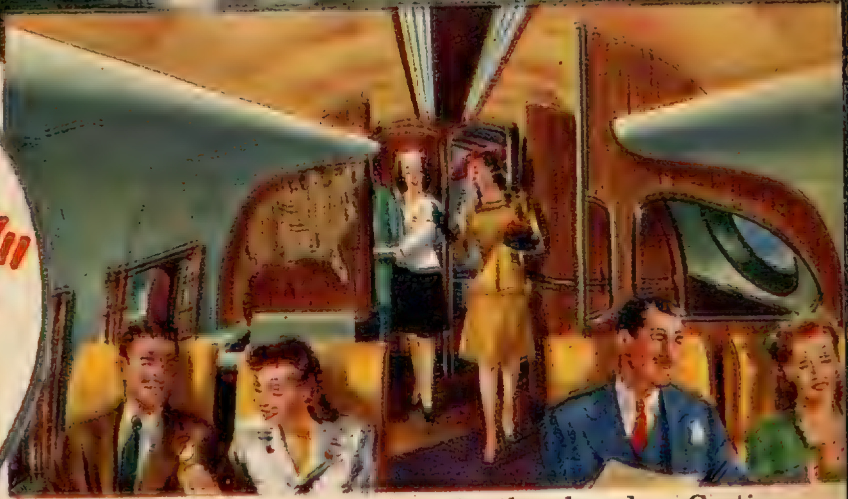


"My First Flight from Casablanca to Chabua, India, taught me a lot of 'plane facts.' I was heading for the 19,000-foot Hump to entertain our G. I.'s in China. Our trip in the Curtiss Commando . . . and the stories I heard about the Commando's amazing ruggedness . . . really sold me! Remember back in '43 when the Burma Road was cut off? Only a trickle of supplies was reaching the Chinese Army. Then the Air Transport Command rolled into action. Overnight they built a new 'lifeline' to China, flying loads as high as *50,000 pounds gross weight* in Curtiss Commandos, through monsoon rains, raging snowstorms, 100-mile-an-hour winds and attacking Zeros. Soon more supplies were flowing into China than ever went over the old Burma Road. The odds shifted . . . and you know the rest. *The Army held out* . . . thanks to the new Burma Road of the Air . . . today's great airliner . . . the Curtiss Commando!"

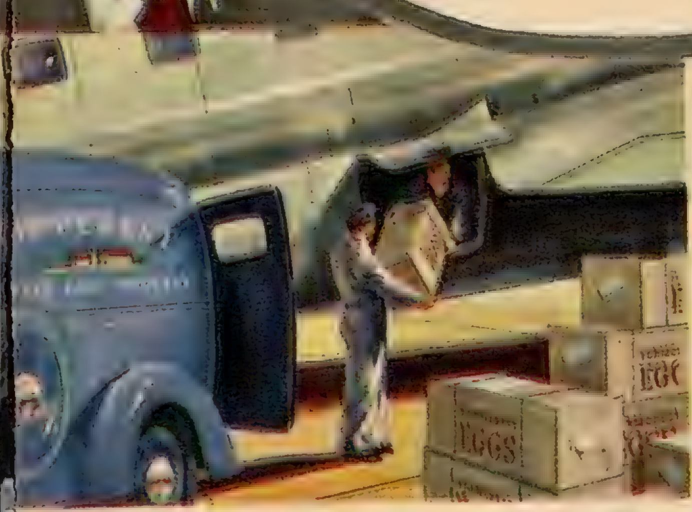


"THAT'S WHY I WANT TO RIDE THE AIRLINES THAT WILL *Fly Commando!*"

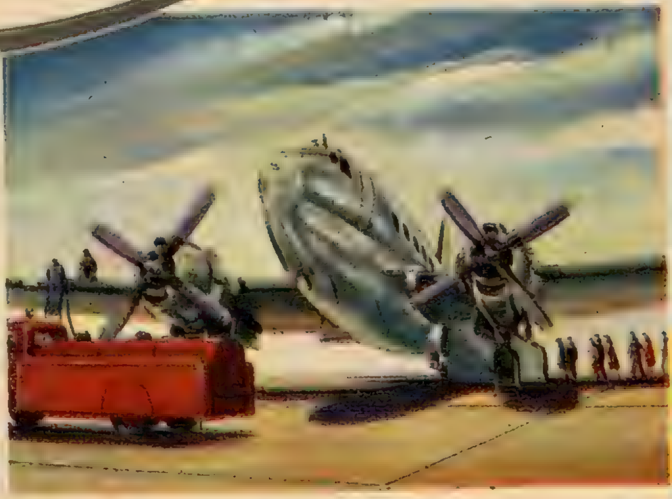
PAT O'BRIEN . . . SOON TO BE SEEN IN "THE PASSIONATE GHOST" ◆ AN RKO PICTURE



Your Every Wish is granted promptly aboard a Curtiss Commando. Just touch a service button . . . a soft chime sounds . . . and a service light above your chair summons the hostess. To enable her to serve you more quickly and efficiently, there's an attractive hostess corner, complete with streamlined desk and comfortable chair, at the rear of the luxurious cabin.



All Good Eggs are air-minded. Soon you'll buy country-fresh eggs from hundreds of miles away . . . just one of the perishables that you'll select because of the label—"Air-Fresh." And foods that Fly Commando, in the world's largest, fastest, twin-engine transport, are a new treat for you.



Feed Bag for 4400 Horses. Fuel for the Commando's twin 2200-horsepower Wright Cyclone 18 engines is supplied more quickly at flight stops. Improved fuel tank filler necks take gasoline as fast as fueling systems can pump it. So, with faster servicing and loading, the Commando spends less time en route.

THE CURTISS *Commando*

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VENUS

(*Continued from page 70*)

him—I was kind of glad I was wearing my rubber hip boots with the heavy cleats on the soles.

Mr. Howard was out of his chair and yelling "Cut—cut—" But I was enjoying this so much I hardly heard him. I got Mike under the arms and dragged him to the edge of the dock with his heels trailing, me remembering how he'd monkeyed me out of the Sea Otter every step, and I heaved him over.

But he didn't land in the bay. They'd rigged a net a yard or so below dock level, the kind of net they use on fires or in circuses, only smaller. Mike bounced into that.

He opened his eyes and glared up at me something fierce. "Listen, you big, stupid lunk," he growled. "I don't know why they picked you for this part, but next time, don't you bust me so hard!"

Mr. Howard was shouting at me. "Your lines! You forgot your lines! We'll have to have a retake. And this time, really jump on him. I want to hear him squish!"

THIS was all getting crazier and crazier, although I'd gathered in a sort of a way that I'd landed myself in the movies.

Mike climbed back onto the dock. He was limping a little, but he stood there again in the same place, with his thumbs in his belt, looking even tougher than before.

Mr. Howard yelled, "Camera!" and I started for Mike.

"I've been waiting a long time for this," I said good and loud, just like Mr. Howard had told me to. "Now I'm going to feed your liver to the sharks."

I walloped him on the jaw, harder this time, and when he went down I jumped on him. Guess I hopped about three feet into the air and, sure enough, when I landed he squished. Then I hauled him to the edge of the dock and bounced him headfirst into the net.

It seemed to me that I'd heard Mr. Howard hollering "Cut!" again.

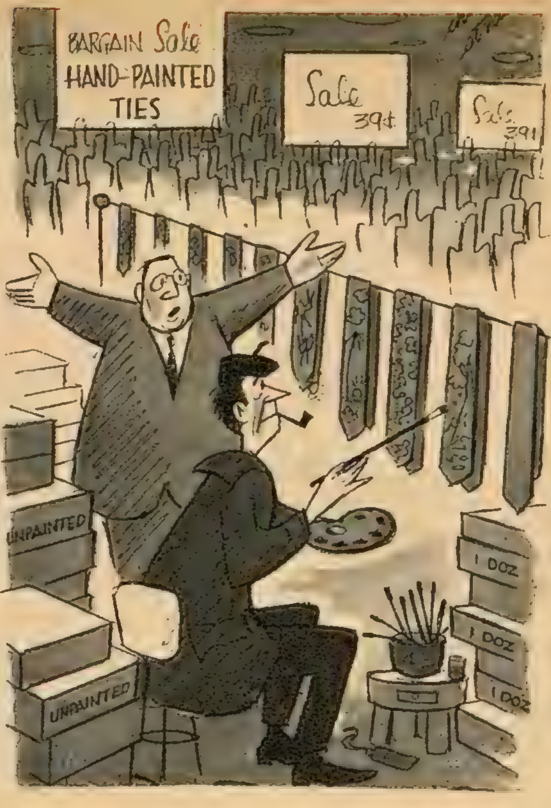
"That was better," he told me, "but you fluffed your lines. It's 'beat your teeth down your throat,' not 'feed your liver to the sharks.' "

"Guess I've got shark livers on my mind," I said, still thinking about my Sea Otter, and her papers probably in Mike's hind pocket right that minute, and how he planned to misuse her.

Mr. Howard rubbed at his long chin, looking thoughtful. "I don't know but what the way he had it isn't better, at that," he said to the fat little man beside his chair. "What do you think, Stebbins?"

"Much better, chief," this Stebbins came back at him, very brisk and cheerful. "It sounds—more brutal. Yes, I like it."

"Then it stays," Mr. Howard said. "But you're still not getting enough action into it—either of you." He called to Mike, where he was hauling himself up to the dock. "You rode with that last punch. Next time, stand and take it."



"Faster, Mafooski, faster, faster, faster!"
LIBERTY

"Next time?" Mike squawked. "My Gawd, you mean this oxfoot gets to trample me again?"

Mr. Howard shut him off with a flip of his hand. To me, he said, "I think you'd better jump on him twice."

Mike let out a kind of groan and put his hand up to his ribs. "Gunnar," he said, "come over here first. I got to talk to you."

"No time for talking," I said. "I'm enjoying this, Mike. It's the most fun I've had since Ric Kelsey got bit by the dogfish, and every time I remember how you bear-trapped me last night I enjoy it more." I asked Mr. Howard, "Suppose I was to kick him a couple of times as well? That'd be real brutal."

Mike was shaking me by the shoulder. He looked more like a ling cod than ever, the way his yellowy-green eyes were popping.

"If this isn't your idea of fun," I asked him, "why do you do it? After all, it's a free country—I never knew you was such a heller for punishment, Mike."

"It's Henrietta," he said. "My wife. You know how she is about actors an' movies, Gunnar. When she heard this outfit was here she nearly went crazy. They've give her a spot later on in this damn-fool thing where she cleans a fish, and when that Hoosier yonder told Henrietta he wanted me too, nothing'd do but I got mixed into it. It's a case of be browbeat by her for the rest of my life, or be slugged and trampled by you. Gunnar, have a heart—I'm betwixt the devil an' the deep blue sea!"

He was, sure enough. Henrietta is only a little bit of a thing, but she doesn't ask Mike; she tells him, and what she tells, he does, or else.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
Seagram's

The Secret of Good Taste

How much a cocktail or highball can add to the good taste of good food...particularly when the pre-dinner drink is made with Seagram's 5 Crown!

For Seagram's 5 Crown is especially made to accent good taste. Special ways of distilling and blending take out all toughness... all harshness. Only good taste is left...smooth, delicious, mellow!

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THE RAZOR THAT WON

this dramatic test of loyalty

● Back in 1942 all of our production of Schick Blades went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. That condition lasted *for almost a year!*

THE CHALLENGE

Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

THE COME-BACK

The answer to that question was the most convincing proof of razor appeal ever offered!

The Schick Injector Razors—*forced into retirement a year before*—were *put back to work*—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales *climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short months.* A dramatic answer to a most dramatic test!

PLENTY OF SCHICK BLADES AT DEALERS BUT—

All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.

Schick Injector
Buy Victory Bonds!
BLADES— Plentiful Now!
RAZORS... Very Soon

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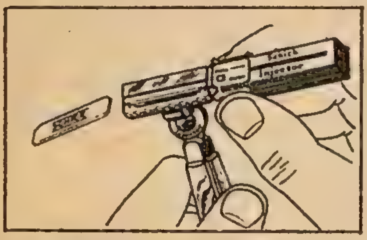

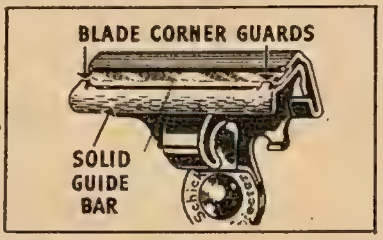

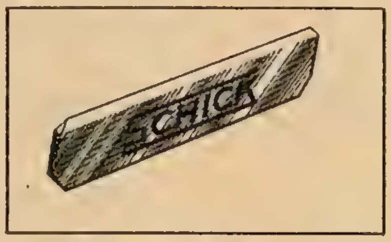

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES . . . twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

(*Continued from page 72*)

"I haven't got a heart, Mike," I said. "You tore it clean out of me when you stole my Sea Otter."

"Wait," he muttered. "Wait, Gunnar—hold it a minute—" and he was still buzzing at me when Mr. Howard shouted to us again.

"Ready? All right. Camera!"

This time I started my punch right down at the planking. Mike lifted on his toes and landed on his shoulders. I jumped on him twice, and he squished each time, and I gave him a real good toss off the dock. He missed the net and landed with a considerable splash in three feet of water on the mud flats.

Gloria came into my arms and snuggled up to my beard as if that was the thing she'd soonest do; and this time, as I looked over the top of her head, I spotted Nikki among the crowd, biting her lip and trying to look like she wasn't watching us and didn't care a darn anyway.

"That's got it," Mr. Howard said, and he seemed downright pleased. "Stebbins, take this man up and see that he draws his pay."

"Holy old bald-headed," I said to myself. "All that fun and a pay check too!"

I DIDN'T see Nikki again till late that evening, when I walked back around the bay to Gonzales Point. She was sitting out at the end of the float, fishing for rock cod; she had on a blue work shirt and denims. Her hair was done up in one of those bright red kerchiefs her pop sells to the Siwashes, and she looked just the way I like her best. My heart jumped right up into my throat when I saw her, but I couldn't find a word to say, and when I sat down beside her she didn't even let on she knew I was there.

The sun was down, and the water was all silver. My Sea Otter lay alongside the float with her spring poles sticking straight up into the green sky. It was good to sit there beside Nikki, even cold mad the way she was and likely fixing to hand me back my diamond any minute. Movie or no, she wasn't going to forget that black-haired Gloria girl cuddling up to my beard.

Nikki didn't look at me; now and then she jigged at the cod line. I said, "They ought to be biting now, Nikki," but I might have been talking to myself. The silver was fading off the water and the glow was oozing out of the sky, and there was a steady ache under my ribs like I'd gone a long spell without eating, although I'd put away three steaks for supper at the cannery with the movie people. This time it looked like she was mad at me for keeps.

I was getting up to go when Nikki turned her head. She said, in an odd, soft little voice, "I've been thinking, Gunnar—about when we get our boat back. I'd sooner have just one wide bunk in the doghouse after all, and a swing-out table on the other side."

It took a minute for that to sink in. But when it did, I reached down and lifted her in one swing. The line winder fell into the cove and the bandanna came loose from her curly hair. Her ribs cracked, the hug I gave her, but she only pressed closer, all warm and slim and soft, with her little snub nose nuzzled into my beard.

"Oh, Gunnar," she whispered, "you're a dope, but I love you!"

I said—and I guess it sounded pretty foolish—"Don't cry, baby. We'll rig our boat just the way you say. You want I should fish up that cod line for you?"

"Let it go," Nikki told me. "It wasn't baited, Gunnar. I—I was just sitting here, waiting for you."

The new moon came up, and the Sea Otter rocked as the tide ran stronger, with the bells on the ends of her spring poles tinkling soft and sweet. Nikki said, after quite a while, "I'm sure he'll get the Sea Otter back for us."

"Who will?" I asked her.

"Why, Ric Kelsey, of course. Don't you remember, Gunnar? He's going to coax Mike Sanderson into a game tonight. Ric told me he's worked out a system that reduces cards to simple mathematics—"

"Nikki," I said, "Mike's got a system too, and it don't depend on mathematics. You should have let me tell you just how he deadfalled me—"

"Don't tell me, Gunnar," Nikki said. "Not ever. I just want to sit here and dream."

WELL, that was fine with me. She was still dreaming, with her head on my shoulder, when I noticed someone mooching along the beach all tired and slow. As he drew closer, I saw it was Ric Kelsey.

Nikki lifted her head. "Why, that's strange!" she said. "When Ric left here, just after dinner, he was driving his car!"

Ric trudged down to the float. He stood over us, and I had a feeling that if he was twenty years younger he'd be fidgeting his feet.

"Nikki," he said, "I'm sorry. It didn't work. Why—I can't understand. There was something wrong with my system, some minor flaw I haven't yet worked out—"

"You mean you didn't win back the Sea Otter?" Nikki said it like she couldn't believe it. In another minute I knew she'd be crying again.

Ric give a sort of croak. "Worse than that," he said. "Much worse. I lost my new car. Sanderson is hiring it out to his wife's brother so he can run a taxi service between the cannery and Sunset Harbor."

"You were sitting right across the table from him, weren't you?" I asked Ric.

"Yes," he said.

"And behind you on the wall there was a little mirror tipped down at an angle?"

"There may have been," Ric said. "I didn't notice."

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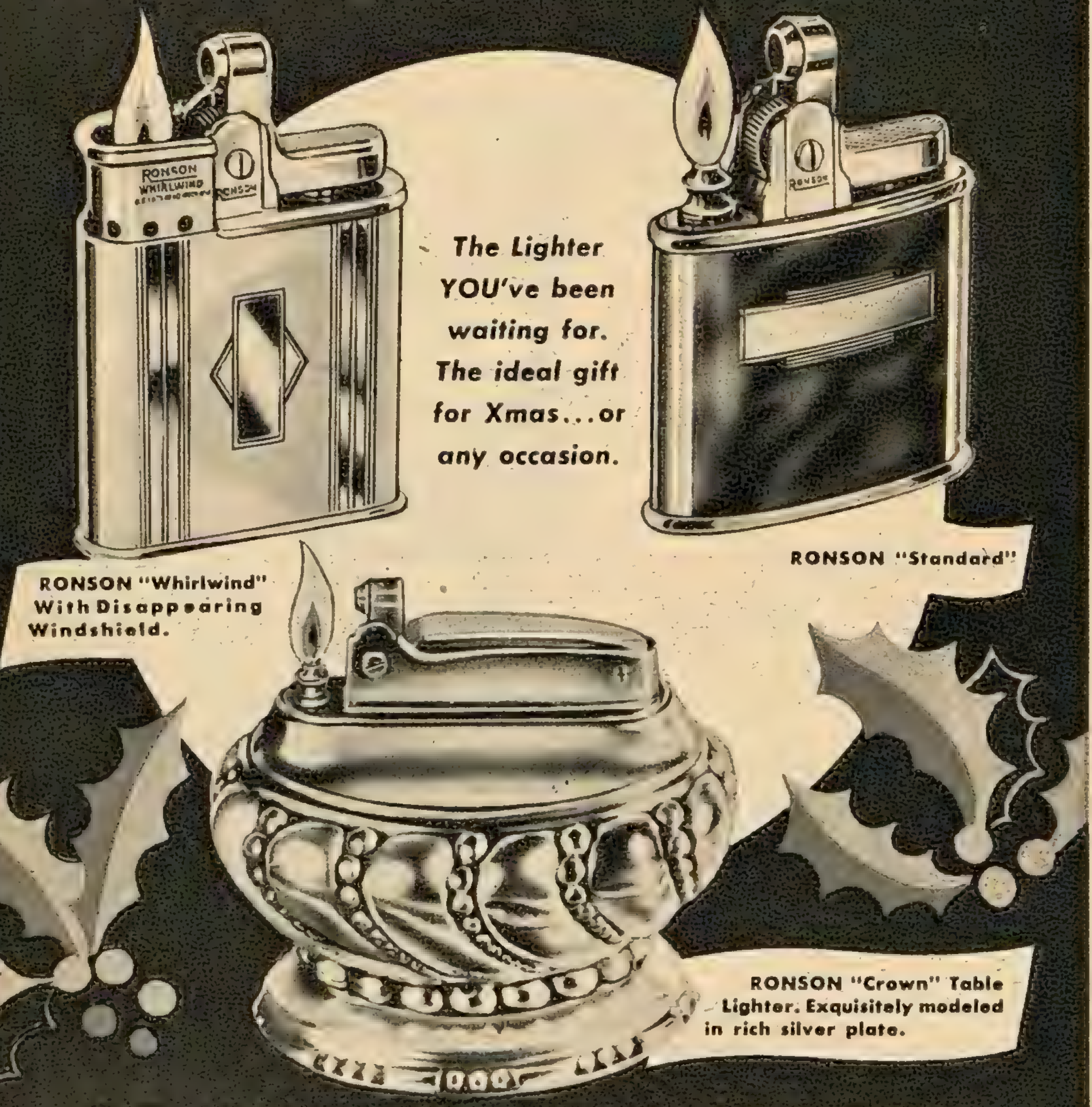

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BUILD YOUR FUTURE • HOLD YOUR WAR BONDS

"I didn't either, till it was too late," I told him. "Mike deadfalled you just like he did me, Ric. He read your cards in that mirror!"

Ric croaked again. Not saying a word to either of us, he turned and stumped off toward shore. If I hadn't heard so often how smart he was, I'd have felt sorry for him.

Nikki gave a big sigh and put her head back on my shoulder. "I'll get a job, Gunnar," she said. "Perhaps they can use another bookkeeper when the cannery opens. You can go rowboat fishing, and we'll save our money, and maybe in a year we'll be able to buy the Sea Otter back. I'm—I'm disappointed in that Ric Kelsey."

"You don't need to go bookkeeping, Nikki honey," I told her, "and I don't have to go hand-lining with any rowboat. We already have the Sea Otter back. Mike gave her to me."

"He never gave anything away in his life," Nikki said. She stiffened inside my arm and her voice began to shake. "It's—it's cruel of you to tease me that way."

"Maybe it wasn't exactly a free-will offering," I said. "But after I'd worked him over that second time on the dock this morning, he said I could have the boat back if I'd only do things right and let him out of his misery. I got the papers here in my pocket—I lifted them out before I heaved him off the dock that last time."

NIKKI was quiet for a longish spell. Then she said softly, "Gunnar, I think you're the cleverest man I know!"

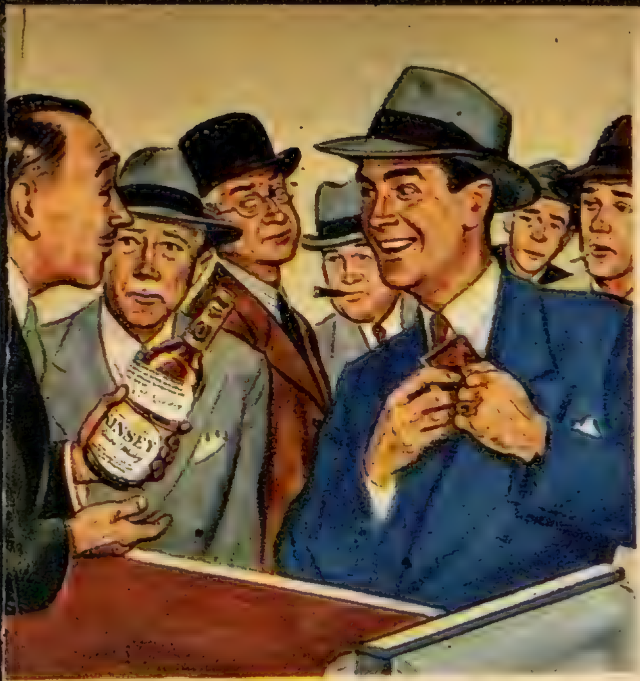
"'Almost stupendous,' Mr. Howard called me," I said. "He paid me fifty bucks too, so I bought that new secondhand engine back from Mike."

"We could have the Sea Otter rigged and ready in three days," Nikki murmured. "Get married at Sunset Harbor, say Tuesday, and set right out for the San Juans on our honeymoon. And, Gunnar—please, will you shave that beard off now? For me?"

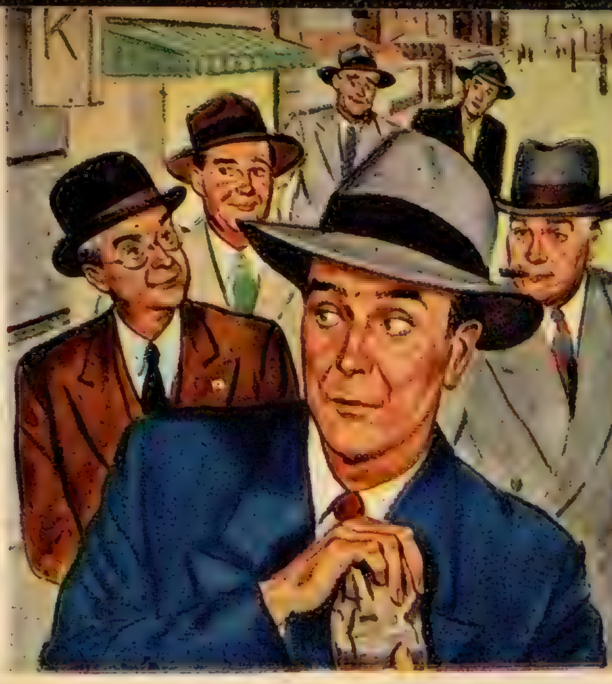
"I can't get around to marrying you before next Sunday, Nikki," I said, "and till then this beard has to stay. You see, I got another scene coming up in the movie, one where we board the fish poachers' boat and tangle with 'em. Mike Sanderson comes for me with a fish club, and I take it away from him and beat his ears off. Then I drop him overside and when he comes up I shove his head back under with the end of a salmon gaff. After we've retook that scene three-four times, Nikki, I wouldn't be surprised if we don't own the car Mike won from Ric Kelsey!"

Nikki may have said something, but if she did it was lost in my beard. The tide was making strong now, and the bells at the tips of the Sea Otter's spring poles were jingling merry as little wedding chimes.

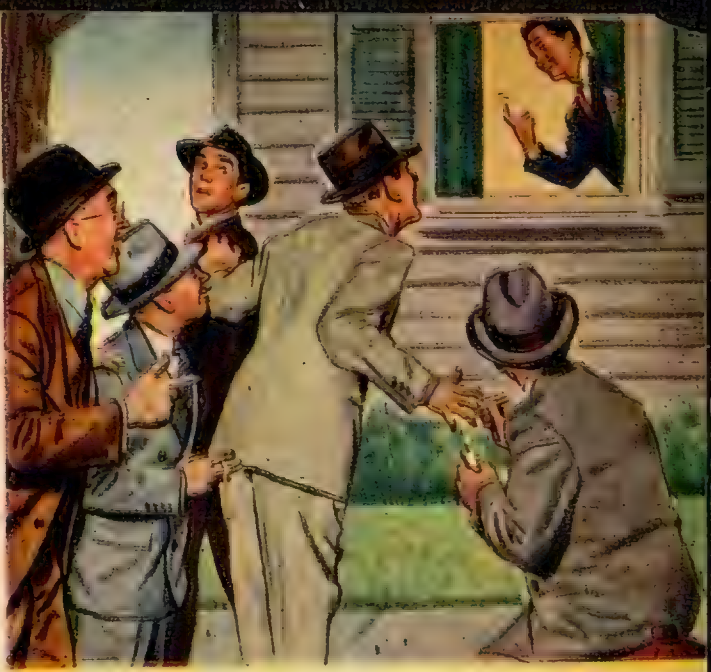
THE END



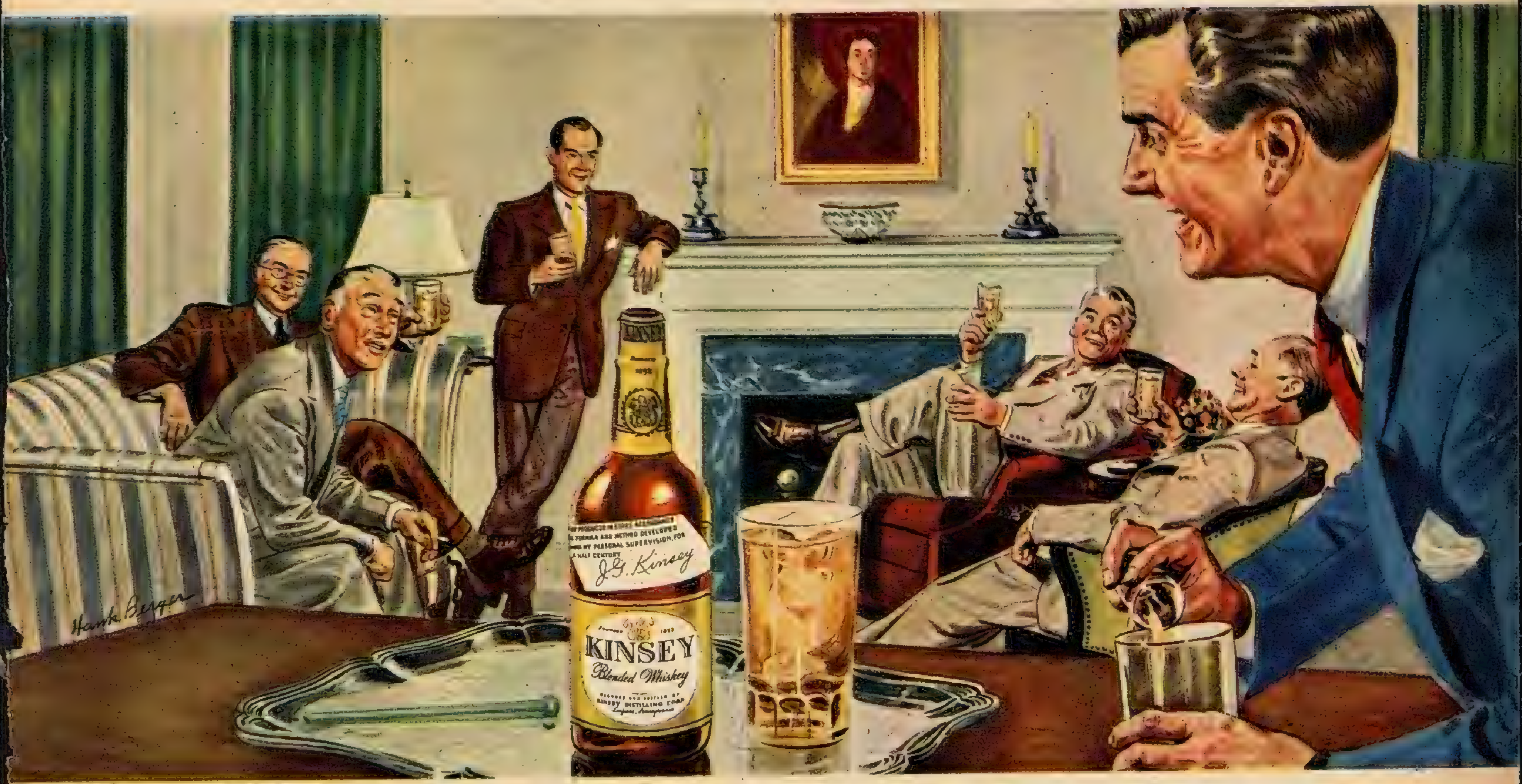
Last bottle of Kinsey today!



Last hope!



At last!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KINSEY
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Good Neighbor Policy: Domestic Division

whereas: everybody is urged these days to share and share alike, and . . .

whereas: everybody enjoys having friends and neighbors drop in for a sociable evening, and . . .

whereas: a gracious host always serves his guests whiskey of the finest quality, and . . .

whereas: Kinsey Whiskey, rich in flavor and surpassingly smooth, makes highballs and cocktails of unusual excellence, therefore . . .

be it resolved . . . that a neighbor who makes it a policy to serve delicious Kinsey Whiskey be deemed and acclaimed an *especially* Good Neighbor!

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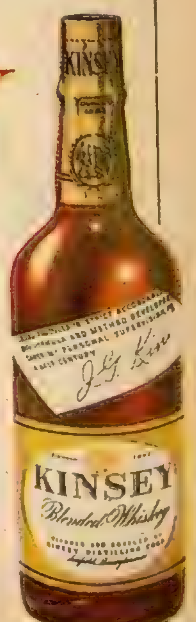
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Bess Myerson, tall, dark-haired twenty-one year old miss from New York City is "Miss America, 1945."

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After the lather has done its work, the patented rinsing agent *contained in* the shampoo goes into action with the plain rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required. Hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

Your hair will be easy to arrange, and when dry, it will sparkle with all the glory of its natural color, adding glamour to every hairstyle.

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. . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters, barber and beauty shops.

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ARCTIC CRADLE OF THE ATOM

Continued from Page 27

La Bine's discovery broke the hold of the Belgium radium monopoly, L'Union Minière de Haut-Katanga. In 1930, only 300 grams of radium had existed in the entire world. A few years later, with Gilbert La Bine tapping the deposits on Great Bear Lake, 800 grams were available to treat the dreaded cell-berserk disease known as cancer. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the famous radiologist of Johns Hopkins University, said La Bine's discovery was of immeasurable benefit to all mankind.

Where the campfire of Dr. James Mackintosh Bell and Charley Camsell once gleamed in the wilderness now stands Port Radium, largest known source of pitchblende on earth.

For almost ten years La Bine and his associates paid little attention to the fact that one of the by-products of the Port Radium deposits was a substance called uranium oxide. The by-product was useful in glass pigments and porcelain manufacture and brought a good return. In fact, in a year when twenty-three grams of radium sold for approximately $570.000, the resulting by-product of 211,857 pounds of uranium salts returned a respectable $271,100. La Bine's Arctic find not only sliced two thirds off the price of radium, but also cut 38 per cent off the cost of uranium by-products.

YET, despite the reduction which the Port Radium deposits caused in world prices, the income of the La Bine operations steadily soared. In a single year radium and uranium concentrates valued at $2,391,000 came from the deposits on Echo Bay, with uranium contributing nearly a third of the total value. And scientists said the Great Bear Lake pitchblende veins would last for at least a century.

La Bine still paid exclusive attention to the radium. The uranium was a convenient source of auxiliary income, and that was all; but radium was vital to the treatment of cancer.

Then, in 1942, the Canadian government omitted from its Yearbook the value of the radium and uranium shipments from Port Radium.

"The value of shipments during 1940 and 1941 will not be published separately," the Yearbook significantly noted.

In laboratories in the United States, scientists were experimenting with uranium. They studied all the ninety-two elements thus far isolated by man. But always they returned to uranium. And invariably the uranium that was the object of their studies came from Gilbert La Bine's pitchblende deposits, twenty-six miles south of the Arctic Circle.

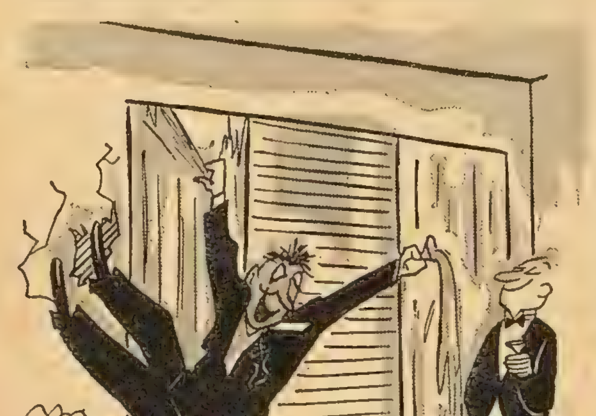
On January 28, 1944, Gilbert La Bine's Eldorado Mining and Refining

Company, Ltd., was expropriated by the Canadian government. It was not a wartime lease or rental. It was done in perpetuity—forever. La Bine and his staff were retained to operate the Port Radium deposits and the refining plant at Port Hope in Ontario, but the shareholders in the company were paid off at $1.35 a share. The purchase cost the government of Canada $5,000,000. When indignant and mystified stockholders wrote protesting letters, military security agencies advised them not to ask questions.

Nor was there an explanation until the first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima on August 5, 1945, a year and a half after the Port Radium deposits had been made the property of the Dominion government.

Gilbert La Bine, who is fifty-five, is still somewhat shaken by all that has happened. It was astounding enough to find himself on top of the planet's principal supply of radium. But to learn that the Eldorado, which he discovered in the northern solitudes, also produces the source of atomic energy has been a colossal and disturbing experience. Yet, most vividly of all, he still remembers the moment that he stood on Echo Bay, fifteen years ago, and held that first chunk of pitchblende in his hand.

THE site of that first pitchblende vein, from which the radium and uranium ore is still extracted, is now listed on the official maps as La Bine Point. But Gilbert La Bine is glad there is a Camsell River, and he wishes there were more recognition for Dr. James Mackintosh Bell. He gives full credit to the old geologist. Dr. Bell had not the benefit of all the researchers of the Curies and their successors, and he did not realize what those pinkish streaks might indicate. Yet he felt he was in the presence of important mineral de-



"He's going to feel terrible when he wakes up in the morning and realizes this is his house."

LIBERTY

THEY'RE EASIEST TO FEED

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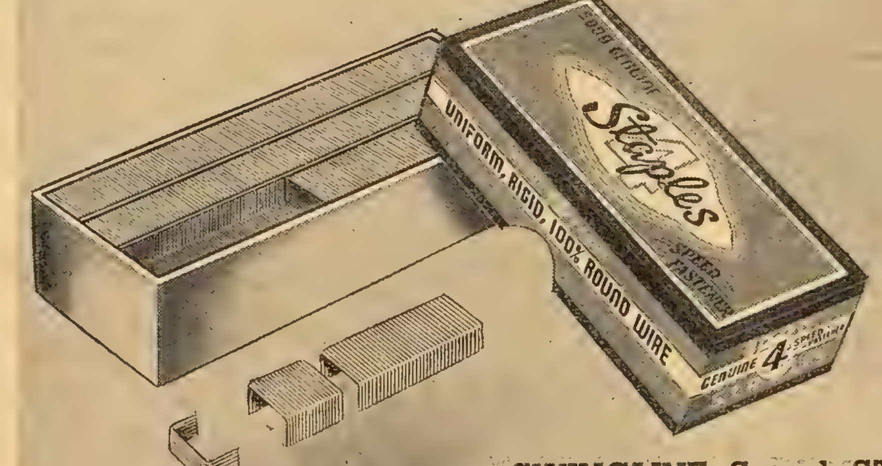

SWINGLINE Speed STAPLES are the only 100% *round* wire staples. They're *round* for the same reason that good nails are *round*—for easier, cleaner penetration. *Round* wire staples do not collect excess lacquer because they do not have a *flat* surface. They retain lacquer only at point of contact!

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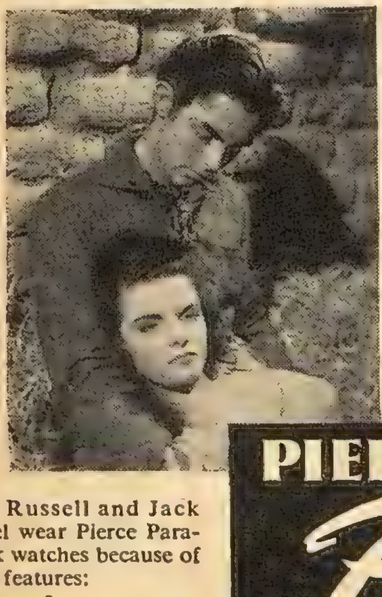
Jane Russell and Jack Beutel wear Pierce Parashock watches because of these features:

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posits, for he added to his report that conditions at Echo Bay "suggest a locality to lure the prospector."

Great Bear Lake is 12,000 square miles in area, far larger, for example, than the State of Maryland. Storms toss it in summer. Ice eight feet thick sheathes it in the ten-month-long winter. "There are two seasons up here," joked an American mining engineer working at the La Bine Point pitchblende deposits. "One is the Fourth of July, the other is winter." Indians have long hesitated to venture out on the lake beyond sight of land, so sudden and fierce are the winds which arise. Thomas Simpson, pioneer Hudson's Bay Company explorer, told his superiors that "a calm day scarcely happens once a month on Great Bear Lake."

Thousands of U. S. soldiers are now familiar with this formidable region. They went into Canada's Northwest Territories, under Brigadier General James A. (Patsy) O'Connor, when the Alcan Highway was constructed. One of their missions was to develop an inland water transportation route along the broad Mackenzie River from Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Circle. Over this route was shipped much of the ore from Port Radium. The ore was hauled up the Mackenzie. Using two of the Mackenzie's tributaries, the Slave and Athabaska rivers, barges and sternwheelers finally brought it to Waterways in the Province of Alberta, 1,400 miles from Port Radium.

But this wilderness waterway could be used only three months of the year. The rest of the time it was locked in a barricade of ice. Troops even saw ice form in antifreeze solution and Scotch whisky. Not until July do the huge floes and bergs wash out of Great Bear Lake. With Arctic weather immobilizing the water route, planes were used. The pitchblende was flown out of the wilderness six and seven tons at a time.

CANADIAN bush pilots, R.C.A.F. fliers, and U. S. Army Air Forces crews participated in the winter flights. Using ski-equipped planes, they landed on fields hacked out of the timber and muskeg by American Army engineer regiments. When open water began to lick at the mantle of ice, pilots changed the landing gear to pontoons. Because Great Bear Lake was so storm-tossed, most of the fliers took to using a small feeder lake a few miles eastward, which a bush pilot named Lake Contact.

The bush pilots flew hundreds of tons of pitchblende south to the railhead at Waterways. One of them was Leigh Brintnell, who in 1930 had flown Gilbert La Bine's first mining equipment into Echo Bay. Another bush pilot made nineteen trips in a single month between Waterways and Port Radium. It took four weeks to traverse the Mackenzie River route from the end of steel to the world's greatest pitchblende deposit. An airplane flew the shorter course across the tundra in eight hours.

Sixty tons of chemicals are required to reduce ten tons of pitchblende to the radium and uranium concentrates, and it was easier to transport the pitchblende to the refinery than to assemble a refinery on Great Bear Lake. Thus aerial augmenting of the summer barge shipments was essential to the atomic-bomb experiments. If it had not been for the airplane, transportation of ore from Port Radium would have been confined to the short period of the midnight sun, from July until mid-September.

The R.C.A.F. and the Mounted Police developed a big airfield at Fort McMurray, near Waterways. This became a major take-off point for Great Bear Lake. At rail's end the ancient equipment of the Northern Alberta Railways hauled the ore into Edmonton, and freights of the Canadian National then carried it to Port Hope for refining. From Port Hope, the uranium, extracted by a long process from the pitchblende, went to United States laboratories.

Pitchblende is still being chopped from the veins and seams on Great Bear Lake to be reduced to radium for the treatment of cancer, and to its by-product uranium for purposes which only the future can tell.

DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN, realizing that uranium was the key to atomic energy, wrote the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt in August, 1939, that "uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future." His letter added that "extremely powerful bombs of a new type may thus be constructed."

President Roosevelt at once grasped the significance of these facts, and the atomic-bomb project was begun.

In 1941, two scientists, Jack DeMent and H. C. Dake, published a book called Uranium and Atomic Power. As the major source of uranium they looked to Port Radium on Great Bear Lake. The deposits of pitchblende in the Canadian Arctic, said these prophetic scientists, were the most extensive on earth, from both the standpoint of quality and that of quantity.

The world of war and crises and atomic bombs seems far from the Arctic pitchblende deposits. Indians trek in with pelts to be traded over the Hudson's Bay Company counter, and a Mountie sergeant arrives on patrol behind a team of Huskies. Great Bear Lake is still the North Country of Jack London and Robert W. Service. Along its rocky beaches lies the ore that is the source of atomic energy, but only a few bunkhouses, ore bins, and timber docks change it from the wilderness that the pioneer geologist visited when he wrote about the shores "stained with cobalt-bloom."

THE END

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THE LOVE LIFE OF MISS STONEYGATE

Continued from Page 41

me, just once, to phone in a two-dollar bet on the favorite in the third at Aqueduct! If you only weren't so *executive* all the time, Mr. Heppelwaite!"

This would be, to Mr. Heppelwaite, like a wife abusing her husband for being faithful. He would wince.

Then she might add, "If you're as executive about shaving in the morning, or about getting the juice out of a grapefruit without squirting, I don't see how your wife survived as long as she did. I have to see every Abbott and Costello picture just as an antidote. Furthermore, your disposition is not always perfect. Some Mondays, if your Sunday golf's been sour, are like a nine-to-five storm at sea. Yes, you are objectionable, Mr. Heppelwaite—though a little bit sweet at the same time. I'd like to muss up your hair for you. I think I'd like to pull out a handful. I've worked for you for ten years and I don't believe you've ever been conscious of me as a person, much less as a woman. That alone is enough to damn you."

Mr. Heppelwaite would now have fallen across his desk in a state of complete collapse.

And that was just the trouble. The truth would hurt Mr. Heppelwaite, and he was really too nice to be hurt, especially by such a gentle person as Miss Stoneygate.

She sat up late, planning how to break the news, and this time she conspired openly with the pixies and the gremlins. Also she allowed her subconscious mind to come out in the open. "I'll pop the eyes out of your head, you high-powered iceberg!" she said to herself happily. "So I'm a piece of office furniture, am I? We'll see!"

MR. HEPPELWAITE heard her announce her resignation without a change in his expression. He took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "I find this difficult to understand," he said. "Surely you are no immature girl, to leave The Company for a small increase elsewhere. I'm sure you understand The Company's retirement benefits and—"

"I am getting married," Miss Stoneygate interrupted. He was supposed to look at her at this point with new interest, suddenly aware of her deep appeal, the still-young lines of her trim figure, the charm and simple beauty of her well-formed features. Instead, he was looking at her as though she were a dividend report or a statement of earnings. She became a little desperate. She bit her lips, breathed deeply, and said, "I'm getting married as soon as I can get a divorce."

"I had the impression," said Mr. Heppelwaite, and he spoke just as he did at a board meeting, "that you were a widow."

"Oh, that was the first one," said Miss Stoneygate. "This one I'm divorcing." Three husbands, she was sure, would do it. She waited for his gasp of surprise.

Instead, he replaced his glasses casually. His private phone rang and he murmured a polite "Excuse me" and talked for ten minutes about an impending merger. Miss Stoneygate waited uncomfortably until he turned back to her. "Remind me to wire Washington on that matter," he told her. "And now—you were saying? You are about to marry a third time?"

MISS STONEYGATE could have pounced across the desk at him. She threw caution out the window. "For the fourth time," she said. "Do you remember the two-month vacation you gave me five years ago?"

He seemed to recall it vaguely. "You visited someone in Pasadena, I believe," he said. "You sent a post card."

"I forwarded that to a friend to mail from Pasadena," explained Miss Stoneygate, and she smiled callously at the admission. "I was really in Reno, divorcing my second husband. And now I've got to go back there and divorce my third." She smiled wryly. "It's such a bore, really!"

Mr. Heppelwaite didn't seem interested in whether it was a bore or not. He tapped his desk the way he always did when he considered weighty matters. "Is it possible you could continue with us, even though you remarry?" he asked.

Miss Stoneygate laughed at such an absurd and preposterous idea. "I couldn't possibly!" she said. Inside, black despair gripped her. She was licked and she knew it. She was the typewriter, the filing cabinet, Mr. Heppelwaite's private safe—but she definitely wasn't a woman. And yet she kept on, making one last try. "My new husband wouldn't consent to my working," she said. "I can't mention his name yet. We want to postpone the publicity as long as possible. You see, he's one of the richest men in the country!"

Mr. Heppelwaite sighed. "The Company will find it difficult to replace you," he said, and reached for the phone.

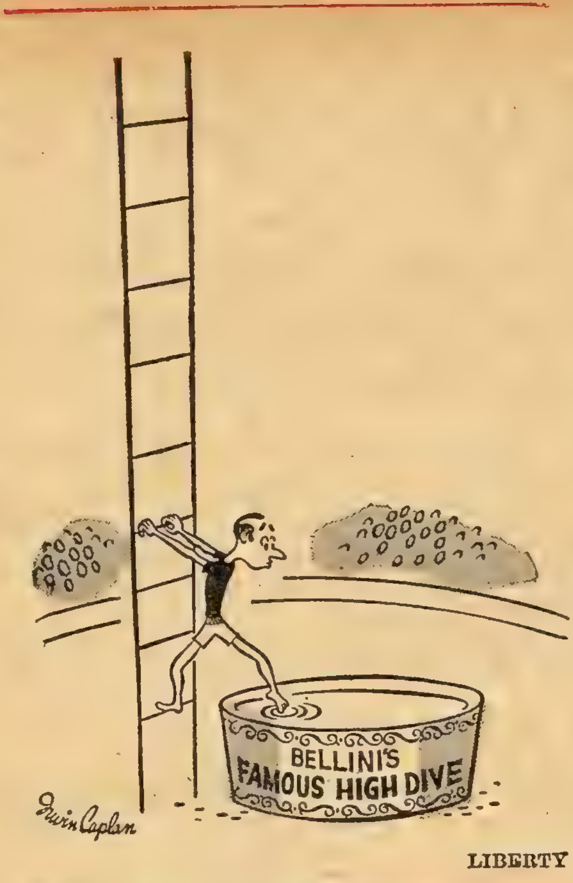
Miss Stonygate left abruptly. She went to the rest room to enjoy a good cry.

Life was indeed bitter. After all, Mr. Heppelwaite was the one man in her life. She had spent her working days with him for ten years. She had made his personal appointments and kept his personal accounts. She knew the cost of his bridgework, the amount of his income tax, his taste in neckwear, and his need for vitamin-B pills. And Mr. Heppelwaite was as impersonal in his manner toward her as a magician is toward the rabbit he pulls from his hat. She was, in fact, just that—an accessory, a part of the act, a useful prop, and nothing more. Mr. Heppelwaite, she decided, was cruel and brutal, an inhuman egomaniac with ink in his veins and an adding machine for a heart. And at the same time she decided this, her subconscious broke loose again and told her she had loved Mr. Heppelwaite for a long time, and never so desperately as at this very moment.

If her mood had not been so black and her despair so deep, she would never have allowed herself to be picked up that evening.

She had gone for dinner to her favorite tearoom around the corner from where she lived, and she sat at her favorite table, staring at the blurred typewritten menu and not caring in the least what her eighty-five cents would buy. She pushed from her a plate of flavorless soup, sighed heavily, and raised her eyes to see a burly and broad-shouldered man of about her own age standing before her. He smiled and bowed politely and, though other tables were empty, he seated himself at hers.

He was really very nice, and a gentleman, she decided, even if his manner of speaking was sometimes a little crude. If he was alone in New York, as he said, and sometimes got a little lonesome, Miss Stoneygate was certainly the one to understand about that. His name was Mr. Costigan and he was a bachelor, with a room in the neighborhood and no friends nearer than Chicago, from which city he had just been transferred by his employers. They chatted innocuously during their dinner, and shortly thereafter Miss Stoneygate found herself on her way to a neighborhood movie with him. Later he saw her home, pressed her hand warmly as he said good night, and left.



LIBERTY

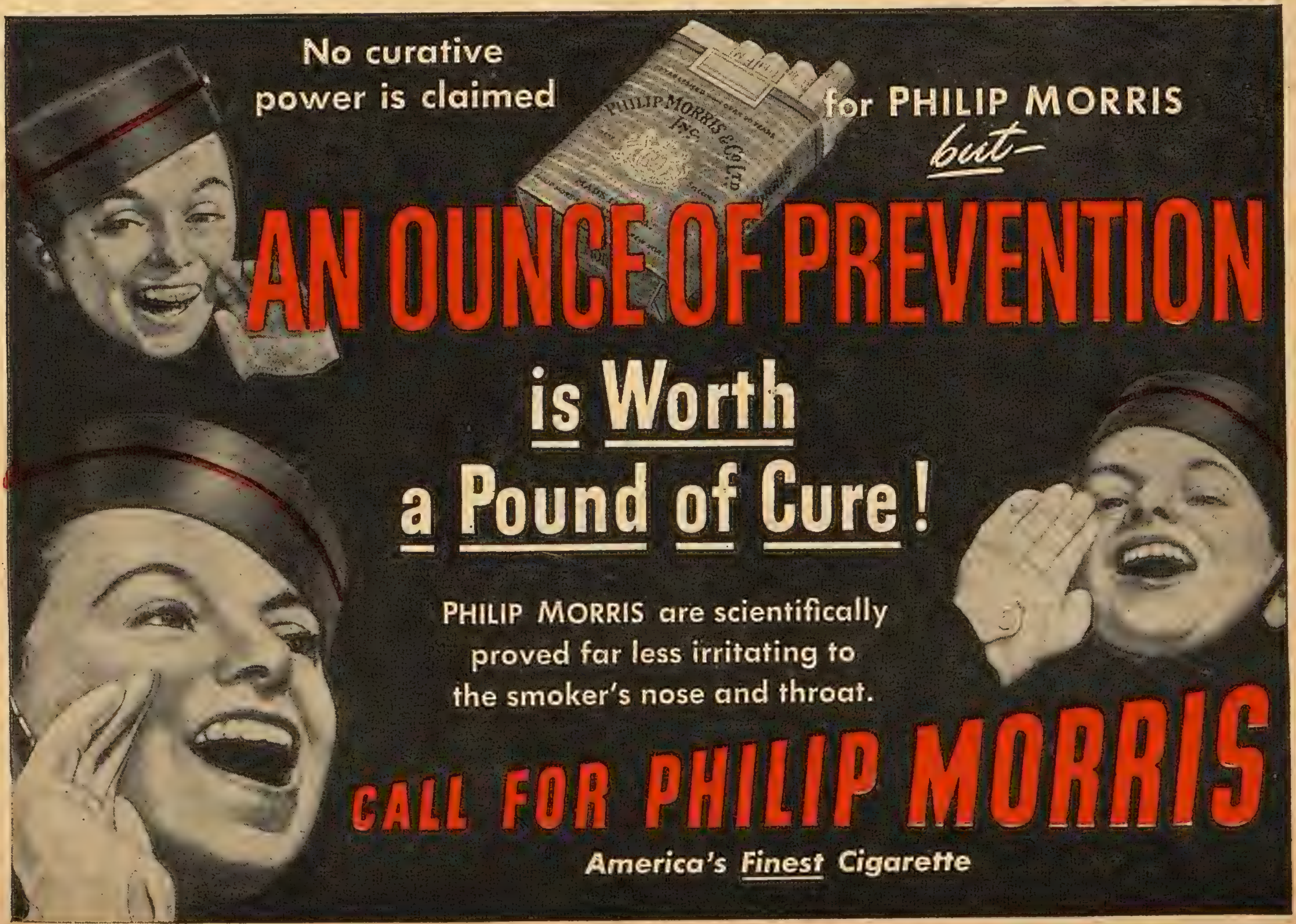
He had made the desolate evening tolerable for her and she was grateful. It wasn't until the next evening, when he appeared again beside her at the tearoom, that she realized here at last was a man who was interested, who thought her attractive and desirable. She asked herself at once a logical question—was she interested in him, and if not, could she be?

She decided before dinner was over he was far from ideal. A diamond in the rough is all very well, but Miss Stoneygate liked nice table manners and a certain gentility of speech and dress. But Mr. Costigan was very male and very much better than nothing. His attentions soothed her hurt vanity and restored a confidence which Mr. Heppelwaite's indifference had left hanging on the ropes, battered and bleeding. Miss Stoneygate, without committing her heart, did the sensible thing. When he suggested another movie, she came through with a countersuggestion that he visit with her in her apartment, where she could make coffee and they could sit and talk and get acquainted.

Mr. Costigan accepted readily, and a half hour later was settled comfortably in her one good chair. His glance went around the well-kept room and eventually rested on the photograph of Miss Stoneygate's Uncle Ned in his younger days.

"Who's the mug?" Mr. Costigan asked.

After ten years Miss Stoneygate's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Serve
with macaroni
or any paste...
makes the meal
complete

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fiction was automatic. "My husband," she said. "My late husband, George. He's been dead for years."

"Tough," said Mr. Costigan succinctly. "What bumped him off?"

Miss Stoneygate kept several versions of George's departure on tap, and she immediately plunged into her favorite, in which George nobly gave his life in saving his wife from drowning. She supplied vivid details and a colorful background, and at the end her eyes were moist. It seemed it had been such a happy marriage and they had been together only a year when tragedy struck.

WHEN she finished, Mr. Costigan stood up. "I sure am an unlucky guy," he said. "I might have known this would happen."

"Goodness!" said Miss Stoneygate. "Has something happened?"

He stared at her gravely. "As soon as I saw you in that restaurant, I said, 'Now, there's a dame I'd like to know. There's a dame I'd like to know real well.' And now look!"

"Now look what?" asked Miss Stoneygate.

"I figured I could take you around and we'd have some fun," went on Mr. Costigan, "and here you are still in love with this other guy!"

"But George has been—"

"Sure he has. But you're still in love with him just the same. I ain't going around with a dame who's thinking of another guy all the time."

"You mean," asked Miss Stoneygate, "I shouldn't go on living with my memories, however sacred?"

"Something like that," said Mr. Costigan. "Guess I'll be running along now."

"Sit down a minute," said Miss Stoneygate. "I have something to tell you."

She recited for the first time in ten years the drab facts of her life, and she was just as glib as she had been with her friends in reciting her colorful fiction. She made no apologies; she admitted she had once said she was married, for no reason at all, and then had kept on saying it over and over. "Perhaps it was because I wanted to be married," she admitted unabashedly. The humiliating truth was her bid to be taken around by Mr. Costigan and to be given some fun, because it would be nicer to go around with him than not to go around at all. "So you see," she finished, "there's been no one."

Mr. Costigan seemed relieved. He chuckled long and loud. "That changes everything," he said. "You'll be seeing me soon, Toots."

She saw him, it turned out, much sooner than she expected. Next day she returned from lunch to her desk outside Mr. Heppelwaite's office, and just as she was settling to the afternoon's work, Mr. Costigan appeared, coming from the inner sanctum.

"Mr. Costigan!" she cried.

"Hello, Toots," said Mr. Costigan. "Your boss will be wanting to see you soon."

"Do you know Mr. Heppelwaite?"

"Him and me got business," said Mr. Costigan. "So long, Toots. I got a date to take the missus to lunch."

The buzzer on her desk rang. She entered into Mr. Heppelwaite's presence, her face grim and set, and saw him studying some papers with curious intentness. "Please sit down," he said. "I have here a very interesting report about you from an investigating agency which—"

"Mr. Costigan!" cried Miss Stoneygate.

"The Costigan Detective Bureau," said Mr. Heppelwaite. "You've heard of it, no doubt. I decided the other day, after your fabulous life story, to find out a few things. These detectives have ways of getting information."

"Costigan sure has," said Miss Stoneygate grimly. "The rat!"

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Heppelwaite in alarm.

"He made love to me and got me to tell him everything," she said. "That's how he found out." She bowed her head and for the first time in ten years wept openly in office hours.

Mr. Heppelwaite sprang to his feet. "The man's a cad!" he cried.

"So is the man who hired him," sobbed Miss Stoneygate.

"I had no idea he would use such methods," said Mr. Heppelwaite contritely.

"He believes in the direct approach." Miss Stoneygate raised swimming eyes to stare at the repentant Mr. Heppelwaite. "So now you know," she said. "I haven't had three husbands. I never even had one."

"But why?" he asked—"why did you say you had?"

Miss Stoneygate dried her eyes. "First, *I* ask why," she said, and her voice was now hard and crisp and completely under control. "Why did you have me investigated? What did it matter what I told you? You never noticed me anyway."

MR. HEPPELWAITE cleared his throat unhappily. "For one thing," he said, "I wanted to find out why you were leaving The Company after all these years."

Miss Stoneygate stood up. "You're going to find out," she said. "I was trying not to hurt your feelings, but now that doesn't matter." She took a deep breath. Mr. Heppelwaite was about to squirm, to become popeyed, to collapse across his desk. She didn't care. She looked forward to it with considerable relish. "The Company is all right," she said, "but I'm not married to it the way you are. I want a life of my own. So the hell with The Company!"

Mr. Heppelwaite, just as she'd thought he would, became popeyed. "Upon my soul!" he murmured.

"Then there's you!" went on Miss Stoneygate. "You are the stuffiest stuffed shirt who ever said nothing and took twenty minutes to say it at a stockholders' meeting. Business

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is business, but it doesn't have to be meat and drink. Did you ever try being human?"

Mr. Heppelwaite leaned back and stared at her. "I never would have believed it!" he gasped.

"You have a time clock between your ears instead of a brain," went on Miss Stoneygate. "You are a nine-to-five inhuman dynamo. Only the good Lord and your conscience and your poor departed wife know what you are the rest of the time."

Mr. Heppelwaite was practically speechless. "No one has talked to me like that for a long time," he breathed eventually.

"Then it's about time someone did," said Miss Stoneygate firmly. "It's about time—"

Mr. Heppelwaite leaped from his chair with an agility she had never seen before. "Don't I know it!" he cried. "Of course it's time!"

MISS STONEYGATE merely stared.

Mr. Heppelwaite was waving his hands wildly. "No one has talked to me like that since my dear wife died," he went on. "She was the only one who could keep me in line. Since she's gone I've gotten stuffier and stuffier. My dear Miss Stoneygate, believe me, I've fought against it.

"I started with The Company as an office boy when I was fifteen," continued Mr. Heppelwaite. "I was, as you say, married to it at an early age. But Mrs. Heppelwaite, after we were married, knew how to handle that. 'That hussy,' she once said, and she meant, I am sorry to say, The Company, 'can have you from nine to five. But if you try to bring any part of her home with you, though I'm a well-bred woman, I'll crown you with the nearest thing to a rolling pin we have in the house!' Oh, a very smart woman she was, Miss Stoneygate!" He paused and looked at her with new and sudden admiration. "I never thought I'd ever find another like her!" he said.

Miss Stoneygate sensed that she was turning a brilliant scarlet.

Mr. Heppelwaite's eyes were shining. "But you are as clever and wise and farseeing as she was!" he cried delightedly. "And if I may become personal during office hours, which is against my principles, you are a damn fine-looking woman besides! Miss Stoneygate, I have several more appointments for this afternoon, and considerable dictation to get through. But if you are free later, at five o'clock, to join me in a cocktail—"

"Mr. Heppelwaite," interrupted Miss Stoneygate, "there is one thing I must know. Did your wife ever muss up your hair?"

Mr. Heppelwaite smiled nostalgically. "Often," he said happily. "It was, she used to say, a kind of immunization against stuffiness."

Miss Stoneygate sighed contentedly. "I'll be very glad to join you in a cocktail, Mr. Heppelwaite," she said.

THE END

TOP BRAINS INSTEAD OF TOP HATS

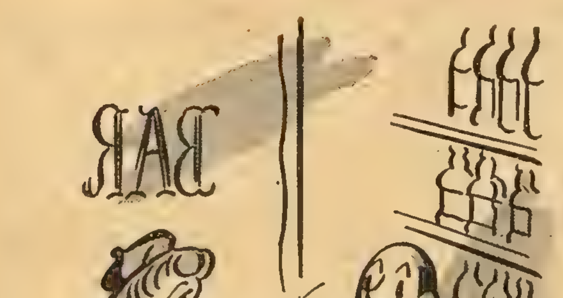
Continued from Page 23

and allowances to attract more young men into the Foreign Service. For over a year, the Foreign Service has been taking stock of its own backwardness. Invited by the State Department to criticize, Senator Joseph H. Ball told a group of career diplomats that in the Foreign Service the deadwood rises to the top. Byrnes will try, instead, to get the cream on top.

The need for wealth in the diplomatic corps has restricted both the size and the ability of the Service to a degree dangerous to the interests of the United States. For 250 establishments overseas, there are 792 Foreign Service officers, as well as sixty-one ambassadors and ministers, 666 auxiliary officers, 2,230 Foreign Service clerks, 1,027 auxiliary clerks, and 1,567 other employees. Examinations attracted few candidates before the war, and only a small number of those examined were chosen. One year before the war, there were 440 candidates from 164 colleges and universities, but only thirty-seven made the grade.

The Foreign Service officer has the vast responsibility of protecting the rights and interests of the United States abroad. He may do this as a vice-consul in some fleabite tropical port where Americans trade, or as a counselor of embassy in a great capital like Moscow.

A typical American embassy is the one in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, which in ordinary times has a staff of about fifteen officers, headed by an ambassador, who sometimes is a graduate of the Foreign Service but is often a political appointee. The staff



"I'm waiting for a friend. I hope one shows up."

LIBERTY

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will run from newcomers, usually with the rank of vice-consul, to veterans in the service who are considered capable of administering the business of the embassy as counselors. In between are first secretaries and second secretaries, whose jobs range from counting the diplomatic pouches brought in by the couriers to transmitting secret information to Washington.

At a typical post a large portion of the staff is assigned to reporting on a variety of affairs from politics to economic matters relating to aviation, petroleum, mining, labor, telecommunications, and trade.

WHAT has turned out to have been a most important item of diplomatic inside information was the discovery in January, 1941, that Japan intended to attack the United States at Pearl Harbor if it decided to attack us at all. An old-time Foreign Service officer at the Tokyo embassy, Eugene Dooman, stumbled across this rare item and passed it on to Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, who cabled it to the State Department.

Foreign Service officers also are called on to promote American trade. They guard against the infringement of commercial and navigational rights of American citizens. They must be on the alert to protect the national commercial reputation of the United States. Moreover, they have instructions to study and report the potentialities of their districts, or countries of assignment, as a market for American products, or as a competitor of American products in foreign trade. They send a mountain of information to Washington, most of it by courier pouch, some by cable in code. The State Department now has machines that decode messages ten times faster than special cipher experts used to.

At the same time, these officers are—or should be—trying to explain our way of life and to correct the false impressions so many foreigners have about the United States. Foreigners too often think of us as barbaric materialists who drink, shoot, and trade wives in divorce courts for pastime.

The narrowness of the circle from which Foreign Service officers have been drawn in the past has often resulted in the diplomats themselves giving a poor impression to the country to which they are assigned. Some of them snobbishly complain about the independence of the laboring classes and often mistake the opinions of the richest class for the public opinion of a nation.

Foreign Service officers' salaries start at $2,500 for beginners and range up to $10,000 for the top men. The pay is not bad as compared with normal salaries throughout the United States, but extraordinary demands are made on the salaries. The government tries to meet some of these demands with special allowances, which, for an officer with dependents, making $3,000 a year, include $950 a year for quarters, $690 for cost of living, and $150 for what is known as "representation"—the serious business of entertainment to build up good will and extract information. However, quarters usually cost $1,200 to $1,500 a year, because the diplomat must live as befits a representative of the U. S. A.

The "cost-of-living allowance"—euphemism for exchange-rate adjustment—means nothing today in a country like China, where inflation has sent prices sky-high, or in Paris, where a meal in a restaurant costs ten to twenty dollars.

Such drains on the income put many of the officers, trying to live on their salaries, in debt, and many

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

ELECTRICK: Using a penny for a fuse.

TROLLEY-LA: Streetcar conductor's bathtub song.

TWYNN: Ed's identical brother.

THOROUGHFAIR: Adequate avenue.

RAIN-BO: Tramp with the pot o' gold.

FIZZICIAN: He cures desires for sodas.

MANUSCRAPPED: Play in the wastebasket.

BOASTAL CARD: Sent by a braggart.

GARAND-TEED: Positive bull's-eye with a rifle.

MEWRAL: Cats painted on a wall.

of the wealthy ones spend far beyond their government pay. One officer had an estate of $40,000 when he entered the service. In twelve years he had spent it and quit.

The heaviest expense is "representation" entertaining. Friendships are often sealed over food and drink, and the diplomat in the foreign metropolis needs a long list of friends to keep him informed. A prewar U. S. consul in Germany spent $1,000 just buttering up officials to obtain information about the Aski mark, then a strong weapon in the arsenal of Nazi economic warfare. Another officer spent $350 of his own money entertaining influential parties who in time produced an import license for $750,000 worth of U. S. corn syrup after an embargo against corn syrup had become effective.

When Ambassador Jefferson Caffery arrived in Paris in 1944 to take over his post, Foreign Service Officer Seldon Chapin spent $5,000 from his own pocket for receptions and dinners to introduce Caffery to influential French men. Altogether, the officers spent an average of 15 per cent of their salaries on entertainment done in the government's interest.

THE ablest officer in the Foreign Service could not take a major ambassadorial post—the highest diplomatic office—unless he possessed ample personal means. The old truism that any native American, however humble his birth, has a chance for the Presidency, does not go for ambassadorships.

Joseph P. Kennedy spent $250,000 from his own income when he was our ambassador in London. After the first World War, John W. Davis, a predecessor of Kennedy, told the State Department that by living as modestly as the American ambassador could, he was spending only $50,000 a year. The Paris embassy requires at least $75,000 a year.

Ambassadorial salaries were fixed by Congress in 1856 at $17,500 a year, and have never been changed. Compare that with the $26,000-a-year salary, and allowances that average $9,689, for little Peru's ambassador to Washington. Brazil pays its ambassador to the United States $20,000 a year in salary and spends an average of $12,037 in allowances.

Alexander Moore, a Coolidge-era ambassador to Spain, spent $12,000 just for a week-end entertainment in Madrid. King Alfonso let Moore use the El Prado palace rent free, and the ambassador invited guests from various parts of Europe. After the party, the royal business manager handed Moore a bill for $12,000 to cover items stolen by the guests, including several hundred pounds of antique silverware. Moore looked uneasily at the reckoning.

"Do not be embarrassed, sir," said the business manager. "I assure you that your guests stole less than the guests of any other person to whom the king has granted the courtesy of El Prado."

Other countries—and other agencies of the U. S. government—try to bridge the gulf between diplomatic pay and diplomatic expenses by granting liberal allowances to their officials abroad. Allowances for naval attachés at American embassies and legations range from $690 to $4,020 a year, for military attachés, $630 to $3,750; while the average Foreign Service representation allowance in 1944 was $150. The British ambassador in Washington gets $70,000 a year, all in allowances, to save him from the income tax he would have to pay on a salary. The average allowance for British diplomats below ambassador is $3,290. American ambassadors average an extra $3,160 a year in representation allowances. The largest single allowance, $10,000, goes to the ambassador in Spain, because Carlton Hayes told the late President Roosevelt the job would break his bank account beyond repair unless he had extra funds.

The low-pay scales in the American Foreign Service and in the ambassadorial ranks reflect the old faith in isolation. Congressional committees have discouraged the State Department's rare requests for increases, and the Service itself has kept the scales low to preserve the cliquish character of the career organization, which at times takes on the exclusive nature of a college fraternity. Those wealthy officers of the Service who lacked the fraternity spirit have been incapable of understanding the plight of those trying to live on the government income because it was an experience outside their ken. Until a year ago, for instance, the State Department and Foreign Service administrator was G. Howland Shaw, whose own income of $60,000 a year blinded him to the problems associated with $4,000 a year, although he wished to improve the service.

THE movement in the State Department for raising salaries and allowances and getting new blood into the Foreign Service is aimed at providing us with a diplomacy that can meet the demands of the atomic age.

During the first few decades of its existence, the Republic was strong diplomatically, for it had to protect itself against the wiles of European countries. Early in the nineteenth century the need for diplomatic skill disappeared as the United States turned to developing its own West. The diplomatic corps, small in those days, fell a prey to the spoils system. Consular and diplomatic posts became high political awards, stylish and sometimes profitable.

Consuls were paid in fees instead of salaries, and the American consul at a busy port like Hamburg made more money than the President. Able men like James Russell Lowell and John Lothrop Motley were sent abroad as ministers, but so were men like the Chicago dentist who,

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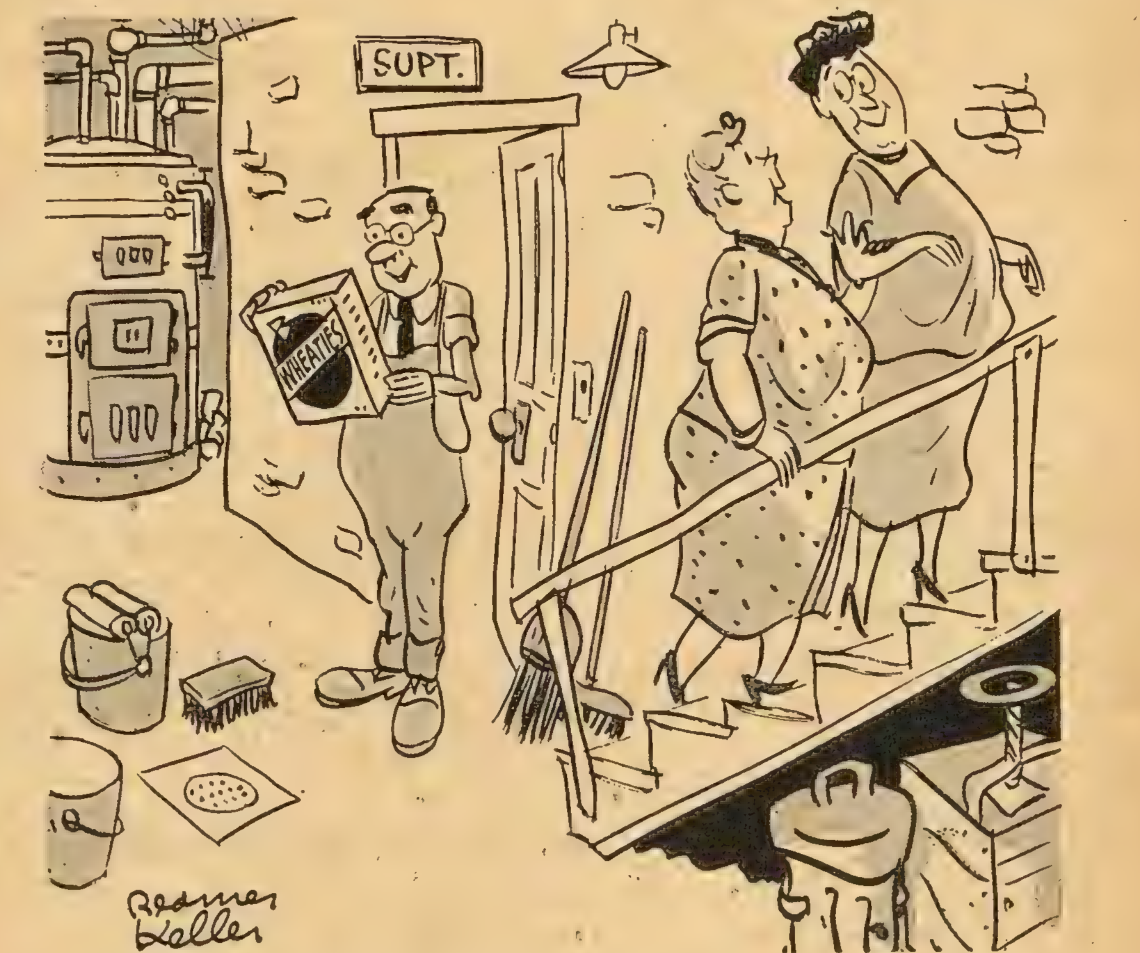

"Now maybe he'll bear down on that coal shovel this winter."

You'll bear down on that spoon—when you're working on a big bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Real "go-to-'em" flavor in those nut-sweet, whole wheat flakes. Plus famous "go-get-'em" nourishment. Dig into your Wheaties—tomorrow and every morning!

ONE IN A MILLION

A person unable to rest through the night
Is just an insomniac, average grade;
But one who can't sleep in the dawn's early light
Had better start looking for medical aid.
—*William W. Pratt.*

growing restless at his post in Vienna, set up a dental parlor in his legation. The State Department had no authority to force the agents abroad to do their work, and many of them lived a lazy life. Old reports tell how a consular inspector, visiting Central America, found the U. S. consul disrobed and sleeping off a drunk on a pile of bananas. A diplomatic secretary at the American legation in Constantinople ignored State Department orders to stay put, and went lion hunting in Africa. And nothing could be done about it.

The Spanish-American War stimulated the interest of American business men in foreign markets. They began to complain that many of the consuls with whom they had to deal were incompetents, and in 1906, Secretary of State Elihu Root put the consular service on a merit basis. The diplomatic service, then a separate organization, was turned into a career of merit a few years later, but the salaries were so low the State Department adopted an unofficial policy of rejecting an applicant for the service unless he had a personal income of at least $5,000 a year.

Diplomatic and consular services were combined as the Foreign Service in 1924 by the Rogers Act, which prescribed merit as the basis of choice of Foreign Service officers, laid the statutory foundation for a rigid system of difficult examinations, and set up a scale of classifications through which the deserving officer might advance from $2,500 to $10,000 a year. But this failed to bring perfection. In 1928, Senator George Moses was saying, "There is something wrong with our Foreign Service."

The trouble was that diplomacy remained a rich man's monopoly. Now Congress again is asking, "What's wrong?" Four members of the House, believing that the shortcomings of the Service might be cured by revising the educational requirements necessary to join it, have written bills recently to set up a sort of diplomats' West Point. The prewar examination of the Foreign Service was stiff, but it required a memorizing of facts rather than real knowledge and judgment. However, a West Point would only give a lock-step sameness to the officers at a time when the country needs a more varied and forward outlook in the Foreign Service.

Congress finds it difficult to discover the weaknesses in the Foreign Service because diplomats are members of a public profession conducted in a semiprivate manner. The public has no regularized method for learning what diplomats are up to. The Secretary of State is the only Cabinet officer not required to issue an annual report. Diplomatic correspondence is published only after it has been in the files fifteen years, long after it has lost its political meaning.

This inability to see diplomats in action has caused the American public to regard their work skeptically and, on occasion, derisively. American literature is filled with sneers for ambassadors. More than forty-five years ago Mr. Dooley summed up this attitude of contempt: "The King [of England] called for the American ambassador, and Mr. Hay came as fast as hands and knees would carry him."

The suspicion and indifference in turn make the Foreign Service officer feel he is a member of a tribe apart. He spends so many years abroad that often he comes to feel uncomfortable in his homeland. As long as this gulf exists, American hopes for a truly democratic diplomacy are vain.

THE END

BETTER-GROOMED HAIR Scores Touchdown
BOTH ON THE JOB AND WITH THE LADIES...

Thrown for a loss:

Didn't get the job because of his messy, unkempt hair. Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Thousands use Kreml to keep hair neatly "combed for the day"—so *keen*—so *spruce*—so masculine looking.

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He just can't find "what's right" for his hair. How ridiculous and out of date he looks with it plastered down with grease. Too bad he doesn't try Kreml—it grooms hair handsomely. Yet never leaves hair looking greasy.

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And justly so! No man who cares about his appearance would be guilty of untidy dandruff flakes on his shoulders. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling so *clean*—so *refreshed.*

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy • Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp • Removes Dandruff Flakes

WHAT THE ROBIN DOES THEN

Continued from Page 25

take some measure of comfort from the research of Horace Groskin, a well-known Pennsylvania ornithologist. He banded a female catbird on May 25, 1940. This bird has returned to his traps yearly since then, accompanied by a male catbird. This would indicate that the male is a persistent old wolf or else these two birds are really going steady.

Mr. Groskin is fairly typical of our 1,500 or so volunteer banders. A prominent Philadelphia real-estate operator, he also is an equally prominent ornithologist at his suburban home in Ardmore, Pennsylvania and there is nothing he resents more than having his birdbanding referred to as a hobby. To him it is a "scientific study." He has banded well over 8,000 birds in the last eight years, and has written many technical articles for ornithological magazines, as well as serving as secretary of the Eastern Bird Banders Association.

THE first thing every morning Mr. Groskin rushes to the window to glance at his traps. To the birdbander this is the most exciting moment of the day, for one never knows what one may have caught in those first few minutes or hours after daybreak. Some mornings during migratory seasons he finds as many as thirty or forty birds in his traps.

The bands come in varying sizes to fit the birds, and contain numbers which are registered in Washington. One of these bands is painlessly placed on the bird's leg and becomes a permanent identification bracelet, permitting the bird's future travels to be charted.

"The great majority of birds are not unduly alarmed at being trapped and banded," Mr. Groskin explains. "Many birds repeat in the traps four or five times a day, and some will come back into the traps thirty-five or forty times during their stay. A fox sparrow was recaptured 165 times during one winter. and a song sparrow was trapped 106 times in one month, proof enough that their experiences had not been too unpleasant.

"It should be emphasized that an injured bird has no value from a bander's viewpoint, so everything is done to keep the bird well and normal throughout the banding operation. . . . It is illegal for an amateur to trap birds, and the bander must be licensed by the government before he can operate."

Banding, primarily designed to solve the mysteries of migration, also reveals other interesting facts. For instance, the greatest age of any wild bird, definitely known by banding, is that of an osprey which was banded at Gardiner's Island, New York, on June 19, 1914, and was

Do you believe in spanking a child?

WHEN HE THROWS A TANTRUM?... A good walloping won't help, if the tantrum is caused by *fright!* If your child shows signs of fear when you try to give him a laxative—be careful! It may be that the medicine tastes bad or that it upsets him afterwards. You'll have to admit, yourself, that

Some laxatives are too strong!

WHEN HE SULKS?... Before you reach for the hair-brush, remember that sulking is often a child's way of avoiding something unpleasant—like the "sissy" laxative some parents give their children. Unfortunately, some of these supposedly *mild* medicines may upset a child, without giving the relief that's needed. The fact of the matter is that

Some laxatives are too mild!

SPANKING WON'T BE NECESSARY... if you treat the youngsters to Ex-Lax when they need a laxative. Children really enjoy taking Ex-Lax, because it tastes so good... just like fine chocolate! And mothers like the way Ex-Lax acts—effective, but, oh so gentle! Not too strong, not too mild...

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Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!

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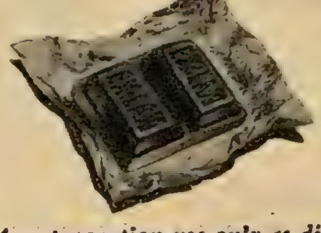

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

found dead at the same place on June 1, 1935—twenty-one years later.

The oldest small wild land bird so far recorded was a cardinal, banded at Nashville, Tennessee, on February 12, 1924, when it was at least a year old, and recaptured twelve years later at the same station. It is not uncommon for a purple grackle or a brown thrasher to live eight or more years. A slate-colored junco, known to the layman as the snowbird, was banded in Ardmore in December, 1937, and returned every year until 1943. A starling is known to have lived more than five years, and a song sparrow, whose life span is supposed to average only two years, returned this year after having been banded originally in 1940. An immature robin was banded at Ardmore in October, 1939. In February, 1940, four months later it was found almost exhausted at Mobile, Alabama, about 1,000 air miles away, a truly amazing feat for such a young, undeveloped creature.

A WOOD THRUSH was banded at the Ardmore station in August of 1938. It last returned in 1943, when it was five years old. Since this bird winters in southern Mexico, about 2,000 air miles from its summer nesting territory, it commuted roughly 20,000 miles during the five known years of its life.

A strange coincidence took place in 1939 when Mr. Groskin and M. J. Magee, a birdbander at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, exchanged purple finches, which are about the size of a sparrow. Mr. Groskin's bird was banded on March 29, 1939, and thirty-three days later it entered Mr. Magee's trap. Mr. Magee had banded another bird in May, 1938, and on March 10, 1939, it was captured by Mr. Groskin. The two stations are about 1,000 miles apart "as the crow flies." These flights offered further evidence that birds do not always travel north or south, but frequently move in an easterly or westerly direction, a fact long well known in regard to certain of the larger species, notably ducks and geese.

In marked contrast to these globetrotters is the cardinal, an habitual stay-at-home. An adult male was banded in Ardmore in 1940, and in 1944 was found dead just two blocks away. The Fish and Wild Life Service has sent Mr. Groskin reports on ten of his cardinals which have been found dead, and not one has been more than two miles from his traps. The cardinal, however, is gradually extending its range, and is frequently seen as far north as the 42d degree.

Exceptions always prove the rule. A banded white-breasted nuthatch was found frozen to death in February, 1943, at Barrytown, Dutchess County, New York, about 200 miles northeast of Ardmore. Since the nuthatch is considered a sedentary bird, this particular one was not living according to nuthatch rules, and his untimely death may have been the penalty.

Though chimney swifts are numerous, the average person knows little about them because they remain constantly on the wing during the daylight hours. Even their food must be captured and eaten on the fly. At night they usually roost on the inside wall of a chimney. They are able to perform this feat by virtue of sharp nails on their toes and a very peculiar tail construction, which has sharp spines protruding from the ends of each feather.

Since the chimney swift never approaches the ground, a special type of chimney trap had to be designed, and to date more than 375,000 of the birds have been captured and banded. Despite this large number, however, recaptures have been rare, and it was not definitely known where they wintered until last fall, when thirteen bands were delivered to the American Embassy at Lima, Peru, and later forwarded to the State Department at Washington. These bands had been gathered in the jungle along a branch of the Amazon in northeastern Peru. We now know where the chimney swift spends the winter.

Mr. Groskin recently made a little investigation of his own. At sunset on thirty-eight different evenings he took up a station near a large department-store chimney in Ardmore. Each evening at dusk great flocks of the birds would circle the chimney and then, as if at a signal, would start to funnel into the flue at the rate of ten or fifteen a second. On twenty occasions he estimated that more than 5,000 birds flew into the chimney. On seven occasions he estimated more than 10,000.

The Arctic tern and the wood thrush and the chimney swift must obtain their food on their long migratory flights, must fight off enemies and ride out severe storms. That they survive to return the following year and produce another brood of young is one of the marvels of nature. The robin, the cardinal, the starling—each has a way of life peculiarly its own. Of course, they aren't eager to have anyone pry into their private lives, and they guard their secrets well. But, thanks to the banders, most of your questions about birds will soon be answered.

THE END

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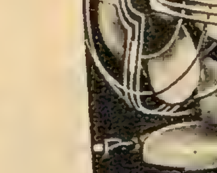

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One of our most colorful newshawks is Robert J. Casey, renowned correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. Some years ago, upon his return from covering a Cuban rebellion, his paper's accounting department asked for an itemized statement of his expenses. This was Casey's reply:

"I went to Cuba. I stayed three and a half months, covering three revolutions. I spent $3,286.22. I wish to God I knew where."

* * *

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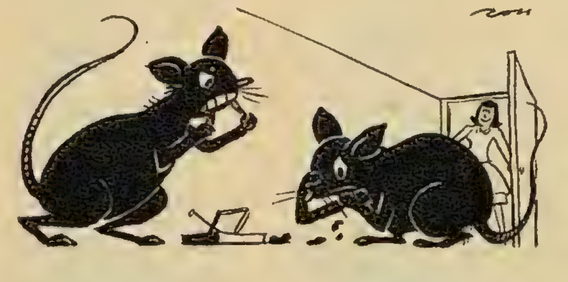
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

OPEN SEASON: In response to our Bennington reader's frantic cry for help in ridding her house of mice, several letters have come in from compassionate housewives who have successfully turned hunter. Mrs. Alfred M. Joslin of Baltimore, Maryland, writes: "Tell your reader to try baiting her traps with chocolate-covered chewy caramels cut in small pieces—or any kind of caramel. Everyone likes a change of diet; mice are weary of cheese. Quite by accident I discovered they have a sweet tooth. They invaded a box of candy in my desk drawer, but it proved their undoing. I set traps with the same candy and caught twelve in one night." An entirely different program of attack is suggested by Mary E. Vaughn of Tulsa, Oklahoma. She urges, "Tell your reader that one need not use messy traps to de-mouse a house or attic. Ask your druggist for a ten-cent box of Red Wheat. Place a few grains of this on a shoebox lid. The mouse will eat the wheat and die almost instantly. Just keep placing the wheat till the last mouse dines upon it. Usually a week is enough." And from Patricia Dawes of Feura Bush, New York, comes this tidbit: "One day I reached for the jar of peanut butter, noticed the top had slid off, peered in, and my eyes met the soulful gaze of a mouse blissfully held in the nutritious ooze! My logical conclusion was that mice love peanut butter. I've used it in traps and it's the perfect lure." Thanks, contributors, for your help in our mouse war.



IMPETUOUS LINES TO THE APO

I bask in a warm and rosy glow
As I contemplate that glorious day
When everybody can finally throw
Those martial hieroglyphics away.

THE REDS HAVE *IT*: Clear, healthy red is being promoted by so many of the influential cosmeticians, that most of us are bound to look as though we got an occasional breath of fresh air. Revlon presented its new "Fatal Apple" shade at a party in the appropriately named Garden of Eden Room at Hampshire House. The color is a hale and hearty crimson. There's a nail polish to match. "Bango Bright" (by Prince Matchabelli) is a deep red lipstick enthroned in a turquoise case. "Clarion" (by Richard Hudnut) and "Sure Fire" (by Tussy) are also aptly named, for they are lively shades. "Clarion" comes in a unique tube package which also has a week's supply of face powder. . . . Women will take more than a passing interest in the "lipstick wardrobe" (by Helena Rubinstein), a flat oblong case holding four lipsticks in colors to harmonize with individual color types and their most becoming fashion shades. A color chart comes with each lipstick quartet.

NEVER SAY DIE: Among those present at the Women's International Exposition in Madison Square Garden, November 13 to 18, will be a family of silkworms from Long Island. They are only one of 150 displays in this twenty-second annual exposition. Exhibitors range from a twenty-two-year-old girl from Port Washington, Long Island, who will show how she makes hand-tinted ornaments from fish scales, to an orchidist who will explain how to raise orchids at home. This year's exposition has as its theme: Women's Life in Peacetime. Though it's been only a few months since women were being patted on their backs for war-production jobs, the tide has turned so sharply that some tactless manufacturers have posted signs on their plants—NO WOMEN WANTED. How to recover the self-assurance gained through war jobs, how to earn money in peacetime arts and use trained skills—these are the subjects to be studied in the exposition. Miss Ruth Leach, vice-president of International Business Machines Corporation, will speak on Woman's Industrial Future, and Miss Jane Todd, New York State's woman member of the Department of Commerce, will present findings of an industrial survey.

PENN. STATION
LONG ISLAND

GETTING THE DROP ON DOPE

Continued from Page 29

for his shirt buttons. His bow tie shifts up and down over his Adam's apple and his beetle-bald scalp reddens in righteous wrath.

And that's no act—it's merely the normal revulsion we all have for Jap tactics, plus a specialist's hatred for a nation whose rulers have used dope as a deliberate instrument of vicious national policy.

It was probably the intensity of this hatred that led Anslinger to the action that has since saved tens of thousands of American and Allied lives. War talk was taboo eight years ago, but away back in 1937, the year of the Prince Chichibu incident, Anslinger and former Treasury Secretary Morgenthau decided to play safe against any threat to the nation's supply of medicinal narcotics. Anslinger's "private war" with the Japs made him certain, even then, that real war was inevitable.

The phrase "stock-piling" hadn't been invented, but Secretary Morgenthau and his narcotics commissioner called in the drug houses which were licensed to process narcotics and induced them to lay in a six-year supply of raw opium—enough to carry the country through in case of war.

THE project had to be privately financed. There wasn't the remotest chance that Congress, in those days, would have put up a cent for government purchases. But the Treasury arranged the pool and then provided storage in its own vaults for the thousands of opium chests. The people knew, then, that our gold had been moved out of the Treasury to Fort Knox. What they didn't know was that it had been replaced in Washington by something that was to prove much more valuable.

The advent of war speedily proved the wisdom of this policy. Most of our major medicinal narcotic sources were captured or cut off—the East Indies, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. Yet morphine was the *only* important war essential we didn't have to scurry for. Instead, we have actually been able to lend-lease it freely—to Russia, Great Britain, Greece, Poland, French Africa—even to China. Even behind the enemy lines, American syrettes have saved thousands of lives and eased untold pain in improvised hospitals operated by guerrillas and the underground.

In many countries where war has disrupted narcotics controls, addiction has increased alarmingly. One of the worst spots was Brussels under the Germans. In Greece, during the post-"liberation" civil war, somebody stole the entire national supply of medicinal narcotics and we had to step in with a loan to tide the wounded over.

(*Continued on page 97*)

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(*Continued from page 95*)

Germany always maintained one of the most rigid drug-control systems, except for high-ranking addicts like Göring, who, of course, had no trouble getting the stuff. But even there the war tended to multiply addiction. For more than two years German medical journals have carried warning after warning that many doctors are prescribing too many hypnotics. "That," says Anslinger, "was the sure sign that addiction was spreading."

Since our conquest of Germany, on-the-spot evidence has confirmed Anslinger's evaluation. Hundreds of the frankest confessions we have received from torture-camp doctors and guards have spilled from the mouths of these drug addicts. Hardened toughs, denied their drugs, now confess their deeds in horrible detail, hoping by the very words that hang them to gain another shot of the narcotics they crave. One such shaking addict, a physician, admitted before American interrogating officers that he had personally slain more than 21,000 victims at a Nazi death camp near Kiev! And fat Hermann Göring, when captured, was living on twenty times the "normal" daily dose of paracodeine, a powerful morphine derivative.

Among our own forces we have been singularly fortunate thus far. For one reason, our services started off almost totally free of drug addicts —which reflects the great reduction in narcotic addiction which Anslinger and his agents had achieved between the two wars. In 1918, for instance, induction officers rejected more than 3,000 men as drug addicts. This time, with nearly four times as many men called up for induction —and far more careful screening— only 300 have been rejected as dope addicts.

STARTING clean, we have managed to keep the services clean by a system of tight control developed in constant consultation with Anslinger's specialists. Morphine has been available for every wounded man. It has been kept at every battle station on every ship in the Navy, carried by medical corpsmen on every battlefield. But surprisingly little of it has ever been missing. The check-ups are too tight.

Not that the servicemen who handle those stocks aren't tempted. Dope peddlers and addicts have been caught time and again trying to prevail on soldiers to "steal a few tubes of the stuff." The only big break of this sort that has come to light occurred among Canadian forces, where a medical storeroom clerk in British Columbia not only stole and sold large quantities of morphine, but stupidly substituted lethal strychnine tablets to hide his theft. Hundreds of deaths might have resulted, for some of these tablets were actually distributed to troops combat-bound in the Aleutians. Fortunately the fraud was discovered in time and the already-embarked troops were warned of their peril by radio. With surprising leniency the Canadian court-martial gave the thief a mere twenty years at hard labor.

In the services—as in civilian life —availability of drugs has proved to be a major factor tending to addiction. Records show that over the years nearly 1 per cent of all physicians eventually become drug addicts, with nurses and hospital attendants next in order. "But we almost never find a lawyer who plays around with the stuff," Anslinger points out, "and nobody can tell me that lawyers are more moral or less inclined to get into trouble than doctors or nurses. You can't get away from it—if people can lay their hands on the stuff, there are always a few who will try."

Listening to the commissioner, one gets the strange impression of being in two worlds at once. He is an educated, cultured gentleman. His manner and bearing and speech all testify to his many years in the State Department's foreign service. But as he gets into the swing of a story, something happens to his polished phrases. "Trade terms" begin to creep in. Soon he is speaking an underworld patois in a Harvard accent.

"Only last week," he says, "the local coppers knocked off a lab where some small-time punks were cooking the stuff, and almost kafooed three years of our work. Here we were letting these peewees out on a string, trying to get the big runners. Now they're in the jug and no good to anyone. But that's the way it is in this business, I always tell the agents, 'Let the D.A.s take the bows, and keep your mugs out of the papers.' "

His office presents contrasts as strange as his speech. His paper-littered desk is that of the typical Washington executive, but the rest of the office is a luxuriously furnished narcotics den, hung with scores of engraved and inlaid opium pipes. The walls are lined with glass cases filled with narcotics packages. One shelf has half a hundred hypodermic syringes. Another is laden with homemade gadgets—needles, syringes, pipes, and applicators of all sorts, including some that even Anslinger can't explain. Off in a corner is a worm-eaten carved Chinese chest. Anslinger touches an inconspicuous point on the carved lid and a panel slides back near the bottom. He reaches in and calmly withdraws more than 100 "sticks" of opium; enough dream-stuff for an entire happy—abbreviated—lifetime.

THE war hasn't eased Anslinger's domestic drug-control problems, for although the drugs have become much more scarce, drug peddlers manage to distribute nearly as many "portions" as in the late '30s. The answer lies in an increasing dilution of the narcotic content of the "snow"

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the drug rings sell to their victims. In 1938, heroin seizures averaged better than 28 per cent pure. Today, although the price has risen more than fivefold, the product has been watered down to a heroin content averaging far less than 1 per cent. Often the bureau's laboratories have trouble proving the presence of enough of the drug to get a conviction.

In one instance this excessive dilution drove doctors in a drug-addiction hospital to ask Anslinger for permission to put their patients on real doses of narcotics so that they might continue their studies of the best tapering-off treatment.

"Can you imagine that?" Anslinger fumes. "Here my boys risk their necks making the stuff so scarce that we're practically curing 'em on the street—and these guys want to make a lot of brand-new hopheads just to prove they've got a cure!"

However, these victims of diluted narcotics are addicts none the less—psychological or "needle" rather than drug addicts. The narcotics people know that any loosening of control will bring back heavily loaded narcotics at lower prices and a danger-packed wave of real addiction. Their worst worry at the moment is the Mexican border. Deep in the mountains of Sonora and Guadalajara, whole valleys have turned to growing opium poppies ever since the war cut off most Far Eastern supplies. Here again we have the Japs to thank—for it was mostly itinerant Japanese who taught the Mexican peons how to raise the poppies and extract the crude drug.

THE Mexican government has worked closely with our own men to control this newest menace. It has even used airplane spotters to locate and destroy the illicit fields nestled in isolated valleys far off the main roads. Yet the 2,000-mile Mexican border offers a corridor far wider and harder to control than any that ever led through our Atlantic or west coast harbors. So far, more than a dozen attempts by organized mobs to set up large-scale dope running from Mexico have been smashed by Anslinger's agents, but he admits that substantial quantities do filter through.

For a time the most successful Rio Grande dope runner was "La Nacha," a motherly Mexican woman of fifty whose benign appearance would never suggest her claim to be "Queen of the Border Dope Racket." She and thirteen associates—including characters with the Alice in Wonderland titles of the Lawyer, the Chemist, the Interpreter, and the Bad Old Man—have taken up residence in various penitentiaries. But for many months it was touch and go whether Anslinger's agents would be able to clinch a case on the ring.

The trouble was not that they were slippery. The agents had little difficulty in worming their way into the outfit, posing as unscrupulous

Oklahoma druggists whose specialty was selling dope to Indians. But once contact was established, the federal men had to work for months before they could get the proof which would stand up in court. Every time they thought they had a deal all arranged, one of the gang would try to cheat all the others. After a while the double-crossing grew so complex that the Treasury agents even began to distrust one another. In the end, the entire gang was rounded up—but not until the Lawyer had been caught in the double swindle of peddling 150,000 pills of a "French" drug—"ver-r-ee potent"—behind La Nacha's back.

The pills, on analysis by Treasury chemists, turned out to be plain cornstarch.

DESPITE Anslinger's success in controlling narcotics within the States—the average age of addicts has risen from twenty-five in 1918 to over forty-five today, and the number of addicts is one tenth or less of what it was before World War I—despite all this, Anslinger constantly reiterates his contention that only rigid international control can end the evil, here or abroad. For years before the war he spent perhaps half of his time attending international conferences on narcotics control. He is proud of the work of the old Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations—"the only part of that one-horse shay that didn't collapse when the guns went off."

He is prouder still of our recent success in securing British, French, and Dutch pledges of tight control in their Asiatic possessions retaken from Japan. There have been recent rumors that the British are seeking to amend this agreement and to reopen state-owned opium stores in Burma.

Anslinger discounts these—but he deplores the failure of the new United Nations Charter to set up a strong narcotics-control agency as an integral part of the United Nations organization.

Anslinger and his foreign counterparts, such as Sir Atul Chatterjee, president of the Permanent Opium Control Board, have little hope of "co-operation" from Japan.

They know that her whole history since before the rape of Manchuria has involved the constant use of the narcotics traffic as a means of weakening her enemies. As Anslinger puts it:

"I never trusted them, I don't trust them now, and I've yet to meet the man who can tell me why anyone should ever trust them in the future. Now that the war's over, somebody may find some good Japanese somewhere. Well, all I can say is that we'll still search them—to the bottoms of their soybean barrels and the insides of their shoes. There won't be any peace treaties with dope smugglers."

THE END

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I followed her to the kitchen and she opened the refrigerator. THERE was the door she meant—holding ten chilled bottles and loads of other things all neatly filed in shelves built right inside the door of the refrigerator. Amazing!

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Wedding night of the shipboard romance between the Lady and the Pirate.

THE SPANISH MAIN *(RKO-RADIO) Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, John Emery*

FOR this kind of movie the word "swashbuckling" was invented. In that category it has everything—a proud beauty, a villain, adventure on the high seas, Technicolor.

The title of The Spanish Main describes the setting: the Caribbean in the seventeenth century, when piracy was the law, and the representatives of Their Majesties of Spain were the real rogues.

Number one pirate in the territory is Paul Henreid, a Dutchman seeking revenge against the cruelties of the Viceroy of New Granada (Walter Slezak). Henreid calls himself and his ship the Barracuda. His greatest chance for retribution comes along in the lovely form of Maureen O'Hara, a noble lady en route from Spain to marry the Viceroy.

Maureen and her resplendent entourage are hijacked by the Barracuda. Love's akin to hate, and the gorgeous redhead finds herself magnetized by the handsome sailor she'd once had whipped for insolence.

The Beauty and the Barracuda are married at sea, and it begins to look as though these two rebels will have a happy, lawless life. But, putting into Tortuga, they find the Brotherhood of pirates trembling with fear of the Viceroy's wrath and demanding that his bride be returned to him.

At this point there is a wonderful duel, ending in a guffaw, between O'Hara and Binnie Barnes, who is number two pirate in the Brotherhood. The Lady *is* returned to the fat and very corrupt Viceroy, and the Barracuda is manacled by his own colleagues. But you may be sure that, after many vicissitudes, the lovers are reunited and the fiendish Slezak ends in ignominy.

Henreid is the life of the movie. He departs from his usual sophisticated demeanor and displays talents for parrying with the sword and for decimating the foe such as haven't been seen since Fairbanks, Sr.

Behind his romantic figure is seen the portly Slezak—Henreid's chief rival for acting honors. He's *so* suave in his unscrupulousness—an engaging villain if ever there was one.

As for O'Hara, whatever histrionic abilities she possesses are somewhat obscured by the fact that she is one of the most beautiful females ever to be seduced by the films. Binnie Barnes and John Emery play their second leads with much flair and gusto.

Seventeenth-century pirates may have had no more glamor in actuality than a contemporary black-market operator, but it's nice to imagine that they looked like the dazzling group who show us The Spanish Main.

The Viceroy of New Granada (Walter Slezak) in one of his trousseau robes.

Richard Conte holding a diamond trinket which lands him in jail.

THE SPIDER

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Richard Conte, Faye Marlowe, Kurt Kreuger

THIS is a good, workmanlike film about a "private eye," with no fuss or feathers. There are three murders involved, an ideal number for a full-length feature. There's also a likable young detective who's kept behind the eight ball until the last minute.

Richard Conte, as the dick, is somebody you'll probably warm to. He began his two-year-old screen career in Guadalcanal Diary, and combines the rough charm of Cagney and Bogart with a face like someone you know.

His office is in the Latin Quarter of New Orleans, where he has a girl partner. When his partner is killed, Conte is number one suspect, and the police give him credit for the other two murders as well.

Cherchez la femme is the order of the day. The *femme* is the sister of Faye Marlowe, a lady in a mind-reading act who wears a spider costume on the stage. (Hence the title!)

Said sister had vanished years before and is rumored to have been murdered right there in New Orleans. The homicide in triplicate results from *somebody's* attempt to destroy evidence of the sister's death.

Mr. Conte and Miss Marlowe find several common causes, and love blossoms under the most adverse circumstances—as for example, one of the parties being in jail.

Lurking around while the kids get acquainted is Kurt Kreuger, manager of the magic act. He's played Nazi roles, knows how to be sinister, and has an open field here.

Based on a successful play, The Spider is a nice, old-fashioned murder mystery spun out of tension-easing material.

CHOICE MOVIE ITEMS

THE LOST WEEKEND (Paramount). Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Phillip Terry. Drama plus.

BLITHE SPIRIT (Noel Coward). Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford. Comedy.

MILDRED PIERCE (Warners). Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson. Melodrama.

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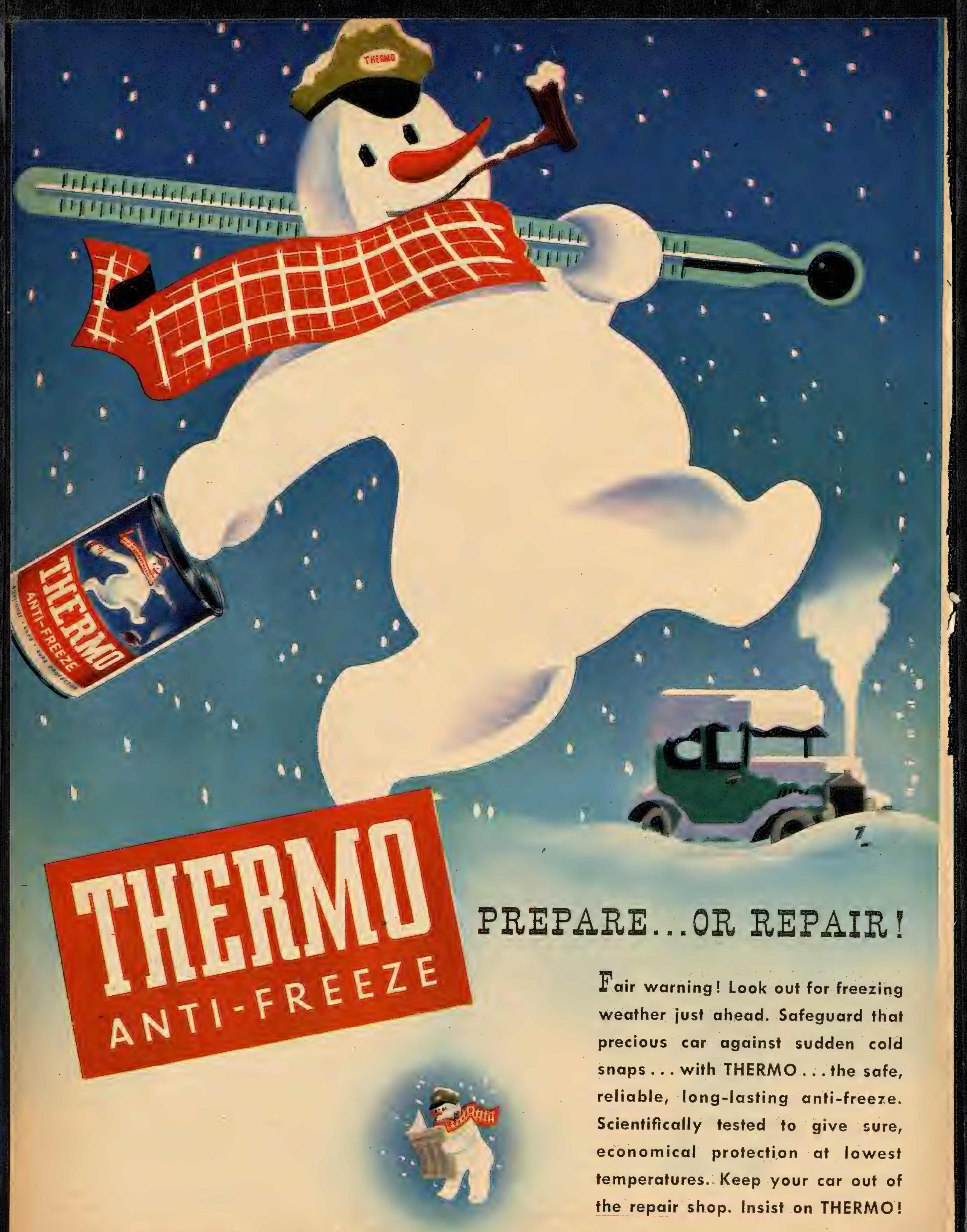
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PHILADELPHIA

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

Continued from Page 49

It was then that Miss Hawtry decided Jonathan must go on to college. Some way I must manage to send him, she thought. Some way.

But Miss Hawtry didn't send him to college. The fall when Jonathan should have started for the university he had already gone to camp.

She knew he was a little frightened when he left. But he put up a fine show of casualness. "I'll be getting a furlough pretty soon," he'd said. "Maybe I'll get home for Christmas."

Miss Hawtry nodded.

"You'll look after Spot." He shot her a glance in which hope triumphed over reason. "I expect he'll be a lot of company to you."

"I'll take care of him."

Miss Hawtry wrote once a week to Jonathan and included in her letters all the information she could garner about the boys and girls he knew.

Often she called on persons whom she had not visited for years, in order to secure those tidbits. She also included bulletins on Spot.

"You sure know how to write a letter, Aunt Angie," he wrote once. "The other boys here don't get half as much news that counts as I do."

HE didn't get back for Christmas. But he did arrive early in January. Miss Hawtry walked to the station to meet him, and Spot, sensing something in the atmosphere, had followed her. Twice she had tried to send him home, but he only dropped a pace behind her and lowered his head in the ostrichlike belief that she couldn't see him.

Never mind, she thought. I expect he'll be more pleased to see Spot than me.

When he got off the train she saw that he was more mature. But he looked well, and undeniably handsome in his uniform. Laughing, he fought down the leaping, delirious dog to give a quick peck at Miss Hawtry's cheek.

"Gee, he certainly hasn't forgotten me, has he, Aunt Angie?" He didn't seem to notice she hadn't kissed him.

Like most boys, Jonathan was home but little during his ten days. He slept late and he ate prodigiously. He whistled a good deal and he kept the radio turned on every minute. But never to the war news. During his late breakfasts, which Miss Hawtry served him, he chattered. But his talk was about local happenings, the basketball game at the high school the evening before, Dr. Prouty's new horse, the Kinder twins' birthday party which he said was a double-header.

THE evening before Jonathan left, he told Miss Hawtry he was going over to Joe Bailey's. "A lot of the old crowd's going to be there." He fingered his cap restlessly. "At least all that's left of it."

He doesn't want to stay at home, Miss Hawtry thought. Well, why should he? Ever since he was a baby, I've treated him as if I were his enemy. But I didn't want to spoil him. I didn't dare to.

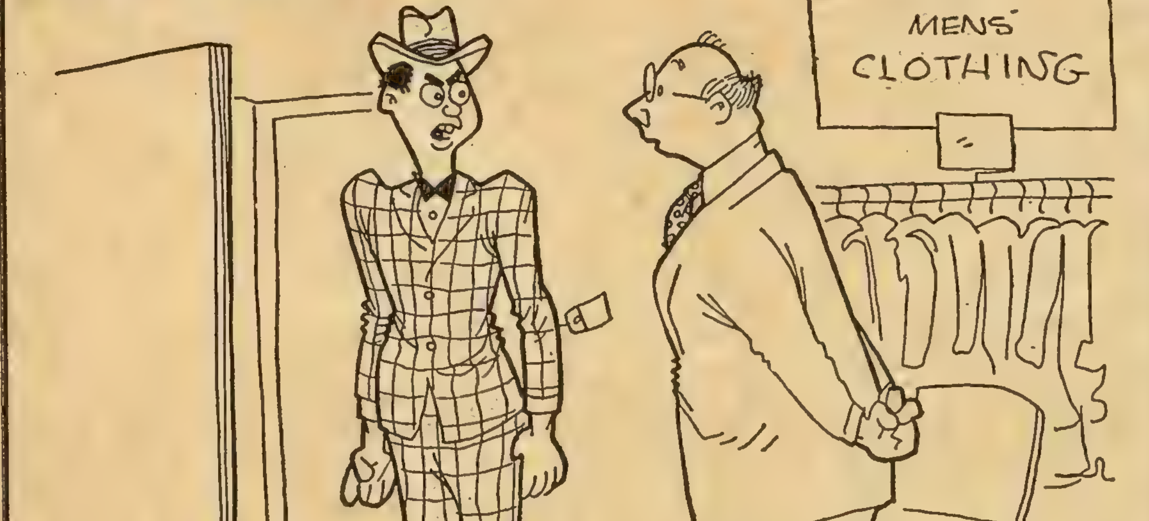
"You have to get up early in the morning."

"I know." He grinned. "I won't be late."

But he was late. It was dark when they had breakfast the next morning. Miss Hawtry didn't eat much. Jonathan only pretended to. He looked pale, and she knew that underneath his casualness he was excited.

"I expect you'll be coming home again, Jonathan, before they send you—anywhere?"

THE HOME FRONT



"You're right—it fits like a glove. Have you one that fits like a suit?"

LIBERTY

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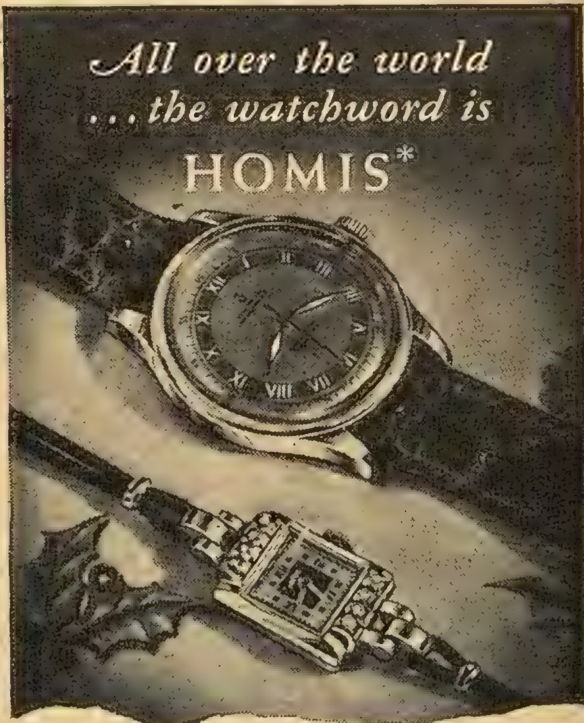

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He nodded. "Sure, oh, sure." But she knew he didn't mean it.

"You'll take care of yourself?" That's a foolish thing to say, she thought.

He grinned. "Sure."

Sam Peters, who was 4-F because he had a bad heart, was picking Jonathan up to take him to the station.

"You're sure you're all packed, Jonathan?" Miss Hawtry hesitated. "I put something in your kit last night. I put in a waterproof watch." Because she feared she might be blushing, she frowned. "They say they're useful."

"Aunt Angie." Even his ears were red with embarrassment. But he was pleased. "You shouldn't of. They cost a lot. You—you should have got something for yourself."

Miss Hawtry stiffened. "I don't need anything. Now hurry. That's Sam's horn."

In the rush of departure she didn't kiss him. Sam pushed open the door and Miss Hawtry hurried into the kitchen for the packet of sandwiches she'd put up. "Take this," she ordered. "You'll be hungry before noon."

"Thanks."

"Hurry up, Jon," Sam said.

"O.K." He hesitated. "Good-by, Aunt Angie. I'll—I'll be home soon." He ducked and pecked her on the cheek.

"Come on, we'll miss that train."

"O.K." But he still stood there. "Well, good-by. Good-by, Aunt Angie."

And he was gone. . . .

He didn't get another leave. Instead, he sailed for some place in the Pacific. Miss Hawtry didn't know where.

His letters were brief and noncommittal. "I can't say much," he wrote. "And I can't even seem to say the things I can."

Then there was a time when she didn't get any letters at all. If Miss Hawtry hadn't had the discipline of years in tucking her emotions under, she might have behaved differently. But Miss Hawtry knew how not to show her feelings.

Then came the message that he was wounded, and from the hospital someone sent her his Purple Heart citation.

MISS HAWTRY was not listening to the program of music. It was tuned in so low that above the murmur she could hear the clock tick. On the hearthrug Spot was snoring. A grimy trail led from the door to the fireplace.

Miss Hawtry sighed. Spot was certainly a nuisance.

But she had done her duty by him. The needles clicked. Miss Hawtry's mind was busy, but her fingers did not lose their swiftness. Was duty all there was to life? Did she need always to be so watchful? Well, she had been. And Jonathan might never know how proud she was of him.

Had he cared for her at all? She might never know now. He was wounded, seriously. And she had nothing left of him. Her eyes drifted to the snoring dog upon the hearth rug. Only Spot.

There was a break in the undertone of music. Faintly, like a voice from another planet, words replaced the violins.

"Attention," said the voice. "We are interrupting our program to bring you a broadcast from a hospital in the South Pacific. Ten patients will speak to you tonight, each one a wounded hero from our fighting forces."

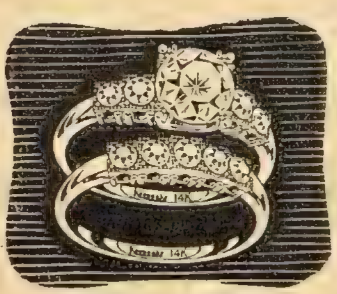
Miss Hawtry had been too busy with her own thoughts to pay attention to the words of the announcer. Her instinct had been to switch to another station when the program of music was broken. But she hadn't. The music would return in a moment.

Was there any chance that he could know how much she loved him? She had never told him, and the boy was no mind reader. Why, she had never so much as patted his dog!

Involuntarily her eyes drifted again to Spot. No, all she had done was complain about the dirt.

Miss Hawtry glanced at the clock. It was almost half past ten. She must turn off the radio and wind the clock and go to bed. Another day would dawn tomorrow.

home to my heart Forever



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Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Then, on the hearthrug, Spot suddenly lifted his head and his ears sprang to alert.

In a second he was on his feet, his body quivering.

Miss Hawtry jerked forward in her chair and her hand fumbled for the dial. A voice came into the silent room. "I repeat, this is Jonathan Dillingham," the voice said. "I hope my aunt, Miss Angeline Hawtry, is listening." There was an instant. "I'm feeling fine, Aunt Angie. They're taking first-rate care of me here. I'm going to come home some day. I've still got the watch you gave me. I wear it in my pocket now. I guess I never thanked you for it regularly. Nor for all the other things."

SPOT was barking wildly. Miss Hawtry held him in her arms. "Hush, Spot, hush, boy," she whispered.

". . . and grateful to you for all you've done for me. I guess I know now how much it was—I guess maybe I've known always. So long. See you soon. And Spot."

"You have been listening to ten patients from a hospital in the South Pacific."

The voice stopped. There was a station announcement. A new program winged its way along the ether.

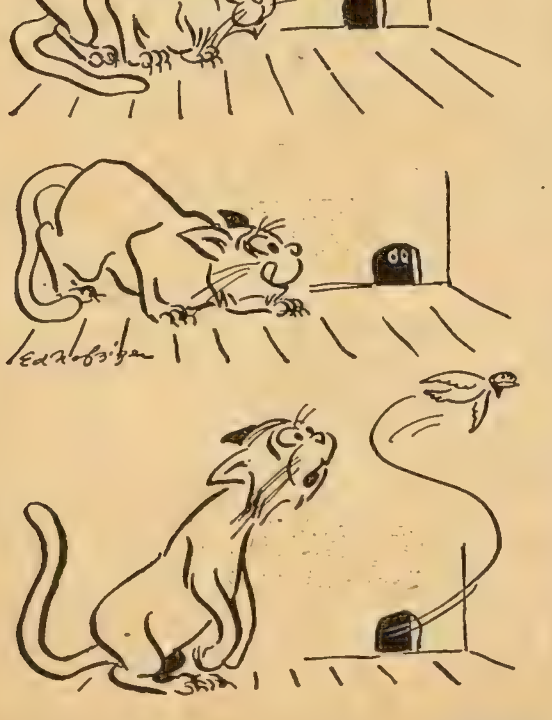
"Spot, Spot!" Tears streamed down her cheeks. The dog wriggled in her arms and licked her face with a frantic and friendly tongue. Her dress, she saw, was smeared with the dirt from his muddy paws.

But Miss Hawtry didn't care.

"Come on, Spot, come on," she said at last. "Let's go and see if we can find a bone."

She stood up and he leaped around her in an ecstasy of gladness. But, then, he often did. Miss Hawtry smiled. Even from puppyhood Spot had been an optimist.

THE END



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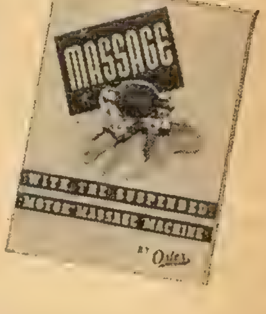
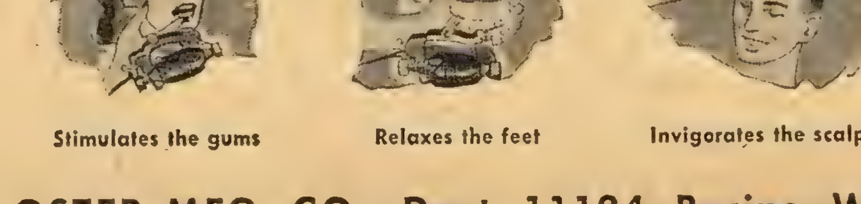


Massage correctly applied with Oster Massagett for face, body, and scalp.



Stimulates the gums Relaxes the feet Invigorates the scalp

N-10

JOHN OSTER MFG. CO., Dept. 11124, Racine, Wisconsin

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Mail $2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

THE HUNDREDTH HORSE

Continued from Page 45

things—shoes and cribs and rattles?" She swallowed hard. "Those mill hands," she said all in a rush—"those mill hands are just having babies all the time. Just all the time. You've no idea."

I CRIED because mother wouldn't let me go downtown with them while they fixed the store windows. Downtown I could have seen my hundredth horse. Never in all my life would I need him as I needed him now.

It was this way. It was a charm. When you saw a white horse, you swiftly touched the tip of your thumb to your tongue, then to the palm of your other hand, then the thumb doubled into a fist and banged down hard into that other palm. You counted the horses you stamped that way. When you got a hundred, then—then was the time! Something perfectly wonderful happened.

I had ninety-nine. I'd got to get one more—and quick!

I took Toby from his shoebox stall. Toby was my toy horse. He stood beside my pillow, nights, and kept Foozer from getting me! I took him with me while we went around and around the block, looking for one more white horse.

I had gone around the block six times when I saw a load of hay coming around a corner. The load was drawn by one black horse. But the other was white—all white!

With my blood happily pouring through me, I stamped that horse—and my breath went out in a long sigh as my spirits soared. Nothing but wonderful things could happen to us now!

When I finally went home, mother had come back and was in the parlor, pulling the hanging lamp down, to wipe the dust from those millions of beautiful glass icicles that dangled from its flowered shade.

She ran the lovely lamp up to its high place again. "You may dust if you want to help, Jeanie. Mamie is still down at the store. I never saw any one so excited—but she did fix a beautiful window and is now doing the other one. Your father has lettered a big sign, 'You deserve the best you can afford.' Mamie said just reading it made her feel tall. What she means is it gives her a sense of dignity."

As my dustcloth moved over the marble table top, I could see faces in the squiggly patterns. I saw grandfather's piercing eyes in one corner. I looked away quick, remembering his thundering impatience and how afraid every one was of him.

MOTHER and I aired the spare room, put fresh sheets and the best embroidered pillow shams with their fluted ruffles on the bed. She looked tireder and tireder. Then, when father didn't come and didn't come, she was nearly crying.

I went to lean against her. "We could set the table for supper, even if supper won't be till after Aunt Agatha's train," I suggested.

Mother nodded and went to the dining room and began getting down the moss-rose dishes. I wanted terribly to tell her about my hundredth horse so she could stop worrying, but having it a secret was part of the charm.

When I heard father's step in the hall, I pelted out and flung myself at him. He swung me to his shoulder and I felt his love flowing swift and safe about me. We marched in to mother, scrunching down as we went through doorways.

"Hello, honey," he said. "I've been

IMPORTANT!

Next week and every week thereafter

LIBERTY GOES ON SALE

throughout the country on

FRIDAY

running my legs off getting more and more things down from the attic for Mamie's windows. And Skiles is running my advertisement tonight—a half page. You should have heard him snort. Says it's all nonsense."

"Kirk doesn't think so," mother said. "Jeanie, run up and change your dress, dear. Put on your flowered challis and blue sash. Bring your brush and ribbons down and I'll do your hair by the stove, where it's warm."

I ran upstairs, skipping the third stair that creaked. The hall was cold and still. The whole house was still, as if Foozer might be waiting under my bed to get me! But he couldn't, because I'd stamped my hundredth horse! I walked slowly and sedately back down the stairs.

"—if only I knew what father intends doing," mother was saying as I opened the parlor door. "He's so violent. Likely as not to—"

"Will he shoot Aunt Agatha?" I asked.

"Shoot indeed!" father roared. "Jeanie!"

Mother took my brush and drew it harshly through my hair. "You don't know him, James! He might do anything!"

Father sat down and put his feet up on the nickeled stove and scowled at his pipe. Mother restlessly changed the position of a china lady and a conch shell on the whatnot, then changed them back again. "If father will only stay home," she said. "When he's calmed down—"

Father snorted. "Your father not shouting and beating other wills down wouldn't be your father! He and Kirk battle all the time about Kirk's modern ideas. Your father says Kirk's the smartest merchant in Chicago; then, in the next breath, that Kirk's store will fail in a year. If Kirk can prove he's right, your father will insist that he was the one who originated those merchandising ideas in the first place."

Mother sighed. "We've got to go to the depot to meet Agatha as soon as you have Dexter hitched up and brought around and I change—"

WHEN they'd driven off, I went to preen before the huge gold-framed mirror. My ribbon sash was beautiful, but my stomach stuck out, so I practiced walking back and forth before the mirror, standing high and straight.

Mamie peeked in. She was still excited about the store windows she'd help arrange. "I drug Horace past 'em," she said. "I showed him the dishes I want. But all he was interested in was a bedroom soot! Men! Do I look all right?"

She stared greedily at her reflection in the big mirror. "Why, I look grand!"

"Just grand," I agreed, "but your stomach sort of sticks out—a little. Mine did before I stood straighter and sort of— Look, Mamie, if you stand high, like this—"

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A Home on the Mississippi

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It isn't surprising that so many delightful ways to serve Southern Comfort are found, for it's America's Most Versatile Drink. Manhattan . . . Highball . . . Old Fashioned . . . or Champagne Cocktail—you'll acclaim them all and soon make exciting recipe discoveries of your own. No sugar is needed. May we send recipes?

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

America's Most Versatile Drink

100 Proof

LIQUEUR

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Manhattan

⅔ Southern Comfort. ⅓ Dry Vermouth. Add ice—stir and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with a red cherry.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Highball

Ice. Jigger Southern Comfort. Fill highball glass with soda, sparkling water or ginger ale. Twist of lemon peel if desired.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

Her pale eyes goggled at me. "It don't!" she whispered hoarsely. "It don't—not a bit."

Suddenly her face lost its party look. She plopped down on the red plush sofa as if her knees had given out. I ran to her and hugged her. "Why, Mamie—I only meant—"

"Just you wait till I get hold of that Horace Klofield! Jean! Horace and I'll get married pretty soon—prob'ly. Oh—that's him knocking at the back door now!" Mamie hurried out to the kitchen on determined feet.

I heard Dexter's hoofs. I raced to the door—there was Aunt Agatha! I followed her and mother upstairs to see what she'd brought me in her satchel, but she didn't even open it. All the laughter was gone from her pretty mouth and eyes.

She tossed off her tasseled cloak. "Edith, I don't think father's mind is—is right. You've no idea the things he said!"

Mother's face went white. "Oh, yes, I have! If only he doesn't follow you here! I—I couldn't face that, Agatha—not just yet."

"I've telegraphed Kirk to come here." Aunt Agatha's face sort of flamed with light as she said his name. "He's in New York on a buying trip. Father can't stop our marrying!"

Mother looked worriedly at me. "Mercy on us, it's half past eight! We haven't had supper and this child should be in bed. Come. Let's go down to James."

IN the morning everyone seemed tired. Even Mamie, who looked anxiously at me every time she came through the swinging door with more buckwheat cakes. But Mamie walked tall and straight on her tiptoes; she looked so pale I wondered if she'd had a good time last night.

"Come, come, Agatha!" father said crossly, the way he did when I had to take castor oil. "Let's all be happy, my dear—as long as we can," he added soberly.

"It's all very well to say let's all be happy," she said. "You and Edith gave father the slip and eloped, but you don't want me to. There isn't a finer man nor a better merchant in Chicago than Kirk. I've heard you say so yourself."

"And I repeat it. I repeat it with exclamation points, asterisks, and commas. But you're too young—"

"How old was Edith?" she demanded. "Tell me that."

He dodged. *"Touchez!* But Edith was a horse of a different color." He pushed back from the table. "And now, children. I've got to rush down to the store. If that advertisement and the windows do anything at all, the place will be a busy one. Let's all hope so!"

That very afternoon father telephoned that he was just going to the depot to meet Kirk Browning. And in a few minutes there he was at our gate with father!

In his fur coat he looked like a big bear. He looked like one more than ever when he grabbed Aunt Agatha and hugged her. He said he'd come as soon as he'd had her telegram and that he wanted to marry her and take her right along to Chicago with him.

Every one talked at once and it sounded just like the church social when you go in the door out of the still, cold winter night and the warm air inside is lovely with smells of baked ham and coffee, and the clatter is lovely too.

Mr. Browning and Aunt Agatha were sitting on our sofa, holding hands and laughing. Father was telling him about our store and how he'd begun using Kirk's methods and even his slogan, and how you could knock him over with a hitching post over the way our store was jammed as if it were Christmas Eve, and how everyone was buying for cash things that had been in that store attic for years and years.

Mother and Aunt Agatha were planning how they could have a wedding before the night train left for Chicago, and were telling Mr. Browning that he'd better go get the license at the courthouse right now!

In the middle of it all Mamie answered the telephone and turned white around her mouth as she told us grandfather was at the depot—his train was just in and some one come and get him pretty quick!

Mr. Browning jumped to his feet and pulled Aunt Agatha up with him. "Well," he shouted, "we've got to get out of here before your father gets here! First the license, then the minister, then he can't head us off! You all know how he is—meek as a white lamb if he can't do anything about it—but he'll raise hell if he finds us here now! Mamie, telephone Horace to go get the old gentleman—to take all the time about it he possibly can!"

I RAN upstairs to put on my best sash for the wedding. I couldn't find it and was almost crying when I finally discovered it under my crocheted petticoat. But when I got downstairs they'd all gone!

I went forlornly out to the kitchen. Mamie was telephoning Horace, telling him to hitch his bays to his best hack, but first to put down the top of the hack so it would look elegant, then to go to the depot.

I pulled at Mamie's apron. "Tell him to come for me first. I'm going to meet grandfather."

Mamie, the receiver at her ear, looked down at me with her mouth open in amazement. "You! You're going to—to meet him?"

"People should be met at depots," I said.

She told Horace to come for me, then she looked down and put her hand on my forehead. She shook her head. "He's terrible—that man."

"I'm not one bit afraid of him," I told her. She didn't know about my hundredth horse! Nothing could hurt me!

"Bless the baby," she said softly,

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Your dealer will have 2 sizes,
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They're Cool . . . Clean . . . Sweet Smoking

stroking my hair back from my forehead. "Bless the baby. But I'm not going to let that fierce old man hurt you, darling. I'm going too! I'll sit up on the seat with Horace, and see that Horace takes all the time possible to it, and goes up Main Street past your father's store. Let'm see the mob in there buying fit to kill—let Horace see that set of dishes again in the window!"

That's what we did. I was in my best gray coat and my white pussy hood. Mamie, with her cloak over her kitchen apron and her hat with its pink ostrich plume, was up in front with Horace. She looked lovely.

WHEN we got to the depot, grandfather was pounding on the platform with his gold-headed cane.

"Why didn't your parents come? Why didn't Agatha come for me?" he raged. "Just you, Jeanie!" He glared down at me.

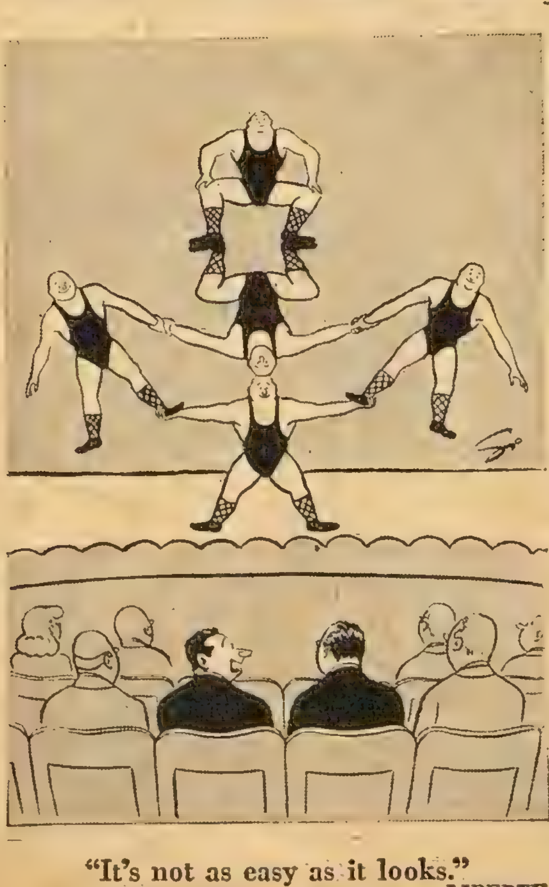
But I wasn't one bit scared, of course. "I wanted to come to meet you alone, grandfather. Because I love you, and we'll have fun riding in Horace's lovely open hack together." I slipped my hand in his.

"Heh? What's that?" He peered down at me through his nose glasses. Suddenly he held my hand so hard it hurt. "What're you saying, child?" Then he got in without another word, but he looked up at Mamie sitting there on the seat as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Howdy, sir," she said, and her big voice shook a little. She had Horace drive at a walk all the way. Then, when we got in front of father's store, we drew up and stopped.

Grandfather leaned out. "What's the commotion?" he asked. "What's going on in there?"

Mamie turned around then. "Our store's selling things like all get-



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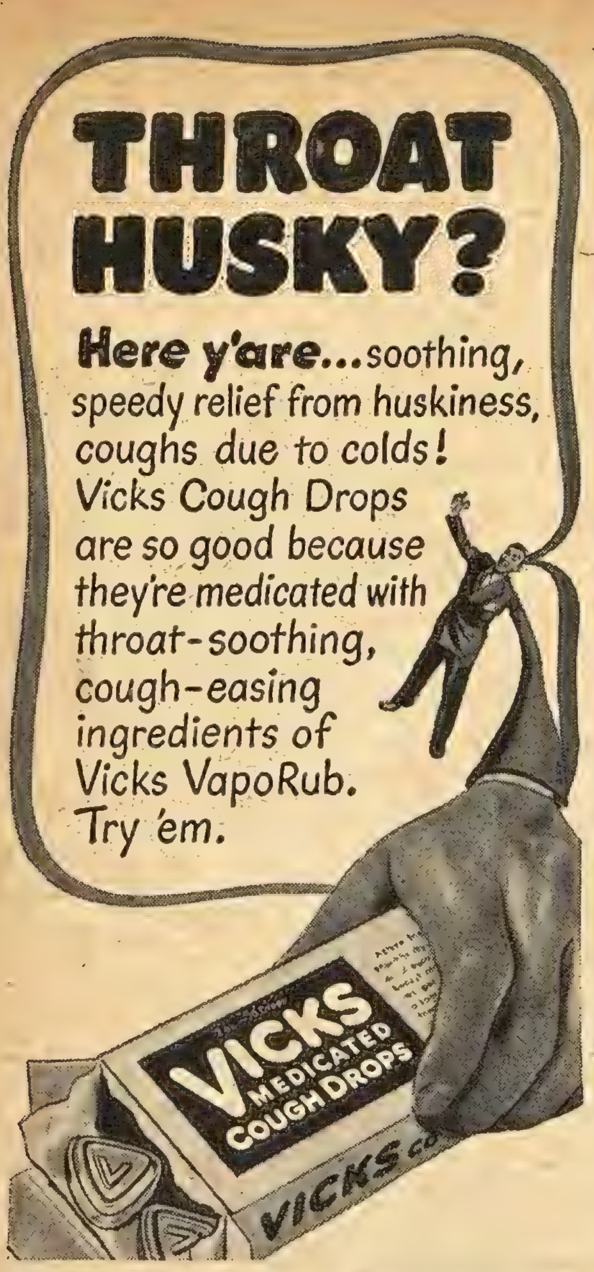

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out," she said proudly. "The mister advertised like Mr. Browning—and all for cash. Mr. Browning's the best merchant in Chicago, and we're copying the way he does—and just look at our crowds!"

Grandfather breathed hard as he looked—at the windows, and at the people.

"I've been wanting to do just that for years," he told me, ignoring Mamie, "but your father is such a conservative—that means, my child, he isn't up to date. Now he's copying Kirk, he's off to a real start. Yes, sir! Why doesn't James come out?"

He pounded fiercely with his cane. "Keeping me waiting outside like this!"

"Oh, he isn't here," I told grandfather. "Father's gone to the wedding."

"The wedding!" His glasses on their gold chain fell off. "What's the child talking about? Wedding indeed!"

I told him, "Aunt Agatha is getting married to Mr. Browning. They're all at the church, marrying her now."

GRANDFATHER let out his breath as if he'd been holding it a long time, then he sort of folded up like a closed umbrella. After awhile he sat up straight again and said very loud:

"Drive on, Horace. Let's be getting home."

I took his hand again and held it tight with both mine. I was kind of sorry for grandfather.

When we drove up, they all came rushing out, and they all had the funniest looks on their faces when they saw Mamie up with Horace, then saw grandfather and me in the open hack, and then grandfather and me walking in the gate, with me holding tight to his hand.

"Well, well!" grandfather said and his old face broke into sudden crinkles. "Well, well! So I missed the wedding, did I? Well, well, Kirk, my boy. Congratulations. You've got a lovely bride. And Agatha, my dear! Mrs. Kirk Browning, why, bless my soul!"

SHE ran into his arms, crying a little, then everyone kissed everyone else and everyone laughed a great deal.

We went in and sat down. Then I followed mother out to the kitchen, and father came out too, still laughing.

Mother said, "Mamie, father's taking us to the hotel for a wedding supper before Mr. and Mrs. Browning take their train tonight. You may have the rest of the afternoon and the evening off."

"We'll need it," Horace said, grinning at us. "Me 'n' Mamie are getting married too."

Mother and I hugged Mamie and we all shook hands with Horace. Father reached for his wallet, then stopped.

"We owe Mamie quite a wedding present, Edith," he said, very seriously. "What do you say if we give her the things she likes so much in our store window?"

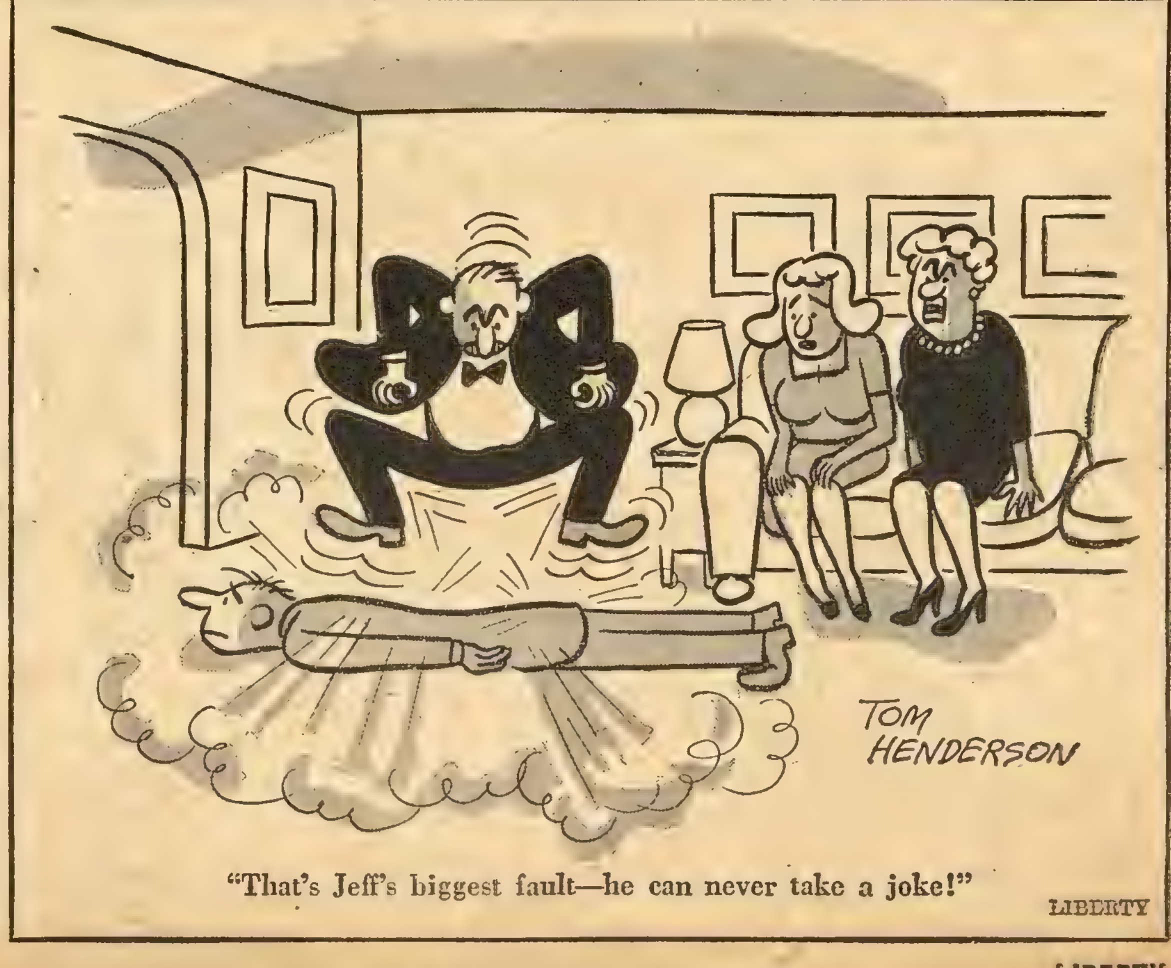
"Which window, sir?" Mamie gasped.

"Why"—he laughed suddenly—"Why, both windows, Mamie," he said. "Both windows. Why not? You're the one that thought of those windows."

My hundredth horse had done it all!

I went out to the back porch, and looked both ways up and down the street, to see if I could see a white horse. I'd done pretty well with that hundred. Now I'd begin all over again!

THE END



"That's Jeff's biggest fault—he can never take a joke!"

LIBERTY

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for quick relief on contact!

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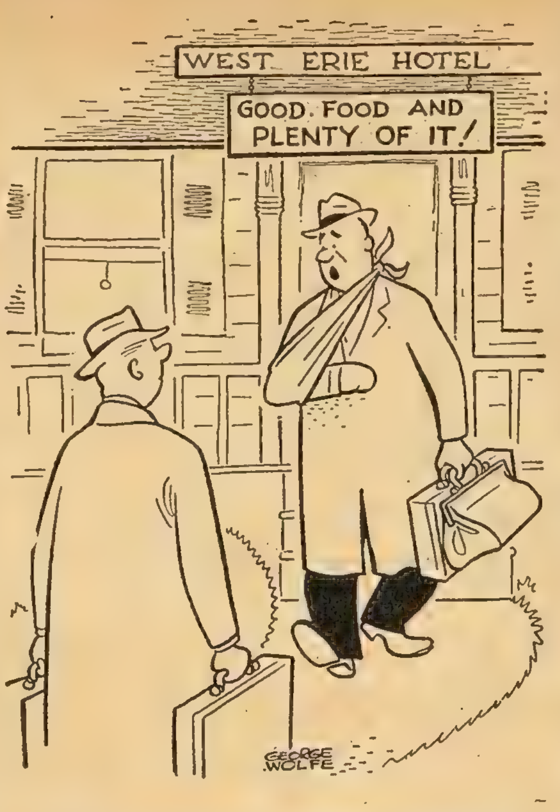

"Don't reach for a second helping!"
LIBERTY

THREADS OF THE FUTURE

Continued from Page 32

ings may soon create a minor revolution, for they are likely to be seamless. Before the war only one in three women bought the seamless variety of hosiery. The reason was simple: the seam was an aid to shaping and indicated the stockings were "full-fashioned," and least likely to sag at ankle and bag at knee; but now the mills, with a process utilizing metal forms and heat, have found how to shape nylon into a permanent leglike contour minus the seam.

Rayon, which was damned from Times Square to Tacoma for its government-directed effort to pinch-hit for nylon and silk in women's hosiery, did the best it could in a baggy sort of way with rayon fibers that never were intended for that kind of job. Consequently it is more widely recognized today for its one gloomy failure than for its many triumphs. Yet, in the United States, it is second only to cotton in number of pounds consumed annually. Even its source is not widely understood, but it doesn't come from the rayfish, as one salesgirl told a customer.

Like the word nylon, the term rayon is generic and properly applies to all types of synthetic fibers for which cellulose is the basic raw material. Some weavers of rayon yarns apply trade names to their fabric products, but whether or not a fabric travels under a trade name, it's still rayon, and is so designated on the label required by the Federal Trade Commission. Cellulose is the solid part, or cell walls, of all plant life, and for rayon manufacture it is obtained from two sources, wood pulp and cotton linters. The latter are short fibers that remain on the

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White Face, Platinum Silver, and Pearl Platinum Fox
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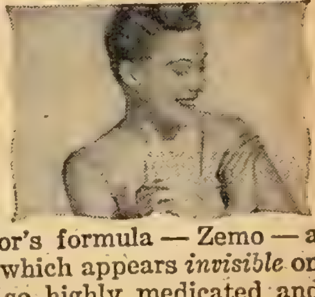
BOOK "Domestic Mink" $1.00

HARRY SAXTON'S MINK RANCH, Bemus Point, N.Y

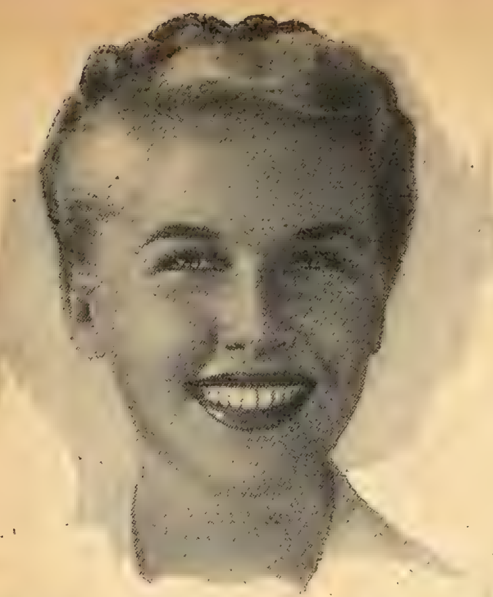
YOU CAN'T BEAT this to relieve itching of SKIN *and* SCALP IRRITATIONS

So Many Druggists Say!



Here's a Doctor's formula — Zemo — a stainless *liquid* which appears *invisible* on the skin — yet so highly medicated and soothing that the first applications promptly relieve itching, burning of Eczema, Psoriasis and similar skin and scalp irritations — due to external cause. Zemo ALSO aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless *invisible* Zemo any time. It won't show on skin. Buy *Extra Strength* Zemo for mean cases. → ZEMO



★ ★

IODENT

TOOTH PASTE

reminds every American to

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VICTORY BONDS

TO THE UTMOST

- for care of our wounded.
- to bring our boys back home.
- to insure *your* splendid post-war world.

They finished their job—
let's finish ours!

★ ★

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DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

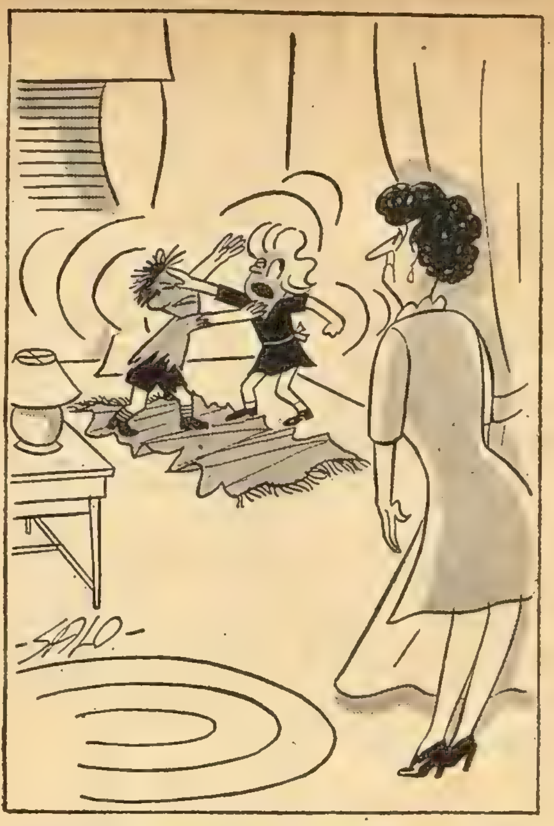
cotton seed after the long fibers have been removed by ginning. Just as the silkworm chews mulberry leaves to get the cellulose which he regenerates into a solution, then expels in a minute strand we call silk, so does the rayon process reduce cellulose to a liquid, then spin the liquid into filaments, which are refined cellulose.

Two outstanding facts about rayon are its diversity of uses and its source of supply. Rayon is the most versatile fiber known, exceeding cotton, flax, wool, silk, and all of its synthetic cousins in applications and utilizations. Before the war there were more than 500 known uses, and of the varied employments of the other man-made fibers heretofore mentioned, almost all can be duplicated by rayon, while not one of the other synthetics has approached rayon in its wide range of uses. Just before the war an entirely new group of rayon fibers was being readied for commercial production but went to the fighting fronts instead. Now these fibers are returning.

Of rayon's new "family," one staple fiber combined with cotton to give a soft, absorbent, lint-free fabric, used for grinding and polishing the war's optical equipment, will greatly improve young America's diapers. Another, known as "high-tenacity" rayon, which was utilized for the cords in countless thousands of tires on planes and military vehicles, has what it takes to manufacture women's hosiery to rival those of any material in appearance, performance, and price. But, according to a recent announcement by one large tire maker, those war-tested tires are to be available for the new automobiles and they "will probably last longer than you will want to keep your car."

Still another rayon fiber returns from a humanitarian war job of filtering blood and plasma during transfusions to take its place in civilian life as new, light, and diaphanous types of crepe, georgette, and chiffon. A fine-mesh marquisette, which protected jungle fighters from insect pests, is coming into the more exciting field of exquisite evening wear.

Not all the war-born rayon niceties are designed for the feminine trade. A man's shirt, comparable to the best broadcloth, already has reached the counters in limited quantities. Men's suiting materials, now "in the mill," combine rayon with wool, and tests show several of them to be four times stronger and warmer than wool. Rugs and carpets made with a specially developed rayon fiber have resilience, wearability, soil resistance, and strength comparable to those of floor coverings from the best carpet wools.



"It's okay, mother—we're engaged!"
LIBERTY

As to the supply of raw materials, anything containing cellulose might be a possible source for rayon pulp, but wood pulp and cotton have the purest cellulose in the most readily available state, and of the two, America's trees have provided more rayon in recent years than have the cotton linters. One reason is that more viscose rayon has been made than either of the other varieties, and viscose derives mainly from wood pulp. Another answer is that there are many other uses for linters, particularly in wartime. But the increasing demands of the growing rayon industry on one of the country's vital resources is the reason why raw material for this synthetic fiber should be specially considered.

The principal trees that provide wood-pulp cellulose for rayon are spruce, western hemlock, and southern pine, the same species that furnish pulp for certain parts of the paper trade. The obvious question as to whether rayon's added drain on supplies of standing timber will deplete America's forest resources is answered by an emphatic "No!" from forest-culture men. They talk in terms of scientific tree farming, which is the application to forest lands of the principles a good farmer applies to fields of cotton or corn.

The rapidly expanding tree-farm program to perpetuate timber supplies to satisfy all demands, of which rayon's is nominal by comparison with others, now has 705 certified

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

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Muscular Aches and Pains • Sprains • Strains

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

WAITERS have it

POETS have it too!

Medical reports indicate that over *one-third of the population has simple piles (hemorrhoids).* Too many people are ashamed to admit it . . . too many people suffer needless pain.

You can do something to relieve the itching, irritation, soreness and distress. The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—*Unguentine Rectal Cones*—to help relieve pain, fight infection, promote healing. Use as directed. Your money back if not satisfied.

Unguentine Rectal Cones

Easy to use. . .sanitary . . .inexpensive. Twelve in a package, at drug stores, 75¢.

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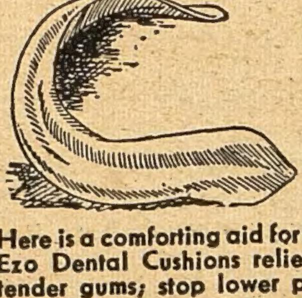
FOR STOMACH DISTRESS DUE TO HYPERACIDITY

● Pfunder's Tablets have brought symptomatic relief to thousands for over a quarter of a century. Don't wait another day. Try Pfunder's now!

PFUNDER'S TABLETS

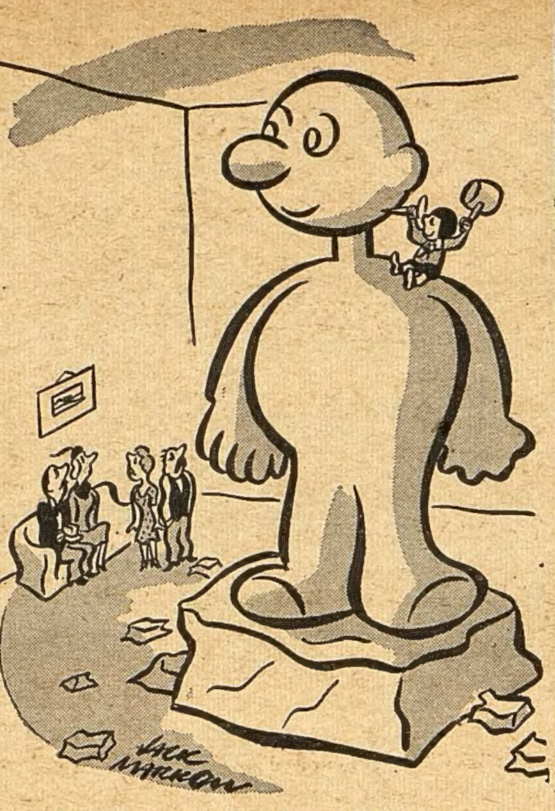
AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

With FALSE TEETH



Use EZO Dental Cushions

Here is a comforting aid for lower plate users. Ezo Dental Cushions relieve sore spots on tender gums; stop lower plate from raising and clicking; prevent seeds from lodging under plate; make plate fit snugger; help you wear and become accustomed to new plates; enable you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery. Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate. Send 50c for 10 Ezo Dental Cushions. (No stamps please.) EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Box No. 9306, Dept. M-95, Phila. 39, Pa. Advt.



"It all started when George got him a ten-cent modeling-clay set."
LIBERTY

tree farms containing nearly ten million acres, and additional acceptable forest areas constantly are being added. So, while nylon, the Vinyons, and Saran are derived from seemingly inexhaustible elements, no one need fear that buying a rayon slip or rayon carpet endangers America's timber resources.

The ability of the new man-made fibers to find entirely new niches for themselves, to do an old job in a better, less expensive way, and thereby to prove that they are neither "ersatz" nor substitutes, is a tribute to broader public thinking and to the chemical industry. Industry has proved it can produce materials which in many ways surpass anything made possible by nature. Thanks to synthetic yarns, man will be made even more comfortable.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★ ★ ★★★★★★★★★★★

A young man who was a patient at the Thomas E. England General Hospital in Atlantic City, New Jersey, one of the Army Medical Department's finer installations, was the second "basket case" of this war. That is to say he was the second soldier to lose part or all of his four limbs—and live.

One of the large Eastern newspapers started a collection for this soldier, and more than $50,000 was raised. The money came from everywhere, in big and little amounts; it came in checks and in crumpled, antiquated greenbacks. There was one contribution of two dollars and sixty-one cents worth heartfelt attention. It arrived in a plain envelope with a short note. No name was given, but this was the message:

"I have just received this money from the Personal Effects Bureau of the Army. It is the money that was found on the body of my son after his plane crashed in Germany. I want you to have it."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.

Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.

- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it—*feel* the wonderful difference!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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The GENTLER cream deodorant

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

7 reasons why THOUSANDS PREFER **INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE**

1. *Contains only Natural Herbs.*
2. *Thorough yet Gentle in Effect.*
3. *No Unpleasant After-effects.*
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5. *No Fuss, No Brewing, No Bother.*
6. *Dose can be easily Adjusted to your Individual Needs.*
7. *Economical, a 50c package lasts the Family for Months.*

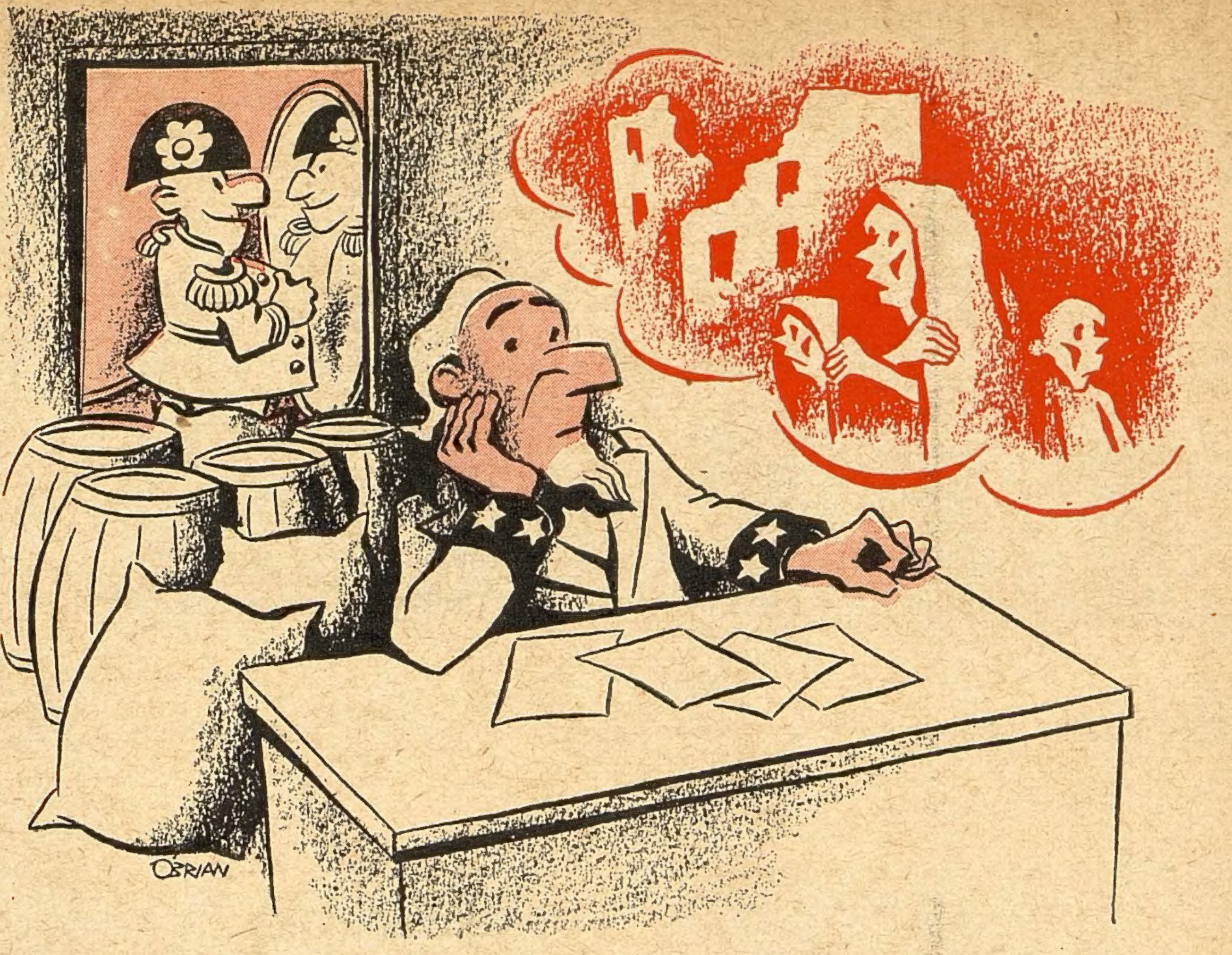
Caution: Use only as directed.

At all druggists. Or write for **FREE GENEROUS SAMPLE.** Innerclean Co. 846 E. Sixth St. Los Angeles 21, Calif.

INNERCLEAN Herbal Laxative

NOV. 24, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



POWER PARALYZES THE HELPING HAND

WITH the onset of winter, the need for food, clothing, and shelter of the people who have been war's victims is reaching the acute stage. Also, help to our allies so they can bail themselves out of the financial and economic hole in which the war has left them becomes more urgent with every passing day.

Both the victim peoples and our allies look to America for this help. There is nowhere else to look. Ours is the only nation in the world able to extend a helping hand on the scale required.

The heart of America wants to aid the destitute. The economic self-interest of America impels us to do all we can to restore our allies to the point where we again can do business with them. Yet, doubts beset us as to how far we should go in doing one or the other.

We can provide the help required without undue strain or sacrifice. If the war had continued another half year or another ten years, we would have found the means to continue it. Perhaps some of the shortages we suffered would have become worse, but we had reached a pace of production where we could not only provide well for ourselves but also to a large extent for our allies. We were turning out food, merchandise, and munitions on an "impossible" scale.

There is no doubt of our ability and general willingness to relieve the more acute miseries of the world. Why, then, do we not do so forthwith? Why, with winter here, is help to the starving still in the talk stage and economic aid to our allies still the subject of debate and argument?

The truth is we are unable to act normally or decisively because the great nations of the world are now vying with each other in a power race. Sweet charity has become a pawn of politics. The helping hand is palsied by diplomatic considerations.

Help can win a nation to our side of the power seesaw. Withholding help can force a nation to our side. We are reluctant to loan money to supposedly poverty-stricken nations which seek our help and at the same time spend vast sums on armament. We have the uneasy feeling that some day our dollars may be returned to us in the form of bombs.

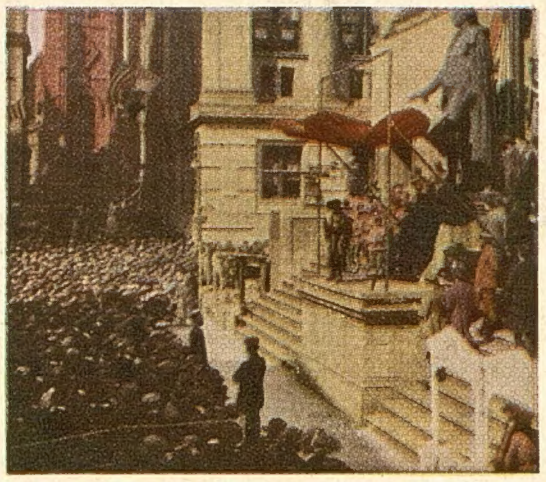
Uncle Sam is very sensitive to the term "Uncle Sap." We are not fond of the role of sucker for the world. As it happens in a world revolving around power and the rivalries it creates, all mutual help which nations might give to one another is tainted and rendered suspect. Only in a world in which power politics have no place can there be real generosity and honest international co-operation.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Story Behind The Victory Loan

1861 **JAY COOKE'S** Wall Street bank becomes General "Subscription Agent of Government Loans" and finances the North in the War Between the States for 2½ billion dollars. This was in the **third year of Corby's fine whiskey tradition.**



1917 **THE WALL STREET** scene changes as World War financing enlists every American in Liberty Bond drives for a total of 22 billion dollars. Liberty Bonds, bought at par, sold at market... sometimes below par... in Corby's sixth decade as a great whiskey name.

1942 **GREAT MASS** meetings open our pocketbooks to the needs of the biggest war in history. The first seven War Loan drives, during Corby's eighth decade as a famed Canadian name, sold 131 billion dollars in Bonds that have fixed values at all times; and now . . .

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS

1945 **AMERICA IS** subscribing to the Victory Loan, with a quota of 11 billion dollars, to bring the boys home.

The parrot on every Corby's bottle urges you to buy Bonds. Only after that do we suggest that you meet Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Buy Bonds, then watch for Corby's in your bar or package store.

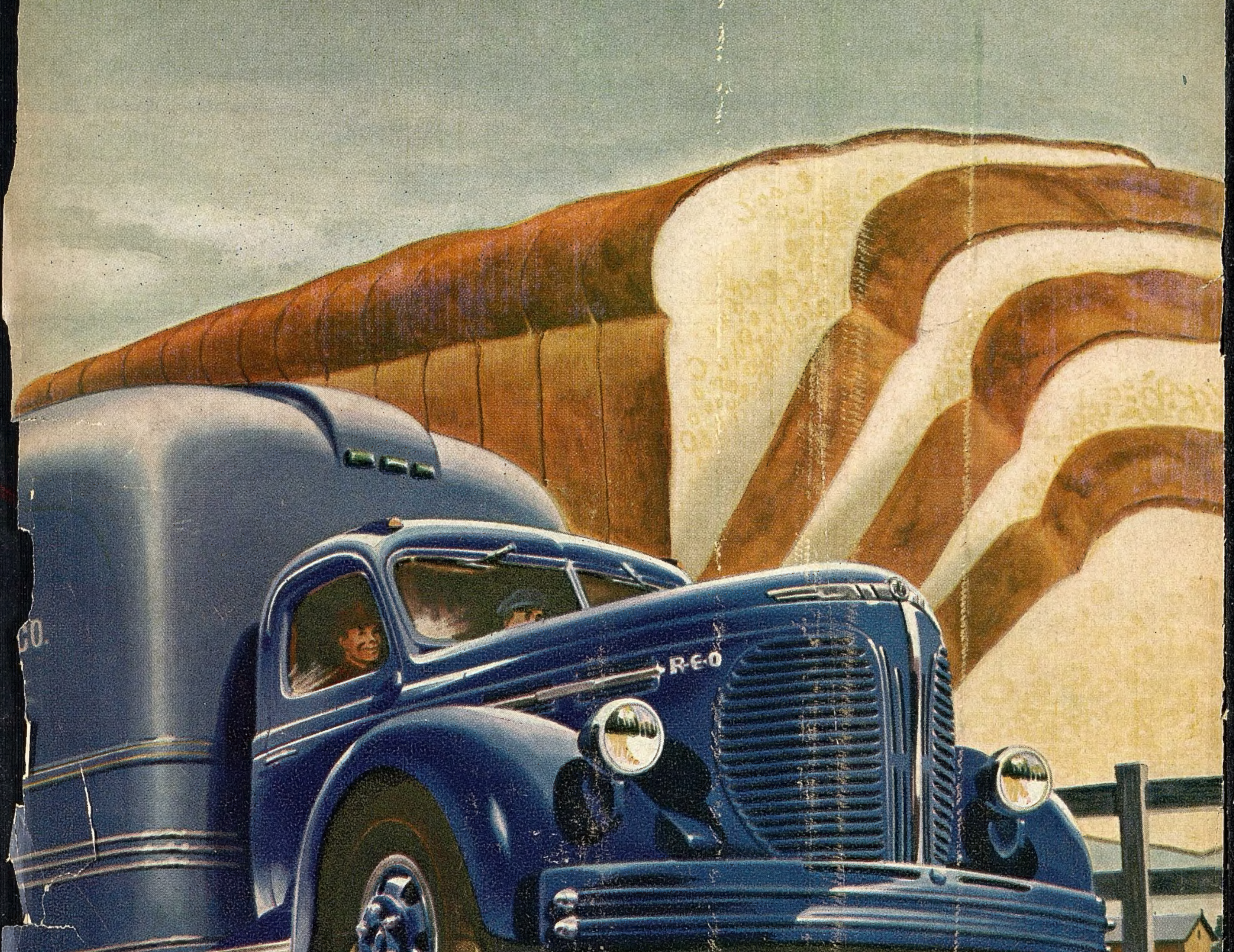
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the dire* *in blender*
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits eoria, Ill.

10 Billion Pounds of Bread!



BUY VICTORY BONDS

Baking is a 2 billion dollar industry, with an annual output of more than 10 billion pounds of bread and other yeast-raised goods. This and the added tonnage of 285 million dollars worth of cakes and pastries give bakery trucks a staggering delivery job. Reo trucks and tractors are long-time favorites in the wholesale distribution of bakery goods. They have the dependability needed for time-table operations and the economy which assures profit from bulky items of low unit cost. Ask your Reo dealer about the big, war-proved, precision-built units now offered by Reo.

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